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NME
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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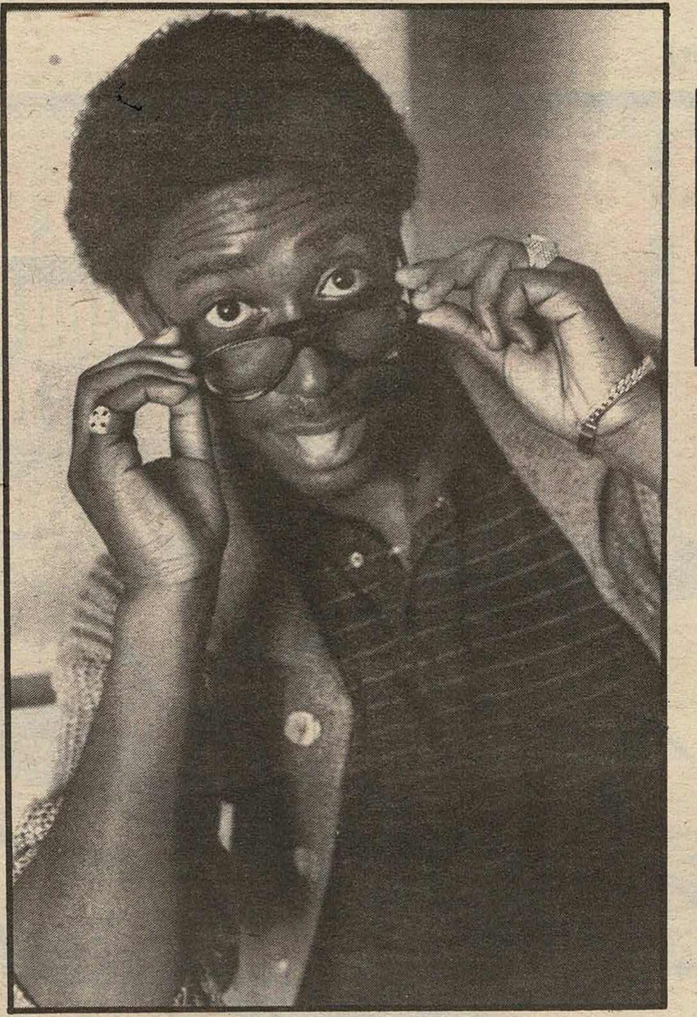
BETWEEN THE SHEETS
Tracking Down The Torch Song's Original Sin
by ian penman

mr spock
grease 2
tom robinson
birthday party
jackson browne
annette peacock
roxy & neil young &
creole & genesis dates

The paraphernalia of Torch songs. Artwork, photography and design: Peter Anderson & Clare Cameron.

UK SINGLES

	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
ONE	1	**FAME**	**Irene Cara (RSO)**	4	1
2	23	DRIVING IN MY CAR	Madness (Stiff)	2	2
3	2	DA DA DA	Trio (Mobile Suit)	3	2
4	29	COME ON EILEEN	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury/Phonogram)	2	4
5	12	DON'T GO	Yazoo (Mute)	2	5
6	4	SHY BOY	Bananarama (London)	4	4
7	3	ABRACADABRA	The Steve Miller Band (Mercury/Phonogram)	6	1
8	7	IT STARTED WITH A KISS	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	3	7
9	19	THE ONLY WAY OUT	Cliff Richard (EMI)	2	9
10	14	NIGHT TRAIN	Visage (Polydor)	3	10
11	5	A NIGHT TO REMEMBER	Shalamar (Solar)	5	5
12	6	INSIDE OUT	Odyssey (RCA)	6	2
12	13	I SECOND THAT EMOTION	Japan (Hansa)	2	12
14	20	ME & MY GIRL (NIGHT CLUBBING)	David Essex (Mercury/Phonogram)	3	14
15	(—)	STOOL PIGEON	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze/Island)	1	15
16	10	NOW THOSE DAYS ARE GONE	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	5	8
17	8	MUSIC & LIGHT	Imagination (R&B)	5	4
18	(—)	STRANGE LITTLE GIRL	The Stranglers (Liberty)	1	18
19	15	MURPHY'S LAW	Cherie (Polydor)	5	15
20	11	IKO IKO	Natasha (Towerbell)	6	11
21	30	TAKE IT AWAY	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	3	21
22	9	HAPPY TALK	Captain Sensible (A&M)	5	1
23	(—)	TOO LATE	Junior (Mercury/Phonogram)	1	23
24	27	VIDEOTHEQUE	Dollar (WEA)	4	24
25	16	NO REGRETS	Midge Ure (Chrysalis)	6	9
26	(—)	THE HANGING GARDEN	The Cure (Fiction)	1	26
27	26	BEATLES MOVIE MEDLEY	The Beatles (Parlophone)	8	10
28	(—)	MY GIRL LOLLIPOP	Bad Manners (Magnet)	1	28
29	(—)	WAR CHILD	Blondie (Chrysalis)	1	29
30	24	HEART (STOP BEATING IN TIME)	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	5	24



Junior in at No. 23 *Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HIT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
ONE	1	**LEXICON OF LOVE**	**ABC (Neutron)**	5	1
2	2	FAME	Original Soundtrack/Various (RSO)	3	2
3	4	LOVE & DANCE	League Unlimited Orchestra (Virgin)	3	3
4	3	AVALON	Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)	9	1
5	8	ABRACADABRA	The Steve Miller Band (Mercury/Phonogram)	6	4
6	9	COMPLETE MADNESS	Madness (Stiff)	14	1
7	11	TROPICAL GANGSTERS	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Island)	9	5
8	15	THE CONCERT IN CENTRAL PARK	Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)	6	8
9	5	PICTURES AT ELEVEN	Robert Plant (Swan Song)	3	5
9	6	STILL LIFE (American Concert '81)	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)	8	2
11	14	MIRAGE	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	3	11
12	16	ASIA	Asia (Geffen)	11	12
13	17	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	10	2
14	(—)	THE KIDS FROM FAME	Various (BBC)	1	14
15	13	OVERLOAD	Various (Ronco)	4	13
16	18	HAPPY BIRDS	Odyssey (RCA)	2	16
17	22	FRIENDS	Shalamar (Solar)	3	17
18	24	THREE SIDES LIVE	Genesis (Charisma/Phonogram)	7	3
19	(—)	GOOD TROUBLE	REO Speedwagon (Epic)	1	19
19	12	NIGHT BIRDS	Shakatak (Polydor)	11	6
21	20	NON-STOP EXOTIC DANCE	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	5	4
21	10	IMPERIAL BEDROOM	Elvis Costello & The Attractions (F-Beat)	3	10
23	7	SCREAMING FOR VENGEANCE	Judas Priest (CBS)	2	7
24	23	HOT SPACE	Queen (EMI)	11	2
25	29	THE CHANGELING	Toyah (Safari)	6	6
26	(—)	COMBAT ROCK	Clash (CBS)	8	6
27	(—)	A CONCERT FOR THE PEOPLE	Barclay James Harvest (Polydor)	1	27
28	21	TUG OF WAR	Paul McCartney (EMI)	13	1
29	27	CHARIOTS OF FIRE (Soundtrack)	Vangelis (Polydor)	30	6
30	(—)	MUSN'T GRUMBLE	Chas and Dave (Rockney)	4	16

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Don't Go**	Yazoo (Mute)
2	(2)	**The Big Bean**	Pigbag (Y)
3	(3)	**17 Years Of Hell**	Partizans (No Future)
4	(11)	**Past Meets Present/Midnight Slows**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
5	(9)	**Run Like Hell**	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
6	(4)	**Woman**	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
7	(—)	**Asylums In Jerusalem**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
8	(5)	**Night And Day**	Everything But The Girl (Cherry Red)
9	(22)	**IEYA**	Toyah (Safari)
10	(10)	**The House That Jack Built**	Conflict (Crass)
11	(8)	**Temptation**	New Order (Factory)
12	(12)	**Running Away/Time**	Paul Haig (Twilight)
13	(7)	**Waiting For The Blackout**	Damned (Big Beat)
14	(6)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
15	(14)	**Sick Boy**	GBH (Clay)
16	(—)	**Guess Who**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
17	(18)	**Rub Me Out**	Cravats (Crass)
18	(13)	**Xo Yo**	Passage (Cherry Red)
19	(15)	**Take No Prisoners**	Red Alert (No Future)
20	(19)	**Farce**	Rudimentary Peni (Crass)
21	(—)	**Fuck The World**	Chaotic Discord (Riot City)
22	(16)	**Wild Sun**	999 (Albion)
23	(29)	**Love At First Sight**	The Gist (Rough Trade)
24	(—)	**Brixton**	Strapps (Doughnut)
25	(24)	**Open Your Eyes**	Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
26	(—)	**Something On My Mind**	Pale Fountains (Operation Twilight)
27	(—)	**No Solution**	Court Martial (Riot City)
28	(21)	**Who's In Control**	Lunatic Fringe (Resurrection)
29	(28)	**El Salvador**	Insane (No Future)
30	(27)	**Some Velvet Morning**	Lydia Lunch & Rowland S. Howard (4AD)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(11)	**Junkyard**	Birthday Party (4AD)
2	(1)	**2 × 45**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
3	(2)	**We Are The League**	A.N. League (WXYZ)
4	(5)	**Degenerates**	Passage (Cherry Red)
5	(6)	**Thermo Nuclear Sweat**	Defunkt (Hannibal)
6	(3)	**He Who Dares — Live**	Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
7	(7)	**The Changeling**	Toyah (Safari)
8	(4)	**Troops Of Tomorrow**	Exploited (Secret)
9	(16)	**Lords Of The New Church**	Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
10	(12)	**Caution In The Wind**	Anti Pasti (Rondelet)
11	(8)	**Greatest Hits**	Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)
12	(9)	**Riotous Assembly**	Various (Riot City)
13	(25)	**Tench**	Shriekback (Y)
14	(22)	**Garlands**	The Cocteau Twins (4AD)
15	(10)	**Wargasm**	Various Artists (Pax)
16	(13)	**4th Drawer Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
17	(19)	**Change Of Heart**	Positive Noise (Statik)
18	(27)	**1313**	Lydia Lunch (Situation 2)
19	(18)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
20	(28)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
21	(15)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive**	Pigbag (Y)
22	(26)	**Scientist Wins The World Cup**	Scientist (Greensleeves)
23	(20)	**Hear Nothing, See Nothing**	Discharge (Clay)
24	(23)	**Send Me A Lullaby**	Go-Betweens (Rough Trade)
25	(14)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
26	(17)	**Punk'n'Disorderly**	Various (Abstract)
27	(30)	**Children Of Rarn**	Marc Bolan (Rarn)
28	(—)	**Skinhead Anthem**	Last Resort (Last Resort)
29	(—)	**African Queen**	Allez Allez (Kamera)
30	(—)	**Seven Songs**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)

Compiled by NME from a nationwide survey of independent record shops.

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**Love Has Found Its Way**	Dennis Brown (A & M)
2	**Never Fall In Love Again**	Techniques (Black Joy)
3	**Oh Boy**	Sandra Reid (Sir George)
4	**Tear Fall From My Eye**	Sandra Dee (Santic)
5	**That Feeling**	Mystic Harmony (S & S)
6	**Love Light**	Dennis Brown (Yvonne Special)
7	**Hold On To What You Got**	Dennis Brown (Powerhouse)
8	**Casual Affair**	Me & You (THT)
9	**Betcha By Golly Wow**	Errol Dunkley (Black Roots)
10	**Seventeen**	Teddy Lincoln (Regal)
11	**Dance Hall Style**	Al Campbell (Greensleeves)
12	**Operation Radication**	Yellow Man (Pama)
13	**Loving As One**	Trevor Walters (Magnet)
14	**Take A Minute**	Joy White (Exclusive)
15	**No War In A Dance**	Lloyd Parks (Plantation)

LPs

1	**Not Satisfied**	Aswad (CBS)
2	**Big Ship**	Freddy McGregor (Greensleeves)
3	**Love Has Found Its Way**	Dennis Brown (A & M)
4	**Boxing Around**	Cornell Campbell (Starlight)
5	**Operation Radication**	Yellow Man (Pama)

Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W.2.

US SINGLES

1	Eye Of The Tiger	Survivor (Epic)
2	Rosanna	Toto (Columbia)
3	Hurts So Good	John Cougar (Riva)
4	Hold Me	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
5	Let It Whip	Dazz Band (Motown)
6	Abracadabra	Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
7	Don't You Want Me	The Human League (A&M/Virgin)
8	Tainted Love	Soft Cell (Warner Bros)
9	Only The Lonely	The Motels (Capitol)
10	Keep The Fire Burnin'	Reo Speedwagon (Epic)

Courtesy Billboard

US LPs

1	Asia	Asia (Warner Bros)
2	Always On My Mind	Willie Nelson (Columbia)
3	Dare	The Human League (A&M/Virgin)
4	Toto IV	Toto (Columbia)
5	Still Life	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
6	American Fool	John Cougar (Riva/Mercury)
7	Eye Of The Tiger	Survivor (Epic)
8	Get Lucky	Loverboy (Columbia)
9	Mirage	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
10	Special Forces	38 Special (A&M)

Courtesy Billboard

AUSTRALIA

1	I've Never Been To Me	Charlene (Motown)
2	Key Largo	Bertie Higgins (Epic)
3	Six Months In A Leaky Boat	Split Enz (Mushroom)
4	I Ran	A Flock Of Seagulls (Jive)
5	Hungry As A Wolf	Duran Duran (EMI)
6	Don't You Want Me	Human League (Virgin)
7	View From A Bridge	Kim Wilde (Rak)
8	More Than This	Roxy Music (Polydor)
9	Mickey	Tony Basil (Radicalchoice)
10	Don't Talk To Strangers	Rick Springfield (Wizard)

Courtesy Kent Music Report/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**I Feel Love**	Donna Summer (GTO)
2	**Ma Baker**	Boney M (Atlantic)
3	**Angelo**	Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
4	**Fanfare For The Common Man**	Emerson, Lake and Palmer (Atlantic)
5	**Pretty Vacant**	Sex Pistols (Virgin)
6	**We're All Alone**	Rita Coolidge (A&M)
7	**So You Win Again**	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
8	**You Got What It Takes**	Showaddywaddy (Arista)
97	**Oh Lori**	Alessi (A&M)
10	**Baby Don't Change Your Mind**	Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Puppy Love**	Donny Osmond (MGM)
2	**School's Out**	Alice Cooper (Warner Brothers)
3	**Seaside Shuffle**	Terry Dactyl & The Dinosaurs (UK)
4	**Sylvia's Mother**	Dr. Hook & The Medicine Show (CBS)
5	**Breaking Up Is Hard To Do**	Partridge Family (Bell)
6	**Rock And Roll Parts 1 & 2**	Gary Glitter (Bell)
7	**Silver Machine**	Hawkwind (United Artists)
8	**I Can See Clearly Now**	Johnny Nash (CBS)
9	**Starman**	David Bowie (RCA)
10	**Mad About You**	Bruce Ruffin (Rhino)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**All You Need Is Love**	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	**San Francisco**	Scott McKenzie (CBS)
3	**It Must Be Him**	Vikki Carr (Liberty)
4	**Death Of A Clown**	Dave Davies (Pye)
5	**I'll Never Fall In Love Again**	Tom Jones (Decca)
6	**Alternative Title**	Monkees (RCA)
7	**She'd Rather Be With Me**	Turtles (London)
8	**Up Up And Away**	Johnny Mann Singers (Liberty)
9	**See Emily Play**	Pink Floyd (Columbia)
10	**I Was Made To Love Her**	Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**I Remember You**	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2	**Speedy Gonzales**	Pat Boone (London)
3	**I Can't Stop Loving You**	Ray Charles (HMV)
4	**Picture Of You**	Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
5	**Don't Ever Change**	Crickets (Liberty)
6	**Come Outside**	Mike Sarne (Parlophone)
7	**Here Comes That Feeling**	Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
8	**Guitar Tango**	Shadows (Columbia)
9	**Little Miss Lonely**	Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
10	**English Country Garden**	Jimmy Rodgers (Columbia)

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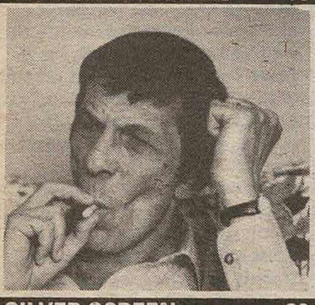

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Avalon weekend with Roxy Music

ROXY MUSIC have now confirmed details of their first British tour for two years, forecast exclusively by *NME* nine weeks ago. Their six UK concerts are part of a wider European tour, for which the nucleus of Bryan Ferry, Andy Mackay and Phil Manzanera will be augmented by Neil Hubbard (guitar), Alan Spenner (bass), Andy Newmark (drums), Jimmy Maelen (percussion) and Guy Fletcher (keyboards) — plus backing vocalists Fonzi Thornton, Michelle Cobbs and Tawatha Agee, currently members of Chic.

The shows are sponsored by Levi Jeans, and they are at London Wembley Arena (September 23 and 24), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (27), Brighton Centre (28), Glasgow Apollo (30) and Edinburgh Playhouse (October 1). No support act has yet been finalised.

Ticket prices are £7.50 and £6.50 (Wembley); £7.50 only (Edinburgh); and £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 (the other three venues). With the exception of Birmingham, they are only available by personal application to the individual box-offices — at Brighton they are already on sale; Glasgow and Edinburgh tickets go on sale this Saturday (31); and the Wembley box-office is open at 9.30am on Saturday and Sunday, August 7 and 8.

For Birmingham, it's postal booking only — cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to "NEC Ltd. (Roxy Music)" and sent to Roxy Music Concerts, National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham B40 1NT, enclosing SAE.

***NME* understands that a third show may be added at Wembley, and a second at Birmingham, though this remains unconfirmed for the time being. Roxy's European schedule opens with three concerts in the Irish Republic next month — at Limerick Savoy Theatre on August 12 (Irish £9 and £8), and Dublin Royal Society (Irish £9, £8 and £7), tickets on sale now at both venues.**

Bryan Ferry — get ready to dance away the heartaches. Pic: Al Johnson

. . . or have a very boring one with Genesis!

GENESIS are to play seven major concerts during the second half of September — at St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (18), Shepton Mallet Showering Pavilion near Bath (19), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (20 and 21), Deeside Leisure Centre (22) and Ingliston Royal Highland Exhibition Hall near Edinburgh (24 and 25) — and tickets everywhere are all at the one price of £7.50. Although this schedule doesn't include any London dates, these are expected to follow later in the autumn.

St Austell tickets are on sale now at the box-office, personal application only. Some Birmingham tickets are on sale at the box-office, the remainder will be sold by post. Some Edinburgh tickets will go on sale at the Edinburgh Playhouse this Sunday (1) at 10am, and some at Glasgow Apollo next Monday (2) at 10am, the remainder to be sold by post. Shepton Mallet and Deeside are mail order bookings only.

The address for all postal bookings is Gentour (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 4YA, London W1 4YA — state first and second choice of concert with dates, enclose SAE, and allow up to 28 days for delivery.

Nils Lofgren set to rejoin Neil Young's band after ten years

Young rides in on Crazy Horse

NEIL YOUNG returns to Britain in the early autumn to play his first concerts here since early 1976. Three have been confirmed so far — at Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (September 24) and London Wembley Arena (26 and 27) — though there's a possibility of at least one more being added.

Young recently signed to Geffen Records (distributed by Epic in the UK), and has just completed work on a new album, due out here around the time of his visit.

An intriguing aspect of Young's backing band for this tour is that it features Nils Lofgren on guitar, keyboards and vocals — so renewing their association of the early '70s, when Lofgren guested with Crazy Horse on several Young albums (including 'After The Goldrush' and 'Tonight's The Night') and toured extensively with Young. Also in the line-up is original Crazy Horse drummer Ralph Molina — plus percussionist Joe Lala (ex-Crosby Stills Nash & Young and Manassas), bassist Bob Mosely (ex-Moby Grape) and pedal steel guitarist and back-up vocalist Ben Keith.

The shows are promoted by Barry Dickins of International Talent Booking — at Birmingham, jointly with Danny Betesh of Kennedy Street Enterprises. Booking arrangements are as follows:

BIRMINGHAM: Tickets priced £8, £7 and £6 by post from Neil Young Concert, P.O. Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire WA1 2JQ — Postal Orders only made payable to "Kennedy Street Enterprises", and enclose SAE. Also available by personal application to the NEC Box-Office and Cyclops Records (Birmingham), HMV Records (Coventry, Leicester and Wolverhampton), Cavendish Travel (Leeds), Piccadilly Records (Manchester) and all Mike Lloyd Record Shops — except for the NEC, these are all subject to booking fees.

WEMBLEY: Tickets priced £8.50 and £7.50. Available by post, adding 30p per ticket booking fee, from Mac Promotions (to whom Postal Orders only should be made payable), P.O. Box 2BZ, London W1A 2BZ, enclosing SAE. Also on sale to personal applicants (subject to booking fee) at Premier Box Office, London Theatre Bookings and Albemarle Booking Agency.

Kid Creole, Undertones, Hawkwind dates: page 30

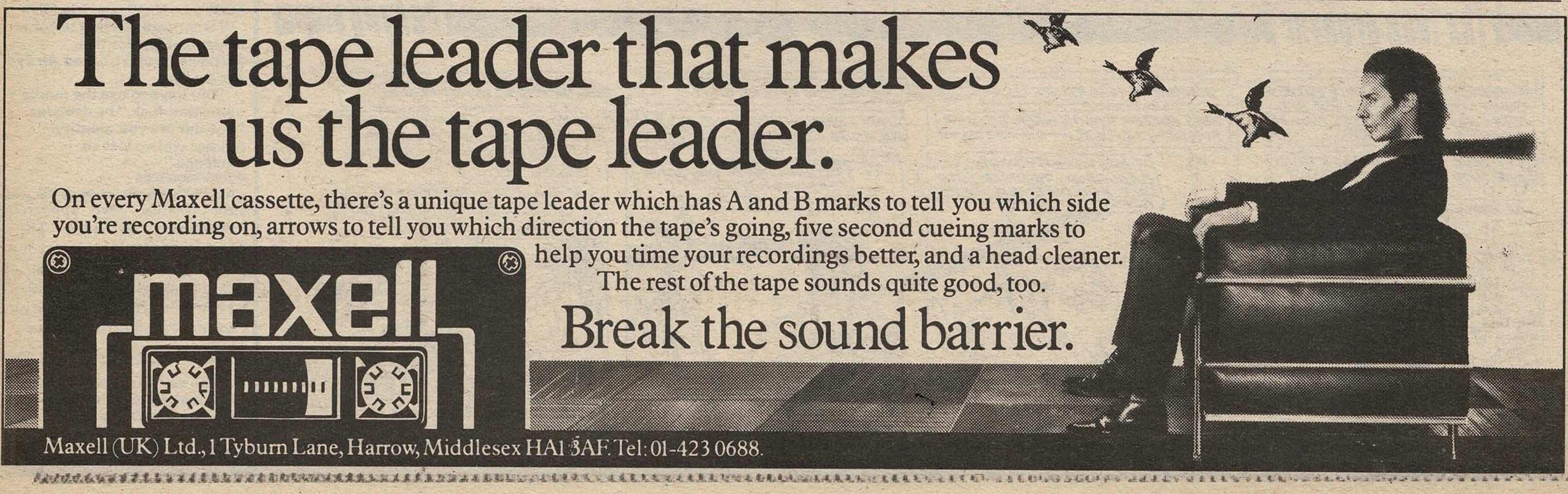
Go wild in London

BOW WOW WOW headline a major London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday, August 21 — the most prestigious venue they have yet played in this country — and tickets are on sale now priced £3.75 and £3.25.

S.Minds for Edinburgh

SIMPLE MINDS and Rip Rig & Panic are the latest confirmations for the Edinburgh Rock Festival which, as usual, coincides with the city's annual International Festival (August 16-September 10). Minds appear for two nights at Edinburgh Coasters on September 9 and 10, and tickets at £3.50 are on sale now at record shops in the city — or from Regular Music, 25 Johnston Terrace, Edinburgh, enclosing SAE. Coasters is also the venue for Bauhaus on August 16. Rip Rig's show is at the city's Queens Hall on Sunday, August 22.

Among many fringe events, **Pookiesnackenburger** play a season at the Little Lyceum Theatre from August 24 to September 12 (6.45pm nightly).



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SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Stones furore

☐ Home taping might be killing music, but **The Rolling Stones** weren't too proud to beg blank tape manufacturers TDK to sponsor their German concerts. The group's choice of tour underwriter has caused their record company EMI considerable embarrassment, as they're prime movers in the record industry's campaign against cassettes. EMI are quick to point out, though, that the sponsorship didn't signify the group's endorsement of either TDK product or home taping in general. Just why a group who made a cool eight million dollars from American T-shirt concessions should need 'sponsoring' is perhaps a more pertinent question.

☐ More **Stones** — or should that read Stoned? The West German branch of the European Workers Party is pressing for the banning of The Rolling Stones from Germany because "they endanger their fans and urge young people to break the laws". The new controversy related to the group's Frankfurt Festhalle appearance at which police questioned Stones guests **The J. Geils Band** for encouraging "the excessive use of drugs". Apparently U.S. military spectators were well catered for: a stand-by ambulance was ready to help out any drug casualties in their number.

Fringe Futura

☐ **Richard Strange** will be taking a mixed media show, featuring himself and ex-Cabaret Futura buddies **Tymon Dogg** and **The Event Group,** plus poetess **Joolz** and comedian **Oscar McClennan,** to the Edinburgh Fringe festival in August. The show, called the Strange Dog Event, will be previewed in London at the Gargoyle Club on August 14.

Adult comix KO

☐ Police have raided the premises of **Knockabout Comics** — featured in an *NME* article earlier this year — and seized publications worth £30,000. All the firm's stock of books and comics with drug references was taken away by officers from the Obscene Publications Squad.

Cocaine victim

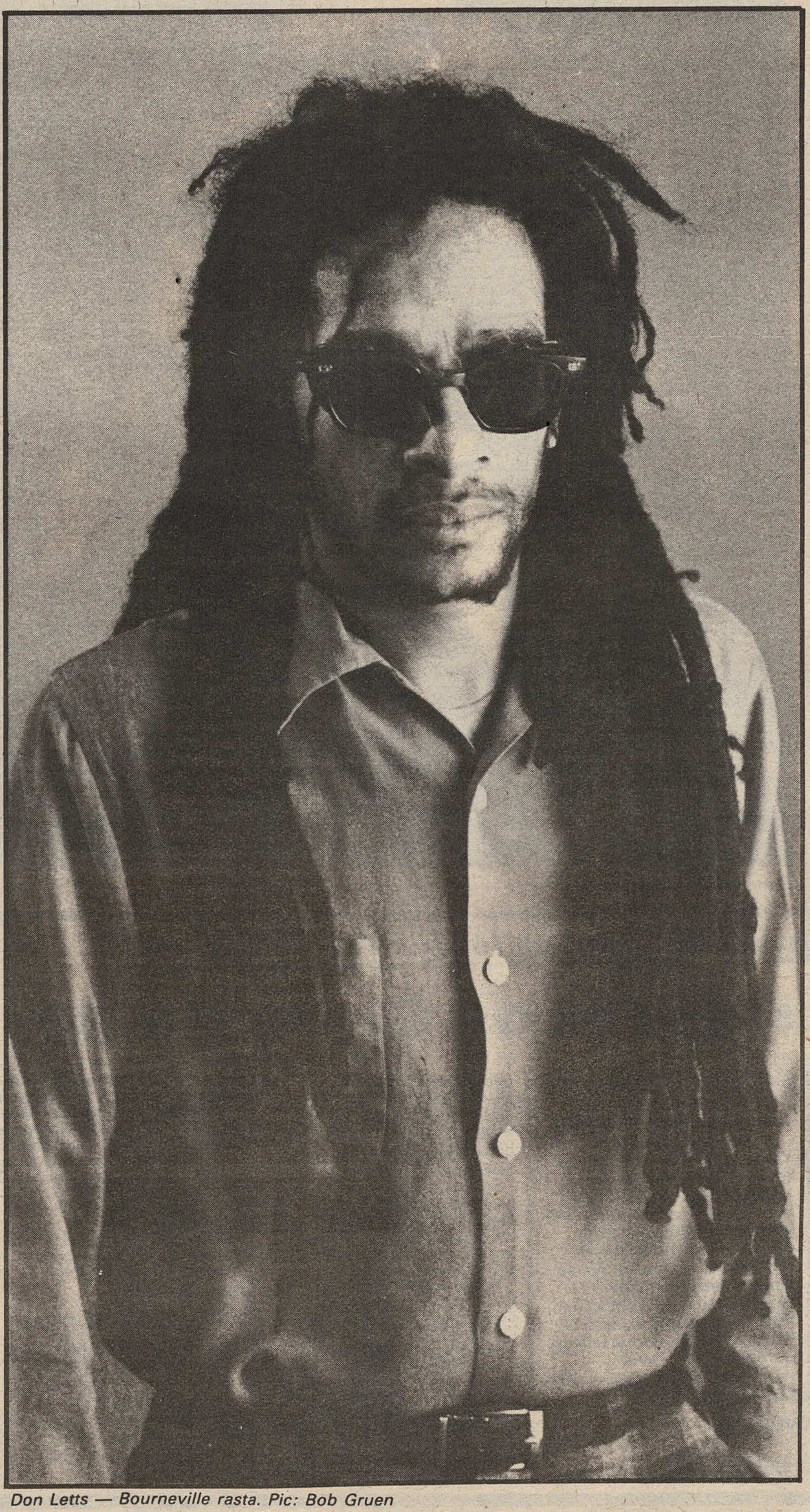
☐ Cocaine killed **James Honeyman-Scott,** an inquest heard last week. A verdict of misadventure was returned after evidence that **The Pretenders'** guitarist had died of heart failure after taking the drug. Honeyman-Scott, 25, was found dead at a friend's London flat last month after going to a private party at the Venue. His wife **Peggy Sue** wept as she told the court of her two-year attempt to stop him taking cocaine. Coroner **Dr Paul Knapman** commented: "He led a typical rock star's life. Let this be a warning that cocaine is not a safe drug."

Stations of The Clash

PAUL TICKELL talks to Don Letts about *Radio Clash*, and the problem of making videos that are more than just images and effects

DON LETTS' original claim to fame was as the DJ at the Roxy Club who turned a whole generation of punks onto reggae. Today he plays that one down — he wasn't really a DJ, just played permutations of his ten favourite records.

Don, a modest fellow, would probably also play down the importance of *The Punk Rock Movie* which, five years on and with new titles and re-cut and re-edited with new material, looks like a very comprehensive statement about the era — the Pistols, The Clash, Subway Sect, Siouxsie, Wayne County, The Heartbreakers, and your average extreme punk, all shot by Don on super 8.



Don Letts — Bourneville rasta. Pic: Bob Gruen

Now the film-maker has moved on: he shoots on 16mm and transfers onto video, never having liked the look of stuff done straight onto video tape. Don's work got a fairly comprehensive exhibition at the recent International Video Festival in London: *The Punk Rock Movie* was shown with his promos of The Slits, PiL, The 4 be 2s, The Psychedelic Furs and more. There's an interesting range of styles, from the *verite* ("earthy" is Don's preferred word), through the zany (the incredibly young sub-teenage reggae band Musical Youth doing 'Don't Blame The Youth' and getting up to Madness antics while scoring some political points), through to the downright ambitious — and that means Don's work with The Clash.

There are the promos for 'Bank Robber' and 'The Call Up' (both shown on *Tiswas* but, unfortunately, nowhere much else) and 'Rock The Casbah', shot in Texas and featuring an armadillo upstaging the band.

Seeing all this stuff made me want to give 'Combat Rock' another listen — quite an achievement as I can't abide it. Don, who doesn't necessarily like everything they do, considers the album their crowning achievement, the Clash way of balancing "hard politics and entertainment".

In due course there'll be a feature length film about the band, and so far a sizeable extract exists in the shape of *Radio Clash:* the project should prove to be Don's best piece. Although as a director he doesn't touch a camera these days, a sophisticated version of the DIY sensibility informs his work as much as when he first started. Don, who hasn't been to film school and "just don't believe in them", thinks that you can pick up a full directorial grammar just by watching films and TV: "You can even learn from *Crossroads.*"

Don Letts, director . . . sounds grand. But he continually stresses the collaborational bias of film and the way in which the whole crew come up with ideas: Bernie Rhodes and The Clash have been pretty good at that too.

"It should never be a case of *whose idea was that,* but *what's the best idea?*"

Radio Clash runs on ideas and kaleidoscopic editing. It avoids not only cliches in its portrait of a band, but also works as a fresh depiction of New York. Don has got beneath its surface, having spent 18 months there with short trips back in Britain. Some of the best footage is about Bonds, the club whose fire regulations initially led to all sorts of trouble about whether The Clash would play there or not. But the band soon found themselves in the middle of a dirty business war between clubs and Mob factions. Don speaks of people having their eyes shot out . . .

Absence from Britain has only confirmed his belief that "the rich are getting more paranoid, and the poor are getting poorer and sooner or later they're going to take some of that rich shit." He isn't sure *when* and thinks Britain must first overcome that defeatist mood about its own problems, but he sees the riots as a healthy sign.

He lives in the Stockwell and Brixton area and wouldn't choose anywhere else. It's the equivalent of those places in New York and Jamaica which, though economically deprived, provide all that's best — funk and rapping and reggae and graffiti. If Don takes his inspiration from the urban proletarian sub-soil, he doesn't romanticise his position: he does after all "mostly move in trendy media circles where it's easy to forget what's really going down". A lot of bands forget and become "spoiled brats", moaning about record company hierarchies and their bosses, while most of the rest of the country never even see their boss, let alone get to speak personally to him.

Don the music man is less than taken by the current charts. He finds bands very low on content and, like their videos, high on "image and effect". He obviously misses the polarisation wrought by punk and the way it temporarily rocked the business. He is glad, though, that reggae is no longer as fashionable. He believes that a certain kind of white business interference distorted both its development and the achievement in Jamaica of producing great sophisticated music out of "nothing but weed, sun, and poverty".

Not that Don would promote black separatism, he just thinks that a lot of talk about black and white people getting on and working together is liberal bullshit, when it should be based on "understanding differences, not pretending to be all the same". Needless to say he finds locks on whites a bit false — "Milky Bar rasta".

Meanwhile, as there is some strategic re-thinking of *Radio Clash,* Don is working on a play idea with young actor-director Trevor Laird. He also wants to complete a film-script (tentative title *The Working Class*) about a middle-class man being made redundant and deciding, along with the dreads and punks, to "bust out".

It'll be a political satire which will use popular forms like *Dirty Harry* and Kung Fu films. In that, it echoes a script finished a couple of years ago about rival black and white mini-cab firms who finally get friendly.

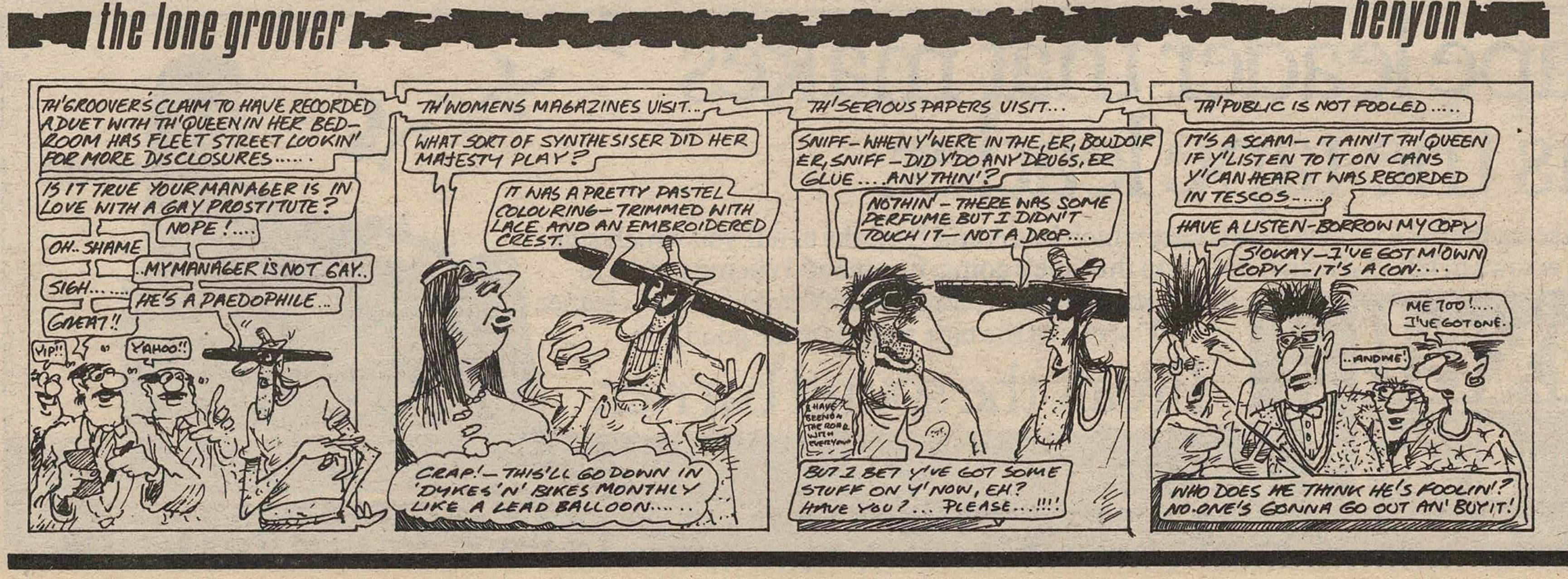
Backers are starting to come forward at last for this particular project, called *An Eye For An Eye.*

"You have to use the media's own mind-fuck," he declares. "The minute you mention politics you've lost an audience."

---

the Nasties have appeared exclusively on video. Thus they are fair game for anyone who wants to launch a campaign. It is the video viewer's right to watch second-rate horror movies if he wants to.

And so say all of us loyal fans of Cannibal Holocaust. Read with reverence in Video Trade Weekly, without which we would not wish to be.



the lone groover
benyon
TH'GROOVER'S CLAIM TO HAVE RECORDED A DUET WITH TH'QUEEN IN HER BEDROOM HAS FLEET STREET LOOKIN' FOR MORE DISCLOSURES......
IS IT TRUE YOUR MANAGER IS IN LOVE WITH A GAY PROSTITUTE?
NOPE!....
OH.. SHAME
..MY MANAGER IS NOT GAY..
SIGH.........
HE'S A PAEDOPHILE...
GREAT!!
YIP!!
YAHOO!!
TH'WOMENS MAGAZINES VISIT...
WHAT SORT OF SYNTHESISER DID HER MAJESTY PLAY?
IT WAS A PRETTY PASTEL COLOURING—TRIMMED WITH LACE AND AN EMBROIDERED CREST.
CRAP!—THIS'LL GO DOWN IN 'DYKES 'N' BIKES MONTHLY LIKE A LEAD BALLOON.....
TH'SERIOUS PAPERS VISIT...
SNIFF—WHEN Y'WERE IN THE, ER, BOUDOIR ER, SNIFF—DID Y'DO ANY DRUGS, ER GLUE....ANYTHIN'?
NOTHIN'—THERE WAS SOME PERFUME BUT I DIDN'T TOUCH IT—NOT A DROP....
I HAVE BEEN ON THE ROAD WITH EVERYONE
BUT I BET Y'VE GOT SOME STUFF ON Y'NOW, EH? HAVE YOU?... PLEASE...!!!!
TH'PUBLIC IS NOT FOOLED.....
IT'S A SCAM—IT AIN'T TH'QUEEN IF Y'LISTEN TO IT ON CANS Y'CAN HEAR IT WAS RECORDED IN TESCOS.....
HAVE A LISTEN-BORROW MY COPY
S'OKAY—I'VE GOT M'OWN COPY—IT'S A CON....
ME TOO!.... I'VE GOT ONE.
..AND ME!
WHO DOES HE THINK HE'S FOOLIN'? NO-ONE'S GONNA GO OUT AN' BUY IT!

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

STEVE STRANGE

FILMS

Visconti — The Innocent
Visconti — Death In Venice
Speilberg — Raiders Of The Lost Ark
Speilberg — Poltergeist

BOOKS

Antonio's Girls	Antonio
White Women	Helmut Newton
The Dice Man	Luke Rheinhart
Last Exit To Brooklyn	Hugh Selby
Hollywood Babylon	Kenneth Anger

HOBBIES

Swimming
Horseriding
Taking photographs
Writing
Collecting pierrots

SINGERS

Keenya Collins
Grace Jones
Liza Minnelli
Frank Sinatra
David Bowie

TV SHOWS

Minder
Coronation Street
Good feature films
Good documentaries

RECORDS

Love Bandit	Keenya Collins
Do The Strand	Roxy Music
Cry Me A River	Julie London
Mother And Child Reunion	Paul Simon
Little Johnny Jewel	Television

BUILDINGS

The Duomo — Florence, Italy
Manhattan at night

DISLIKES

Knowing I drink too much
People who gossip
People who make opinions without knowing the person

LIKES

Genuine people
Antonio's drawings
Helmut Newton
Travelling
Pierrots
Recording
Going out
The Camden Palace

ACTORS

Clint Eastwood
Dirk Bogarde
Jack Nicholson
Robert De Niro
Sir Alec Guinness

ACTRESSES

Meryl Streep
Jessica Lange
Liza Minnelli

FRIENDS

John
Rusty Egan
Martin Kemp
Mandy
. . . there's really too many to mention

RESTAURANTS

Langans
Annabels, Fulham Road, SW10

AMBITION

Film career
To better present achievements

JUST FANCY THAT!

MADNESS: 'Driving In My Car' (Stiff) Am I the only person in the world who doesn't find Madness funny, engaging or even the slightest bit entertaining?

RECORD MIRROR 17/7/82

SOUNDS 17/7/82

MADNESS: 'Driving In My Car' (Stiff)
I am extremely proud to be the only critic in the world (you *could* end that sentence there and then) who abhors the abhorant, indecently rich and common Madness.

Spotted by Belly Button of Chesterfield

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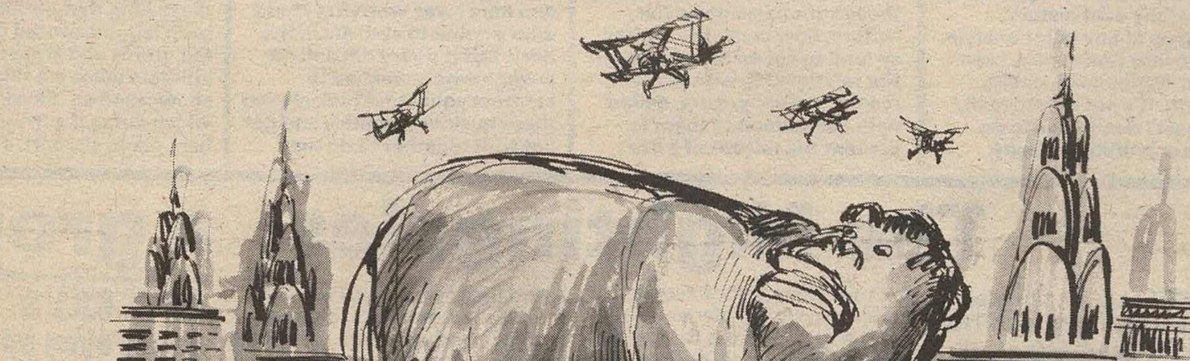
lowry



"You must relay my apologies to the spectators for that unfortunate lapse, gentlemen. Great heights always make me feel giddy and nauseous!"

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£44 Skipper trip price. Depart midnight 9th September, return 11th September. BOX 2

RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S
RAINBOW
IN BRUSSELS
27th November, 1982
£56 Includes Ticket for Concert, 4 Star Hotel, Cross-Channel Ferry, Luxury Coach Trip, Depart, Morning 26th November, Return Morning 28th November. Box 3.
£42 Skipper Trip. Box 4.

GENESIS
LIVE IN HAMBURG, W. GERMANY
10th September, 1982. Hamburg Football Stadium
£65 Includes Ticket for Concert, 4 Star Hotel, Cross-Channel Ferry, luxury coach trip, depart Midnight 8th September, return morning 11th September. Box 5.

UB40
IN ANTWERP, BELGIUM
7th October, 1982
£39 Skipper Trip Only. Depart Morning 7th October, Return 8th October. Box 6.

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JAPAN
IN EUROPE. October 1982.
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LIVE BANDS ☆☆☆☆ LIVE ☆☆☆☆ LIVE BANDS ☆☆☆☆ LIVE BANDS ☆

Reggae pirates busted

NORTH LONDON reggae pirates Dread Broadcasting Corporation were fined a total of £300 last week. A Willesden magistrates court also ordered them to forfeit a transmitter, amplifier and a cassette deck captured in a joint raid by police and British Telecom.

DJs Poppa Lepke and Dr Watt were charged with illegally establishing a radio station, after British Telecom were tipped off by the Beeb about a pirate operating under the call sign "Rebel Radio".

Using this final hearing to establish a case for a black radio station, DBC's barrister Courtney Abel stressed that the local Brent Council and Greater London Council were committed to establishing local radio. And although DBC had gone some way to serving the cultural needs of the community, only the BBC and the Independent Broadcasting Association had been granted licenses so far. He presented the magistrate with petitions of support for DBC containing 5,780 signatures.

The prosecution countered that the law was essentially precautionary and was there to prevent a clogging of the airwaves. Nevertheless he could not give a specific reason why the BBC singled out Rebel Radio.

It has been suggested that the BBC were trying to clear away competition for their own Radio London's *Reggae Rockers*, which collided with DBC's Sunday afternoon session. More ominously, others believe that the Home Office decided to clamp down on Rebel Radio because they felt threatened by the emergence of a strong black pirate radio station rooted in the community.

The court action, however, hasn't silenced the station, and Dread Broadcasting is still on the air every Friday between six and midnight on 103.8 FM. Petition forms to register support can be obtained from DBC, 286 Portobello Road, London W10, enclosing a SAE.

Wednesday 23rd June for 1 night only Neil Young and Crazy Horse in LUST NEVER SLEEPS (U) 2 sep. perf. 5.40 & 8.10.

The Japanese version? Or one of those 'hot' videos 'Wick' Penman's always touting around the ofice? Spotted in the Perthshire Advertiser by Paddy.

Annette Peacock: er ... she's so

CHRIS BOHN goes birdwatching as Annette Peacock launches her own record label with a new solo LP

YES, IT really has been that long. Though it doesn't show, Annette Peacock has been skipping in and out of the pop consciousness for the past decade without being marked by it, or in turn leaving much of a mark on it. Which isn't to say she hasn't scorched it a little on her few points of contact.

Indeed, though there isn't much evidence to support it, you could make a case for her being the precursor of a new mood in torch singing, led by the likes of Carmel and Hermine. She possesses a remarkable voice — alternately caressing and cajoling, defeated and defiant. She's also the composer of the first electronic torch LP, called 'I'm The One', released some 10 years ahead of Soft Cell. And she's no mean poetess of erotica and politics — sexual, ecological and general.

If that all sounds like the stuff of marketable dreams, her record sales argue otherwise. Not that she presents such a great problem — no matter how far she might stretch definitions, her ballads never break completely with the tradition. For today's tastes, though, she lacks an element of camp — she actually means what she says, and refuses to disguise the fact, which condemns her to the fringes. If there's any minor compensation to be had there, it's in slipping the odd idea into the mainstream.

"It's a case of people grabbing hold of old records," says Annette Peacock, "which they think are esoteric and saying 'Jeez, I can rip this off because nobody's used it yet.' It's quite a disillusioning thing. The kids don't know. They can enjoy it, whether it's an original idea or not. It doesn't matter to them. I just think it's rather lazy of artists, though, to take the easy way out. It means that pop music hasn't evolved since Tin Pan Alley in the '30s. Its structure is still based on verse, chorus, verse, chorus. And I think that's rather tragic."

Annette Peacock's tone is neither bitter nor resigned. It has the matter of fact tenor that goes with self-confidence. Nothing if not objective, she recalls her past without a whisper of diffidence or nostalgia. Having just launched her Ironic label and released a new LP 'Skyskating' — only the third since her re-emergence in '78 — she can't afford the luxury of undue modesty.

"One thing I thought today in the bath," she boasts playfully, "I realise that while other people are going back to other eras of music, I am now in the situation where I can go back in terms of my own history, picking up at any point or style. I can go into electronics, I can go into improvising, or into freeform. It's not so bad really ... at least I don't have to do covers or imitate anybody else."

Wildlife at one: "Actually Chris, sometimes I really feel I should have been born a tree, y'know ...?" Annette Peacock pic: Peter Anderson.

Taking into account the difficulty she's had in recording those various points in her history, how come she waited so long to set up her own label? Her relationship with her last record company, Aura, ended with her injuncting them to prevent the release of a live recording.

"It's a drag because I'm looking ahead into the future and here I was worrying about who's going to stab me in the back. But it's very difficult for anyone who's creative to contract your mind to deal with these business realities and get yourself together to do that yourself. In the end I had a choice: I'm either vulnerable, giving someone my record like a baby after which he can do what he wants with it, package it whichever way he wants, or delete it. Or I get myself together work three times as hard and do it myself."

Born a California girl, Annette Peacock first surfaced as vocalist in the New York improvised jazz of the '60s with her then lover, the pianist Paul Bley. Her major contribution was to introduce the synthesizer and electronics into it, at first meeting resistance from purists.

"Engineers didn't know how to record the instrument," Annette remembers. "And at first Paul didn't want to play it. And why should he? He played the piano extremely well. The audience didn't want him to change. When we brought in electronics, they booed us off, they hated it."

Just as she repelled jazz traditionalists her 1970 LP 'I'm The One' attracted a novelty hungry rock audience. For a while she came under the patronage of David Bowie's ex-manager Tony De Fries, later moved to Britain with her daughter and has stayed here since.

Catching the record industry in recession and conservative retrenchment, it took her seven years to find a label (Aura) for 'X-Dreams' — great songs, jammy fusion backing. The follow-up 'The Perfect Release' was better if only for an extraordinary pair of freeform ballads that take up its second side. The first is a powerful assertion of independence, the second an ethereal analysis, if that's not a contradiction, of ecological imbalances, which despite its open-ended shape — i.e. no catchy punchlines — delivers a few penetrating blows. Floats like a butterfly stings like a bee, someone else might have said.

Whatever the varied settings of her songs, the point of interest is invariably their brave exploration of love and emotion. They leave you with the feeling that nothing has been left unexposed or hidden. Her words and arousingly intimate voice are thus best showcased on 'Skyskating' which strips the music back to bare piano support, coloured by

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The Nightingales: a group

DAVE HILL'S eagle eyes spot a band on the wing

ROBERT LLOYD, talented singer and lyricist with The Nightingales, peers at me through a pair of exceptionally unstylish spectacles: "I'm a bit one of those you've-got-to-laugh-else - you'd - cry types," he says.

In fact, his knack is to do both at the same time.

"I'm a cynical fowl / Clucking around in the farmyard / Grain-eating, food for thought, shitting all over the place / My memory's like a sieve, I can just remember / Big feeds, big breeds, big mistakes / So I've given up competing with the pace-setters / The big cocks, crowing loudest, blah, blah, blah."

Sunday, 10.30 a.m. Three members of the finest punk-sprung group on this planet sit in a Hackney garden, preparing to exercise their best Birmingham self-effacement. Nick plays the guitar and Paul the drums. Steve is the bassist who'd rather stay indoors, Andy is the guitarist who stayed back home, and Robert is the spokesman who knows that everything in life is much too serious for him to get Serious about.

Chronically short of glamour are The Nightingales. People tend to think of them as a sort of, um . . . "Joke," says Robert.

No. No. As kind of lovable, but nothing more; John Peel's latest cuddly eccentrics. Shouldn't they throw a few appropriate public postures? Maybe tell the world that they're the Next Big Thing?

"Well," says Robert, "I don't think we *are*, you know. Being a bit honest about it."

The Nightingales are formed partly from the remnants of puny punk primitives The Prefects, a group rendered semi-legendary by their one-off performance of a seven-second song; *"I've got VD!"* it went, and then it stopped. Prefects Paul and Robert got together with the others some 18 months back.

Since then they've played 100 gigs, and released three singles. 'Idiot Strength' / 'Seconds' on Rough Trade, no one knows anything about. 'Use Your Loaf', their first on Cherry Red, was good, but commercially "a bit of a farce by all accounts". The recent 'Paraffin Brain' / 'Elvis The Last Ten Days' was better and did better: "Several thousand people have bought it," said Robert, clearly still in a state of shock.

Now there's a four-track 12-incher, containing easily their best recorded work yet. Their urgent, clattering noise is captured at its blustering best. Lloyd's words are consistently brilliant throughout; anger tempered with comedic grumbling.

"I'm not one of these people who's interested in The Uses Of Language or anything. I just use normal definitions of words so as people know what yer on about. I've not got such a large vocabulary, so if I'm not sure of the right word, then I have to make one up, or use what's nearest. Otherwise it's pretty straightforward stuff. It's all got a bit of a laugh in it, I think."

"Which Hi-Fi', 'Give Em Time', 'Son Of God's Mate' and 'My Brilliant Career' are the songs of this exhilarating, rumbustious new record. It won't make them into stars, but then, so what?

"So why do I bother, I've always hated teachers' pets / I don't think dogs should be made to smoke cigarettes / Don't wanna hear the Ballad Of Mott The Hoople / Half-wit tunes to amuse the lesser people."

Why *do* they bother?

tweet

occasional synthesizers or percussion. Being completely solo, it is probably her first LP to get the mood exactly right.

"Essentially, this is what I should have done in the beginning," agrees Annette. "But I was with Paul at the time and the nature of the female then — this isn't a particularly popular view at the present time — well she had a certain way of reacting in the love relationship.

"Basically it's the nature of the female to be more introverted, less aggressive — all these qualities that have since changed for reasons we all know, right? — and as I'm not a particularly aggressive person anyway, it was easy for me to let somebody else take over the music I composed and even want them to. To give it to them as a gesture of love and let them establish their own identity on it — the giving thing that comes from loving, right?

"But now I'm discovering what it is about the female thing, it's getting more tradition now and I feel more comfortable with it. I didn't go off back then and do it by myself, so this album is something I've wanted to do for a long time."

Doing it alone did away with the problem of getting musicians to play with the sort of sensitivity her freeform ballads demanded.

"It was really difficult to get musicians to leave spaces," she says. "Drummers were firstly the problem. They like to move and make a noise so if you slow them down they don't know what to do. Musicians are frightened of silence, they can never get used to it."

That said, she's again collaborating with outsiders, and a percussionist — Roger Turner — to boot.

"Well, to experiment further, I think I need that male element, which is the percussion, the speed and the dynamics. We're talking about two extremes, right? The percussion and the female type shape the music. Those two opposites create the centre, the world of subtlety, which is what excites me. I want to perform again for the first time in years.

"I don't like working with a rock band when you know what people are going to do, but with Roger we don't know what's gonna happen. He doesn't know what I'm gonna do and vice versa. You have to be totally concentrated, there's no protection, no crutches, it's happening that is it. Passion, commitment, I was raised on that."

Passion plus commitment — the perfect release? Or a bloody mess? She'll be performing with percussionist Turner at the Venue next month. Wait and see.

His Madness meets the Highness at the world premiere of the Monkees video. "I especially liked the one about big trousers," said Charles. Chas thought Charles was taller than he imagined him to be, but Suggsy said he thought Chas was taller than Charles and that Charles was "about as tall as I expected." Gillingham have drawn Orient in the first round of the Milk Cup. Pic: Doug McKenzie.

Ol' Jug-ears goes back to his roots (Suggsy, that is)

A PAIR of tickets dropped tantalisingly onto my desk late last Monday afternoon: no details of who was playing, just the time and place plus a couple of cryptic captions: "Big-headed people will get a kicking" and "To be hip is to be a shit".

The pop reporter's instinct told him it could mean only one thing, and the following evening I found myself slipping into the saloon bar of the Bull And Gate in Kentish Town for a hush-hush hoedown that turned out to be the shindig of the season. Little did I realise that over in the Public . . .

It was the night that Madness momentarily forgot about the world of platinum platters and video albums and went back to their roots to play a packed North London boozer.

According to Suggs — whose wife Bette Bright had given birth to their first nutty bairn only the night before — the show was a glorified rehearsal for the Royal Gala they were due to headline the following evening, but that was just an excuse: this one was played strictly for love and laughs.

"Don't ask me how I feel about doing the Royal Gala at the Dominion," said saxman Lee Thompson. "I'd rather do gigs like this one every night . . . we've invited along every nutty character that's ever inspired a Madness song. They're all here!"

Well, I didn't spot Mrs Hutchinson or the Bed And Breakfast Man, but there were certainly plenty of familiar faces from the Hope And Anchor and Dublin Castle days, from the Totts And Whets crew to the band's former 'minder' John Hasler.

So what have the Los Palmas Seven been up to since we filed our last report on their activities a couple of months ago? Suggsy has been preparing himself for the joys of fatherhood — it's a girl, by the way — and admiring Anton's art, Mike's been holidaying in Holland and Chas is busy decorating his flat.

They have also been working, penning some songs for their fourth (coming) Stiff LP, a couple of which they previewed onstage — the most interesting being the brusque 'Blue Skinned Beast', which sounded like a timely attack on our venerable leaderene.

Before the evening's main attraction, though, a series of anarchic support acts had set the tone for the house of fun to follow. First up were Diz And The Doormen, a geriatric Madness with Den Hegarty of the *Tiswas* team guesting on sax and obscenities, the current favourites of Lee Thompson. Their amiable New Orleans boogie-woogie gave way to the intoxicated tales of the three comperes, Bob Tenpole, Humphrey Ocean and the unmasked Flagface, who paved the path for the arrival of the nutty brigade.

Madness began with a rendition of the national anthem, performed Temple City style on kazoos, and raced through their set to a fine finale of selected single highlights, the only weak link being the disappointing current hit 'Driving In My Car'.

It was a great night. I could go on about how Madness still display all the underyling humanity and morality of the best comics or about how they slipped effortlessly back into their old environment, but it scarcely seems relevant here: when you catch 'em in a place like this, there simply ain't a better band in the land.

When it comes down to a good time, the nutty boys are still one step beyond.

— ADRIAN THRILLS

to crow about ...

"Well, we quite enjoy it I suppose. I like singing, and I like writing the words. So it's good to have some blokes to put some music to it. We have a bit of a laugh, sort of; on the road and rehearsing. It gets me out the 'ouse, keeps me off the streets."

The group's pointed love of debunking is humanised and sharpened by their sense of the ridiculous. Note the blissful irony of their name. Humour redoubles the impact.

"When you've had a few jars, like, you tend to get a bit angry and shout about. Like, just looking at everybody sitting around the Venue. But if the crowd's with you, it can be a real light-hearted sort of event. That's how it's supposed to be."

What would they do if they made loads of money?

"I'd spend it," says Robert. "I could do with a bit more money. But you don't know till you've got it really. I might turn out to be a right prat! I think most likely I'll turn into an alcholic . . . No! We'd start our own label for the smaller groups!" He titters helplessly. "Help the up-and-coming bands!"

Paul: "Like The Clash did."

"But I'm still a useful tool, serving a function/Pretending that if I'm aware, there is no need to care/I mean the choice is still mine, I can lose if I want to/I'm a big jerk, a little star, a touch short-sighted . . ."

Punks and skins *do* go to Nightingales gigs, but the group don't belong in the 'hardcore' scheme of things. They don't look 'right', they don't chant 'right'. Like most of the best groups they go against the grain. Does the Credibility Test get put their way?

"It just seems to be a load of wankers who set the test," complains Robert. "Some bloke collared me once and said, Why have you sold out and signed to Cherry Red? I mean, what do you say! All I *could* say was, Well, if it offends you, don't buy the records. Boycott 'em. I do that. I don't buy South African produce. I steal things if I don't think I should have to pay for them.

"I'd like to cut all that stuff out anyway. I talk pretty consistently about selling our records, but I'd like people to get 'em for free, you know. But only if I could get a pair of shoes for free."

What would they like to see happen to the state of the world?

Robert: "Well, we'd like for it all to collapse. Be rebuilt. There's a lot of people constantly chipping away at the surface, and we've got to get somewhere sometime. So many people want power, though, and you can't trust people that much, so I can't ever see a Heaven on Earth. But I think it's got to get a little bit better. I hope you'll edit this enough not to make me sound like a right earnest twat!"

Paul: "I'd like to pass me motorbike test."

(All lyrics copyright Cherry Red music)

Wildlife at two: "These days we just can't seem to keep the garden under control. You clear it one day, but these Annette Peacocks just keep springing up ... Nightingales L-R: Steve, Nick, Paul, Robert. Pic: David Corio.

MARK CORDERY paints a portrait of the artist in anguish — John Lewis, former guiding light of Medium Medium, now in a state of Ccat trance

UNCOVERING THE PSYCHOLOGICAL SCARS

John Lewis — not to be confused with Harvey Nicholls, Timothy White or W. H. Smith. Pic: Lisa Haun

THERE IS a Captain Beefheart LP on the stereo, several Buddha statues on shelves, and three sleek black-and-white cats come and go. The flat is at the end of a long tree-lined boulevard, next to a scrapyard...

The occupant, John Lewis, used to promote gigs at the Ad-lib Club in Nottingham's old Lace Market; now he works in a music shop, where there is another Buddha in the sax cabinet. He also gives flute lessons. Between these overlapping occupations he is — or was the singer, principal writer and sax player with Medium Medium.

Medium Medium promised to do well for a while — they could have done much better than they did, and now they've gone off to be quite big in the Dutch charts. Last summer drummer Nigel Stone left because he couldn't stand them any more, and three months ago Lewis followed. The old group goes on, in its way, and Nigel and John are now collaborating on more intriguing material under the stutter of a name, Ccat trance. (That's two short vowels, southerners.)

Medium Medium shifted course from an 'R&B' base to a 'punk' angle long before that line had spread across a number of public boundaries. Their best stab was 'Hungry, So Angry', a deeply cut slice of anguish and assertion, which was a big hit in the more anglophile danceterias of New York last summer. It's resurfaced again here on the Beggar's Banquet compilation 'Sex, Sweat And Blood'. The song details a very modern romance; the protagonist freezing in the tender trap, trying to escape — through the window marked 'Art' of course.

"Cat looks for food, we don't move, we don't know what to do, we're too scared to move. The TV thing's blue, it's been finished for hours, and I write this down, you stare at the ground as I write this down. We won't make a sound. Tonight I've loved you, more than I've done for months, it made me feel so young, so hungry, so angry .../ Cat starts to breathe, and it blocks the screen, it could break the spell but the flood goes on and I can hear people say 'Is there something wrong between you and John?'..."

(John, by the way, has never read anything by Samuel Beckett and, until recently, had never heard a James Chance record. So he says.)

The pissed, anxious claustrophobia of a particular strain of Medium Medium material was always their most successful one, and 'Further Than Funkdream' was nearly its most eloquent expression; extravagantly drunk, a love slightly soiled, sharply ambivalent.

John: "I thought at one time it was going to be really wild, really *further than funkdream*, but it actually came out sounding quite insipid to me. It isn't what it claims to be, and never was. Could have been though ... Nigel thought it would have been a hit, and it may well have been, if more of his percussion had been left on. 'Great slabs of throbbing lust' or something, Dave Hill called it (the Cherry Red LP) in *NME*. Actually, that phrase got paraphrased a lot and became something of a slogan, especially in America. We were asked to do a feature for a porn mag in New York..."

So, what's the difference between Medium Medium and Ccat trance?

"Well, for a start, Ccat trance isn't a group."

What it is, is a collaboration yet to play on a stage — "I need more sophisticated equipment than I've got at the moment" — and one currently without a recording contract. They have, though, recorded a startling version of Chairman Of The Board's 'Dangling On A String'. All the melody has been ruthlessly stripped away, leaving the voice to carry it all over a relentless pulse of drums, guitar and bass guitar. It makes a buoyant, bright metallic sound.

"Every time I phone your number's changed, or disconnected ..." (A wayward Chinese trumpet comes slicing in from another world, throwing the listener off balance) ... *"You have made my life a book of games, I feel so rejected ..."*

The Chinese trumpet was recorded in isolation, and makes completely random intrusions and oblique references to the rest of the song.

John: "I'd rather have different textures coming in and out of it, than an instrumental break of one sort or another."

A John Lewis song can be a torrent of inextricably sticky sex and violence, a minutely detailed vignette of psychological scars, a perverse romance of a banal nonentity. Sometimes all of these. There is no discernible moral view, and of course they have in the past had a great propensity for attracting comments of a moral nature. Nigel, for instance, uses words like 'vindictive' and 'unhealthy' about most of the songs he's played on.

John: "I suppose 'Nadsat Dream' (the original B-side of 'Hungry, So Angry' — a rape story narrated in first-person Nadsat, Anthony Burgess' language for *A Clockwork Orange)* is one of the dubious ones in terms of its content. When I started doing 'Nadsat Dream' I intended to make it a tender love song, in Nadsat, which you wouldn't normally use for anything tender ... but there wasn't much of a tender vocabulary in the glossary at the back of the book. So it ended up not being that...

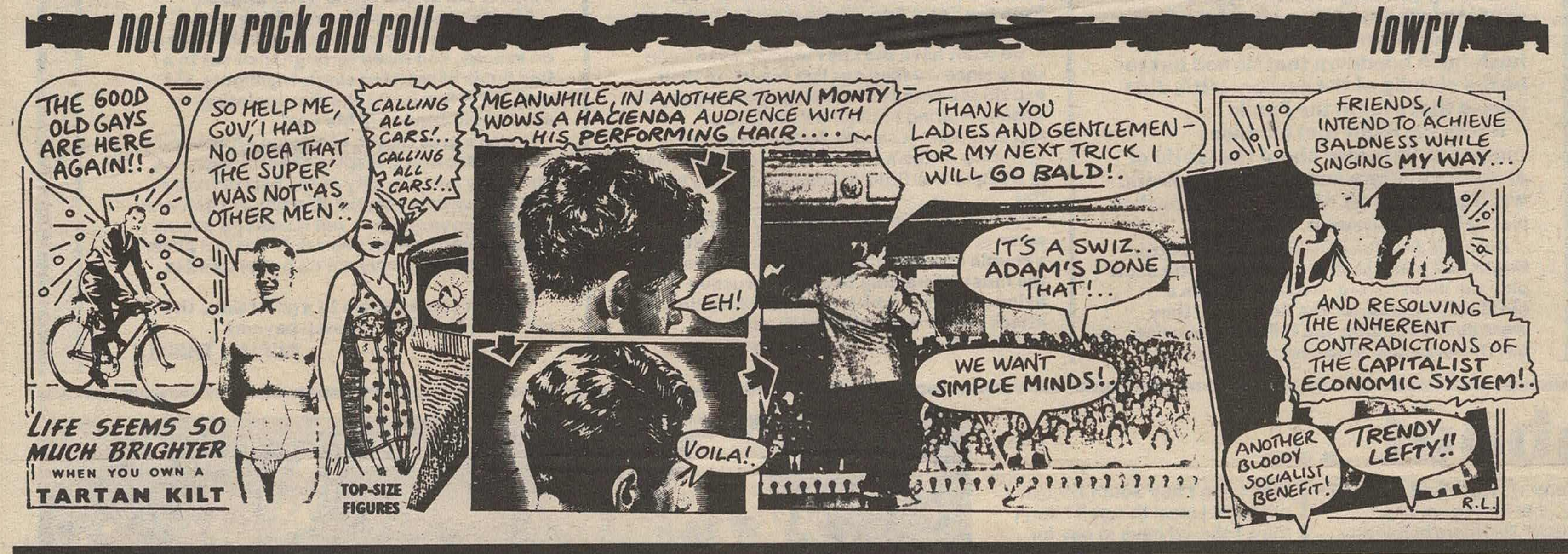
"Now Nigel expects to have a hostile reaction to everything I write. We've more or less agreed on that. I write about the grey areas, the shady areas — I think they're the most interesting areas to write about ... But I don't think any of it's *crass*. There's a lot of bands that adopt a falsely cheery standpoint, for instance... And a lot of bands that adopt a falsely cheery standpoint as well. In most cases my songs aren't exaggerated in any way, which I think is why they can be alarming to some people."

I would say that a John Lewis song often bears a relation to *Last Tango In Paris*, in the way that ABC songs do to *New York, New York*.

"Oh. I like ABC, they've got *panache*."

'Let Me Sleep' could sound different again when it's released, but whatever does surface should show the fruitful signs of the friction between John's acute narratives, and Nigel's desire to "make it a bit less *intense*, you know?".

So like the flood, the uncertainty goes on ... But then, when did anything with the strength to affect induce any feeling more reassuring than a rare satiety?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MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER TOWN MONTY WOWS A HACIENDA AUDIENCE WITH HIS PERFORMING HAIR....
EH!
VOILA!
THANK YOU LADIES AND GENTLEMEN- FOR MY NEXT TRICK I WILL GO BALD!.
IT'S A SWIZ.. ADAM'S DONE THAT!..
WE WANT SIMPLE MINDS!.
FRIENDS, I INTEND TO ACHIEVE BALDNESS WHILE SINGING MY WAY...
AND RESOLVING THE INHERENT CONTRADICTIONS OF THE CAPITALIST ECONOMIC SYSTEM!.
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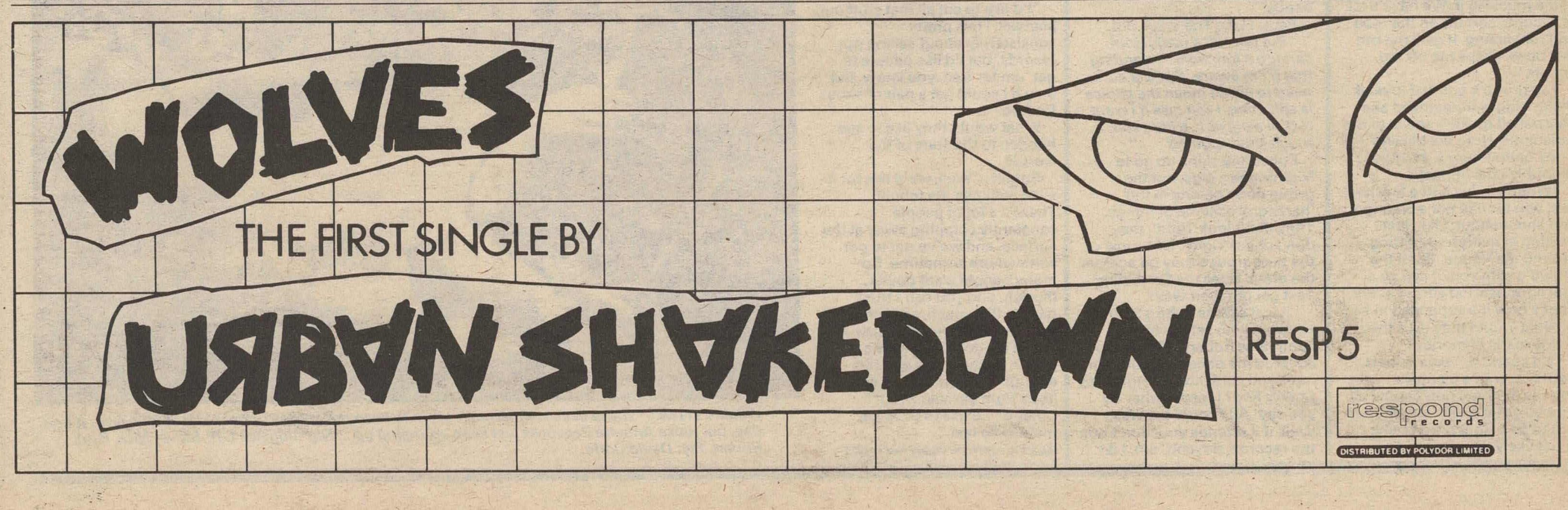

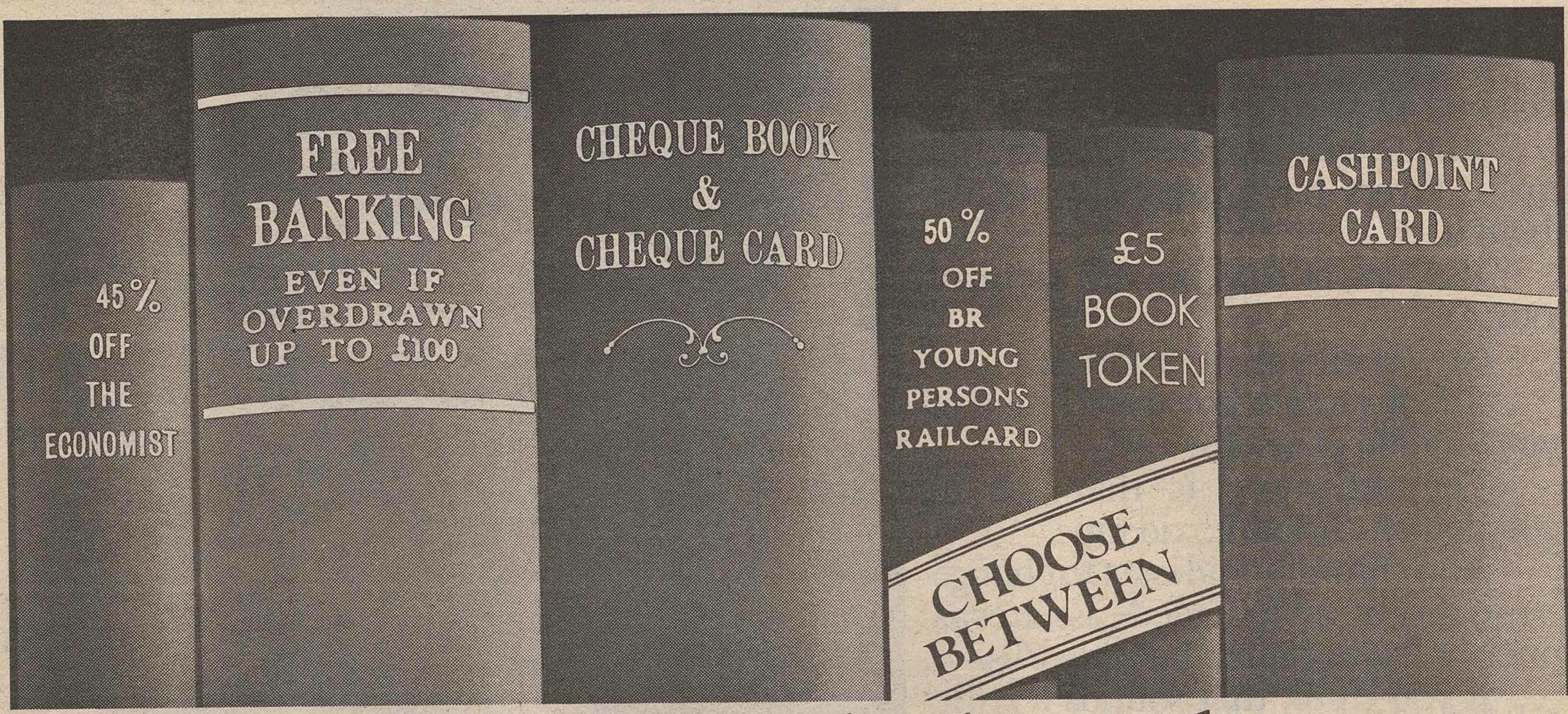
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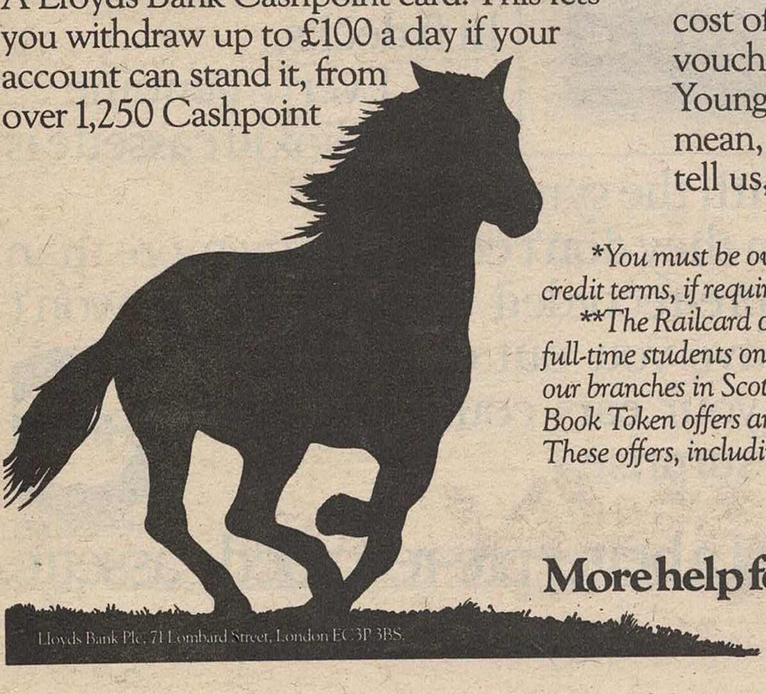
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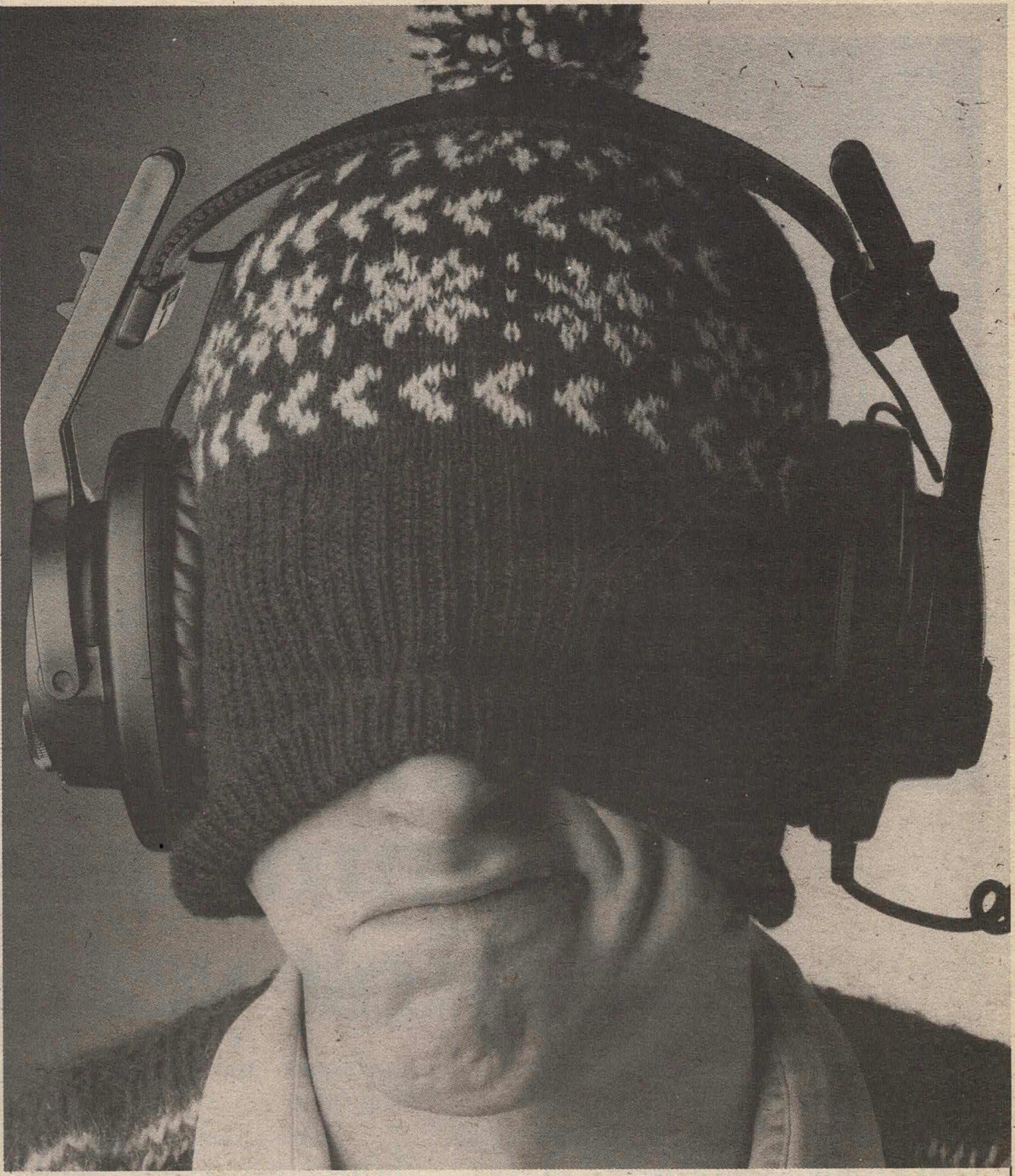

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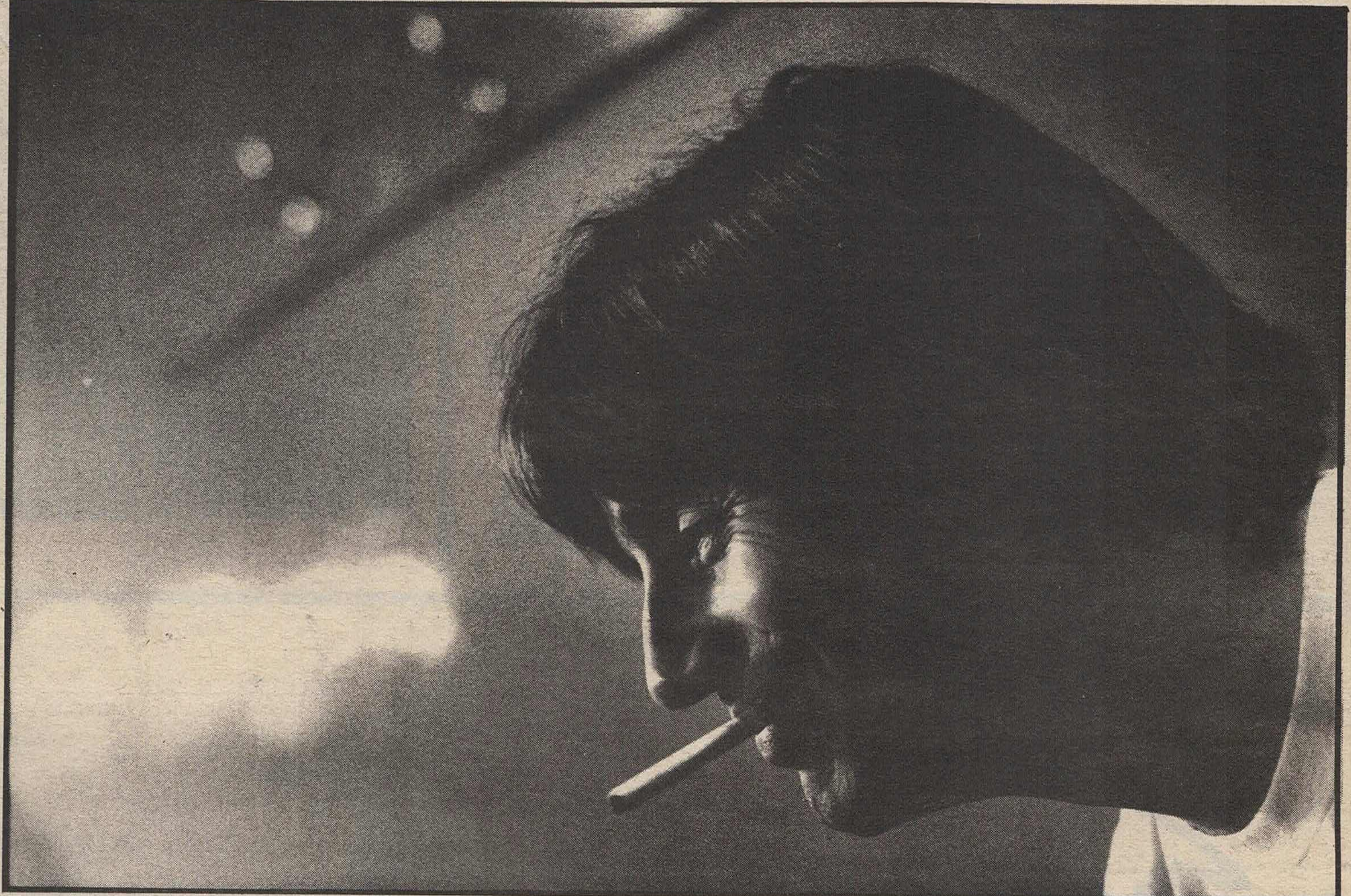

RICHARD COOK meets JACKSON BROWNE, the California dreamer who spends his time being sensitive — especially when he gets heckled. Post-Woodstock photography: PETER ANDERSON

WHEN YOU run out of things to make and do in your own world, you look to a larger globe to work off your reformist appetite.

There's a double edge to taking either side in the stand by representatives of the American rock establishment in the No Nukes movement. On the one hand you want to two-finger the smug blandishments of an elite whose pre-eminence speaks hypocritically of their implicit stake in the capitalist cake that nurtures nuclear policy. Something about their self-security marks them down as chic trivialisers flirting with unpleasant issues.

On the other, the use of their standing and sway over a sizeable audience to such apparently noble humanist aims — when they could simply stay snug in their Bel-Air mansions — seems more laudable.

That is, if you're bothered to work up an interest in the first place. The roll-call of these benefactors means little to the average British pop kid. It largely amounts to nothing so much as a gutless stable of workhorses, many flogging a cadaver of ancient reputation, most about as attuned to the spirit of revolution — eco-socialist or other — as the average stockbroker.

Jackson Browne, singer, songwriter, Californian, has the dubious distinction of exemplifying the contradictions in this wave against wipe-out. His spirited performances clutch after the glib, uncluttered optimism that is perhaps the only course for a rock romantic; yet it is rooted in a fatalism wallowed in hungrily by his devotees and played in a style that reached a comfortable and undemanding stasis several years ago.

THERE'S SOMETHING perpetually buoyant about Browne's demeanour. When I meet him after the second of four sell-out nights at Hammersmith he shows little sign of tiredness following a very busy two hours-plus onstage. He talks with unaffected animation, though prone to the airy, vaguely irresponsible whimsicality that seems to beset the Californian psyche.

Browne, though, is the master tragedian of the West Coast. If his records explore the selfishness of the singer-songwriter wasteland with rare skill — rhapsodic melodies for his closely-worded meditative pain, sung in a piercing and flawless voice — they also take the maundering weaknesses of the idiom to the very limit — to the point, in fact, where they are transposed into strengths.

Browne's songs mean an awful lot, it seems, to an awful lot of people. His show — I use the word advisedly — elicited the kind of religious fervour from an audience that springs only from the recognition of shared suffering. No matter that it must be virtually the same set that he's been playing for several years now — it is this very ceremony of recollection that is demanded of him. Listening to Jackson Browne sing a relic like 'For A Dancer', or the admittedly beautifully performed 'Late For The Sky', must be like leafing through an old diary. The rippling applause of recognition to an intro is the rekindling of memory.

'The Pretender', one of the most significant LPs ever made, is the apotheosis of Browne's art. It appeared just as English music was preparing to bury its affections for America, and it stands now as the summary — and summit — of post-Woodstock despair. It is the refuge of everyone who hates what pop has become.

Its theatricality is as rich as Garland's: when Browne's voice cracks on *"Sometimes I lie awake at night and wonder / Where the years have gone"* ('Sleep's Dark And Silent Gate') it touches feeble hearts as neatly as the smartest autocue. 'The Pretender' itself unloads its bullion of self-pity so luxuriantly it anaesthetizes scepticism. The record is either, according to your allegiances, a masterpiece or a disgrace — but so enticing is its delivery that it suckers everyone on occasions.

Browne is used to a high degree of loyalty. He tours a lot, though seldom over here, and is accustomed to the war-whoop enthusiasm of American rock mobs. Perhaps that's why he is a little surprised at the comparative reserve of our crowd's reaction (though it seemed pretty excited to me), and is even upset by a solitary heckler in the balcony. "If you don't like it, man, just fuck off!" is his testy reply.

Afterwards he comes on all conciliatory to me. As he frowns in the mirror at his shapeless hair, which seems as unchanged as ever, Browne considers the predicament of the English audience.

"There's a certain pace that's been set by English bands — tearing down all that's gone before! Which I can only admire. In the States things are a little slower."

Why doesn't he try and speed them up? He looks startled.

"I don't think it's my job to set trends. I think I've always been sort of beside what was *happening*. I've never been the latest thing. I've always been sort of apart."

I think back to the gig. It was at first unusually pleasurable to hear such a clear, powerful sound from a group with long experience of the thunderous environs of the American circuit. Interest dwindled as the evening wore on, but this sounded very much in the main FM current of US rock 'n' roll.

"Really? Well, maybe it is now. But I don't think *songs* have ever been . . . forgive me for making this reference, but even at the height of Bob Dylan's career he had only one AM single out and everything else was Tommy James And The Shondells and The Moody Blues . . ."

Were they better or worse?

"They were not important to me at all — just songs on the radio."

Is what you play now more important than that?

"I don't know what's on the radio now much," he admits. "I could be accused of taking myself seriously but I think you have to. I tend to hear more interesting music in a clothes store or a hair salon I guess . . . the radio in America is so . . . The AM radio has so much advertising. I heard the Tom Tom Club once on an R&B station — that was *great!* — but I never heard it again."

Browne sees his work as something deeper: but I wondered how much depth he could invest in songs he's been playing for so long, some as long as ten years. Hasn't the endless slog of repetition dulled everything for him?

"I haven't been playing them all the whole time. But you're right, there's some which are mainstays for me — and it's not hard at all. They mean that much to me and each time it's a chance to feel that. I did 'Late For The Sky' last night for the first time in a while and it came out pretty good so I did it again tonight. I haven't written a lot of songs anyway."

Why does it take him so long to come up with new songs? He'd mentioned "working his ass off" onstage, but there seems comparatively little evidence.

"I meant touring. I've worked on about five records in the last six years. Touring is hard work, anyway."

He frets over his splenetic outburst earlier.

"I couldn't let that go by, you know. I felt bad that I couldn't ignore a heckler, that I had to close up like that. I hope it didn't sound too self-righteous."

He turns his milky, speckled eyes on me in supplication. For Chrissakes, it doesn't matter! It's probably surprising enough that there was any dissent in such an admiring audience: for a man who's kept a very low profile here to sell out four Hammersmith nights speaks of an uncommon devotion. Why does he think people want to see him so much?

"I don't know," he says dazedly. "In the past I'd never really played a full European tour — this is the first time I've done it. I get the feeling here that people wanted most to hear older songs, but I hope I'm not playing for an audience that's stuck somewhere in the past."

Surely, though, that is exactly what he is doing? If he really wanted to gravitate himself and his audience toward the present, why not examine which of the contemporary threads would suit him?

Jackson seems bewildered at the prospect. The Human League have an American number one just now, of which he is unaware.

"I'll go out and buy a stack of records and get home, then look at them and think . . . Oh, I'd rather play than do the work of examining the new records. I think there was a time when it was easy to be abreast of what was coming out. Now I can't live the life of a rock 'n' roll devotee."

Let me suggest this: that his songs are an

continues

BROWNE

from previous page

articulation of the 'deep feelings' that people are either unable or unwilling to express for themselves — that these confessions are the heart of his appeal.

"I've heard that," he sighs. "It's probably true. It's not why I do it, but that's probably so. People who I talk to who make an effort to come up and speak to me wind up saying things like that.

"Playing in England seems a challenge because the audience seems so less responsive in that way. They seem to just sit and listen very hard. I'm sorry I'm so bad about taking the occasional fuckin' egg or tomato from the back row . . ."

He doesn't see himself as a humble man?

"No, but I'm not sure how that's balanced against being open. In doing a show you have to try and engage one another. Maybe I've been spoiled by adoring audiences — there's places I've played where people yell through the whole thing. It took a while for the writer in me to be seduced by the roar of the greasepaint. But if you don't live a life you can't write about anything."

OF COURSE, Browne's apolitical stand against nuclear power could seem to fit his followers' agitprop twinset very snugly. Yet to my surprise he offers no woolly rhetoric in his performance, and his rendition of the troubling 'Crow On The Cradle' traditional song is left to stand as an unspecified warning. In context it works exceptionally well.

"I know enough about nuclear power to know how unsafe it is, no matter what the government says about the 'peaceful atom'. A society which dedicates itself to making it work will wind up with a police state."

What does he see as the performing artist's role in such a debate? A simple right on?

"It's largely reflective. I rose to the idea of drawing attention to the issue but after Three Mile Island and Harrisburg that no longer became necessary — music will never have a large role in politics. It just brings people together and raises spirits. Twelve hours of speeches won't do that. That's exhausting. We *accompany* things. And performers always generate money for causes."

It seems to me there's an insurmountable dilemma here. On one level it's hardly preaching to the converted — Browne's conservative audience, whether they admit it or not, are in large proportion the unthinking supporters of governmental nuclear tactics. But the way he presents the issue is in no way calculated to antagonise.

"I don't know whether you can categorise the audience but there is a lot of apathy there. Although it's true that people just come to listen to the music they can still go away with a larger portion of humanity. Anyway, what positive or constructive reaction can you get from antagonising people? That becomes co-opted by fashion, behaving outrageously.

"A word like anarchy is a little out of my grasp. It's a tall order to get kids out to vote and be aware on certain issues. I don't think that's the job of a musician."

Is the musician working towards anything? He laughs.

"I guess the songs of mine that I really like are all pretty much the same. I can't boil it all down but it's there in 'For Everyman' and 'Before The Deluge'. I'm not driving towards a particular destination."

Except, perhaps, the onset of a serene apocalypse that Browne's work always seems to hint at. Is he a religious man in any way?

"I guess not. I've always felt as if there was available a certain aspect to life which renews you if you stay in touch with it. I'm not sure if I ever have been, though. I have no dogmatic beliefs."

From the depths of my memory I dredge up an old *Sniffin' Glue* snippet — Danny Baker, if I remember right, reviewing 'My Aim Is True' — "Jackson Browne may sing about the pain of luhrve but he doesn't have to get up to go to work in the morning." Browne gives another great sigh.

"I suppose he's got a point. I suppose I've been allowed a fairly rarified — or maybe specialised — sort of existence. But I try not to be seduced by all those things that can numb an entertainer. It's very difficult to resist being exalted — you can always find somebody that *adores* you, and that's just the same as being like Barry Manilow.

" 'The Pretender' is about getting up and doing it again. I am getting up and doing a job."

And done with a pretty healthy degree of honesty, I think. I ended up rather liking this rambling Californian. If you're going to be a rock entertainer . . . well, you should get used to hecklers, for a start.

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BARCLAYS

SINGLES

REVIEWED BY VIVIEN GOLDMAN

HI, POP pickers and dross-droppers! Welcome to Radio Whynot! Why not trade 99% of this week's singles for one copy of Grandmaster Flash's 'The Message' (Sugarhill import), the disc that puts the 'apt' in rap. All these singles fade into insignificance beside his broadside broadsheet. Like the man says, *"it's like a jungle, sometimes I wonder how I keep from going under"*. I thus dedicate this column not to Sefton, the wounded horse, but to 15-year-old Robert Ford, murdered in Hackney by two other teenagers for 10 pence.

ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS: Man Out Of Time (F-Beat). Did you ever hear the one about Bob Dylan being booed offstage at the Albert Hall for going electric and outraging all the folk fans in 1966? Well, this record sounds just like that music, or rather, tries to. I'd boo it off-stage for entirely different reasons. He should have stayed with Billy Sherrill — at least he'd have had decent arrangements.

TIGHT FIT: Secret Heart (Jive). Talking 'bout the New Rock Conservative Hop, here's a group that makes Dollar seem like Crass. From their Dr Pepper T-shirt ad on the back of the sleeve ('The Hard Soft Drink', yet) to their 'Bash An Argy' T-shirts in the papers, Tight Fit are actually the best advert yet for extremely baggy clothing.

BEE VAMP: Our Eyes Met Across The Disco Floor (Red Flame).
SYLVIAN / SAKOMOTO: Bamboo Houses (Virgin).
There's a secret camp hidden somewhere in the Mendips where anguished young white men go to have voice lessons. They call it the strangulation technique; ties (bow ties will do, but '60s slimlines are better) help them suffer for their art. The ties are tied tighter and tighter, till the white lads evolve a method of re-creating emotion relative to their nearness to the big sleep. Sylvian has the advantage of suffering over a good rhythm track, with the Oriental influence of Riuichi Sakomoto (yes, in the '80s we'll find white ripping off the yellow — makes a change from ripping off the blacks ...) but Carmel's group Bee Vamp do a Jack Hawkins over a neo-sub-quasi-would be Burundi. Like most Burundi borrowers, they sound more like Sandy Nelson. Nowadays anybody can play out-of-tune sax with heavy reverb and think they're FREE JAZZ, man! Radio Whynot says: Why not melt Bee Vamp down into a flowerpot?

PATRICK BOOTHE: Never Known Love Like This Before (Streetwave).
MAXIMUM JOY: In The Air (Y)
BLANCMANGE: Feel Me (London).
ALLEZ ALLEZ: African Queen (Kamera).
Listen, I know times are tough, but that's all the more reason to be upfull or passionate in your pain if you seriously want to survive. Remember what Grandmaster Flash says: *"It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder how I keep from going under."*

Look at Patrick Boothe. His record may not be the champagne of disco records, but it's a good cold supermalt. There's tons of funky things going on, and they each find their balance, so you can hear everything. It changes, it progresses, it's lively at least. Now Maximum Joy, you'd better pull your socks up if you ever want to be presentable. It's too lazy, too sloppy, all this out-of-tune weedy wetness. Is it some kind of joke? It's the kind of stuff you might put out as a demo if you really couldn't afford any more studio time.

More British white funksters, Blancmange actually have the temerity to sing, in a very hammy neo-Ian Curtis strain, *"Feel the pain — take the blame — feel the same"*. Leave it out, sailor! Of course, there's always the possibility that it's some kind of piss-take. Shame, because the rhythm track is quite good — a bit like the relation between peaches (Patrick Boothe) and canned peaches (Blancmange).

Allez Allez hint at a fusion between South American and Brazilian musics, which would be great if its cool and sophistication weren't really wet lettuce limp.

THE GO-GOs: Vacation (IRS). This one sounds like early Blondie, a hearty, traditional thrash-back of utter predictability, picking up where Cliff Richard left off with 'Summer Holiday'. It is not only their manager Ginger's extreme brilliance that's made The Go-Gos queens of the New Rock Conservative Hop, nor their hairstyles. It's their unswerving allegiance to the ordinary, that goes down well in a world where anything out of the ordinary is shoved out of the window as quickly as possible by the great media conspiracy to keep people as ignorant and unthinking as possible. Still, they're nice girls, and I'm all for positive discrimination.

CARLY SIMON: Why (Mirage). What is this? Is it Sly and Robbie? Is it Carly Simon posing as Michaela Denis in her leopardskin skintight shirt? No, it's Chic. Is it good? Well, flash back in time to Sheila B Devotion's 'Spacer' — Chic production with A.N.Other "chick singer". Stir in some Peech Boys delay on the snare drum. Sprinkle some soft chop reggae keyboards, then remember to play the B-side first, as in all good reggae records, and you have the cake. They'll eat it right up. Rodgers and Edwards are the busy little worker bees who cross-pollinate between cultures, and compared to most of this week's unutterrable bilge, 'Why' in dub is honey.

PINK FLOYD: Music from 'The Wall' (Harvest). Over-inflated pomposity by the Pink Floyd Orchestra. All in all, another disc that appals.

JANET KAY: You Bring The Sun Out (Arista). The 'Silly Games' Lovers Rock queen warbles sibilant MOR sounds as if she'd be a perfect Stevie Wonder protege *a la* Minnie Riperton, Syreeta. It may be candy-floss, but at least it's a pretty pink.

IJAHMAN LEVI: Lend A Hand (Jahmani). All Ijahman's songs sound a bit the same, thus this sounds like his classic 'Heavy Load' but done in a soul lovers' style. One to cuddle to.

THE MANAGERS: Shake It Up, Shake It Up (Sire).
FONDA RAE: Over Like A Fat Rat (Vanguard).
CANDI STATON: Count On Me (Sugarhill).
ROY AYERS: Let's Stay Together (Polydor).
The above discs are listed in order of speed, fastest first — and the quicker they are, the more modern too. The Managers (Funny name for a disco group) are a slight example of the trend for funksters to sound a bit reggae-ish — virtually no snap or slap on the bass, for example, and a spot of dub echo. Careful and competent.

Fonda Rae used to sing with Kid Creole and sang the wonderful 'Deputy Of Love'. Functional dance record, with a soupcon of originality in the hook line/title.

Even slower, Candi Staton is singing soul. She's a great singer, who lifts an unexciting song into the more-than-tolerable category. Roy Ayers doesn't seem to have a lot to do with his disc, which is in fact sung by one Terri Wells, but maybe he had the original idea. There isn't a lot of vibes on it, he didn't write or produce it, but still, it's quite a luscious smoocher for smoothies.

THE RAINCOATS: No One's Little Girl (Rough Trade). Unfortunately, The Raincoats, like Paul Haig, cover Sly's lifesaver 'Running Away'. Luckily, they made it the B-side, 'cos it's very poor indeed. The original A-side 'No One's Little Girl' sounds like an echo from outer space; light, lilting, so minimal it's easy to miss even when it's playing. Still, it's better than the B-side; as a Raincoats fan, I'm disappointed.

THE ASSOCIATES: 18-Carat Love Affair (WEA). The Associates seem to have abandoned their avant-garde 'innovative' schtick for a Dollar-gone-wrong schtick, on '18-Carat Love Affair'. On the B-side 'Voluntary Wishes, Swapit Productiona' is an example of us honkies searching for our roots with something that sounds like one of those oojamaflips that makes a guitar sound like a bagpipe. The other side of the 12 inch is a rather too respectable cover of Diana Ross's brilliant 'Love Hangover'. Radio Whynot wonders why.

PETE TOWNSHEND: Uniforms (WEA).
VITAL DISORDERS: Zombie/Wargames (Lowther International).
P.T. and the VDs are dealing with the same human sickness, the one we call war. Radio Whynot knows that war wouldn't exist if everybody *really* didn't want it. Unfortunately, as the recent Argy-bargy showed, too many people rely on war for money, jobs, and stimulus in their dull routine. Sick old planet, eh?

Townshend sounds like a cross between a barn dance and dodgems music. quite refreshing. The Vital Disorders live up to their press release: "The VDs are a living, breathing example of William Blake's concept that Energy is Eternal Delight". The 'Zombie' side is indeed a cover of Fela's extremely brilliant classic, and the VD-ettes actually do it good! Their ragged horns are exuberantly rough, not embarrassingly rough, like early Pigbag. This is their second interesting single, and this one's good, as well, Radio Whynot says: Why not buy it?

THOMAS DOLBY: Windpower (Venice In Peril). Dapper in his anti-nuclear white wellies, Dolby sprints across a blackened marsh away from an ominous-looking machine to the left of the sleeve. Laudable lyrics encouraging us to create a future *"tailored to our needs"*, presumably hailing a move to natural energy. *"Switch off the mind and let the heart decide,"* says Dolby, Yer what? It takes the two to tango, which is why our culture can't do the robot. Ironically, this anti-nuclear missive sounds like the soundtrack for one of those stirring, patriotic pro-nuclear ads you see at the cinema.

FEEL: Let's Rock And Rock (Over And Over Again) (Sutra).
ROCKERS REVENGE: Walking On Sunshine '82 (Street Wise).
TONY HUMPHRIES: Master Mix Medley 7th Anniversary Edition (West End).
Did The Peech Boys know what they started? Now all these New York funksters are dubbing it up, using the methods inspired in Jamaica by poverty, milking every rhythm for mixes galore. Check out the count-'em-four mixes of our Central Line's 'Walking On Sunshine', including an extremely snappy acapella version. You can actually tell the difference and enjoy each one. It combines the Central Line groove with a smidgeon of D-Train's 'You're The One For Me'.

Apparently the new 'Master Mix Medley' includes bits of 'Don't Make Me Wait', 'Give Your Body Up To The Music', 'Heartbeat', 'Let's Go Dancin', and 'Time', but as I don't know all the tunes, I can't spot 'em which is probably half the fun; unlike the glorious 'Wheels Of Steel' medley last year, 'MMM' isn't an editing triumph. But it's a laugh dancing your way through the surreal distorting mirrors of different rhythms.

Feel use synth bass and bass together (me and Steve think so), or maybe it's all synth? Anyway, it's another Peech Boys re-run, with a good dance rhythm which has been put through the dub washing machine and come out full of shooting stars with a compressed backbeat attack. The singer sounds like Aretha, a bit. This cannot be a bad thing.

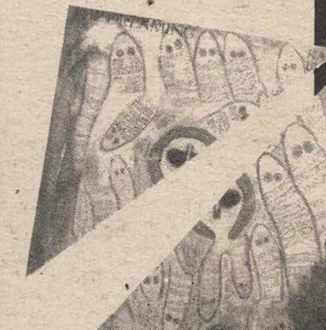
SHEENA EASTON: Machinery (EMI).
KATE BUSH: The Dreaming (EMI).
EMI's two pop queens do a spot of role-reversal. Sheena sounds like early Kate, as her man treats her with less reverancey than he would a computer, making her feel like a machine. Graceful, well-pointed singing. She's evolved into a stylist with a genuine formica sheen, and in her Brian Aris cover shot, she looks as wholesome as Olivia Newton John.

Kate, another stylist, has zoomed into the stratosphere with the first piece of 'Aboriginal' pop since Rolf Harris's 'Sun Arise' (Alice Cooper made it too Detroit to count.) Apparently Rolf actually appears on this single! 'The Dreaming' is the most unusual record of the week, full of environmental drones and atavistic thumps, with Kate singing in some kind of accent, presumably supposed to be aboriginal, that I've never heard before. Bold and good.

THE GIST: Love At First Sight (Rough Trade).
BEN WATT: Summer Into Winter (Cherry Red).
QUIET out there! Can't you stop yelling? What is this — a conspiracy to deafen a generation? If you'd only shut up for a minute, you could hear the therapeutic, moving words and music of Ben Watt, accompanied by the unique genius of Robert Wyatt. Maybe it's best suited for emotional romantics, or optimists. Two out of the four tracks on this 12-inch get me right there. It's a good spot to be got.

Meanwhile Stuart Moxham's The Gist, like his fellow ex-Young Marble Giant Alison Stretton's Weekend, is quietly seeping into your subconscious, leaking its story of romantic love, sketched in delicate outlines. It haunts you like a poignant memory, the kind you don't really want to forget.

ARETHA FRANKLIN: Jump To It (Arista Import). Let's talk about Aretha. I've been missing her. To say she's the queen is a cliche, but she's been away so long that her people might almost have forgotten her. Now she's hooked up with producer Luther ('Never Too Much') Vandross, obviously one of the good guys, and made a big, bold dance baby. A bold long intro, with an itchy guitar riff and a wild synth bass sound, with Aretha briefly telling her friend on the phone that she's got to take a powder 'cos . . . then, lots of intro, till Aretha starts her voice flying and ululating free soul expression. Then she explains that she's got to jump to it 'cos her lover's calling. All I can say is, he must be hotter than hot pepper sauce. Aretha's seductive singing gives us just a taste. Get the 12-inch, because the seven-inch hasn't got the rivetting acapella intro.



OBSESSIVE, DEADPAN,

Nick Cave

FROM THE 'JUNKYARD' TO THE GRAVEYARD — WILL **THE BIRTHDAY PARTY** SELF-DESTRUCT ON THE MOCK-HORROR OF THEIR COMIC BOOK IMAGINATIONS?

AMRIK RAI SCRAPS WITH THE PARTY LINE

KEVIN CUMMINS PHOTOS

READ ON: IT'S THE FEATURE THAT **THE BIRTHDAY PARTY** DIDN'T WANT US TO PRINT

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY are losing their drummer, changing their sound and escaping to Berlin.

The man whose candle is about to be doused, Phill Calvert, explains the situation.

"It was a mutual decision between the band and myself. The Birthday Party has been taken as far as it possibly could and the band are leaving for Berlin next month to pursue a very different form of music. I'm leaving because I think . . . they think that my style and my approach to things would probably be more of a hindrance than anything else."

When the Birthday Party play at London's Venue next Thursday (August 5), it will be their last performance as such. But why are they suddenly so disillusioned with it all . . . especially with the latest album ('Junkyard') having been released only a couple of weeks ago?

"I think that, to a certain degree," Phill answers, "all of us have lost faith in the freshness and vitality that was such an important part of The Birthday Party. It's high time for a change."

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY: OBSESSIVE, DEADPAN, MORIBUND, SEASICK ETC. . .

'MR CLARINET', is resting now, peaceful in the knackers' yard, the 'Junkyard' where the Birthday Party's initial scorching vitality has been condemned to spin away its last deadly grooves. Where 'Prayers On Fire' was provocative and evocative, 'Junkyard' seems destined to be nothing more than the Party's graveyard.

But let me introduce you to these people.

Nick Cave would have you believe he is a madman on stage, pounding his fists inside your head and preaching the Party's gospel. In Manchester's Hacienda Club dressing room, he prefers to enact another persona: here he's a Peter O'Toole, slow and calculated, and searching painfully for words to express, in as diplomatic a manner as possible, the unflinching monomania that courses through his heaven-sent countenance. OBSESSIVE.

Tracy Pew stings with the bass but looks like a stocky stetson'd cowboy. He's kinda casual, but I can dig a dry laconic humour like his any day of the week. This cat's DEADPAN.

Mick Harvey plays drums occasionally, guitar more frequently and sax in between. We didn't get on too well. I don't like moaners — and he moaned about everything, including the weather. He's the MORIBUND one.

Rowland S. Howard frets about the lead guitar in between slagging off the Hacienda's clientele. He thinks he's cooler than they come with his wasted youth look: I know what you're thinking, greener than he thinks. SEASICK etc.

TALES FROM THE OUTBACK. THEN GET UNFUNNY! LIKE MY OUT-DO!

ONCE THE Birthday Party were The Boys Next Door from Australia.

Tracy: "We made a name for ourselves in Melbourne as really nothing more than a cult band. That means that everyone knows who you are, everyone talks about you but no one actually buys any records."

Is it possible to ascertain any parallels or similarities between The Birthday Party and The Boys Next Door? How far beyond that sort of cult status do you think you are now?

Nick: "I don't imagine we're greatly beyond that. A cult band here obviously demands a great deal more attention than in Melbourne, but we're not that far removed status-wise."

Tracy: "We felt obliged to move out of Melbourne because, although there are some good bands in Australia, the music scene is very reactionary and retarded."

In what ways, if any, do you feel that The Birthday Party have adapted to the British sounds and styles?

Nick: "If to adapt is to take a completely negative approach towards the scene and the styles of music in Britain, then we've adapted to them. That's basically what we did. We certainly didn't try to assimilate with the British way of things.

COMING AS they did, at a time of post-punk uncertainty and pre-funk drabness, The Birthday Party sent their mock horrorshow careering effortlessly into the indie hierarchy. Their major asset was the innate ability to confuse both press and public alike and thus ensure acclaim.

Now, two years later, The Birthday Party confuse no one and their once reckless momentum is coming gradually to a grinding halt.

By your own actions you've forced a situation where there's a definite split between people who believe The Birthday Party to be some kind of faith healers and those that, if asked, would only say, Why don't you split up and give us all a break?

Tracy: "Which side of those two are you on?"

I'd rather not say. Why is The Birthday Party such a love/hate affair?

Nick: "I would hope that it was because our music is strong enough and our attitudes are extreme enough to be able to provoke anyone at any time.

At the same time, it is true to say that The Birthday Party are not as controversial, nor do they want to be, as they were a year ago."

Exactly. In 1982 The Birthday Party is not so far removed even from someone like Black Sabbath. It's all just routine. I saw you live a couple of months ago and you still seemed to be exploiting the stage in a desperately over-the-top and showman-like fashion without realising how ritualistic it had all become.

I've seen that act so many times now, too many times to be provoked or outraged in any way. Take The Cramps for example, so often I wonder if The Birthday Party aren't just another version from a different graveyard.

Nick: "Well, if that's the way you feel about The Birthday Party, then I don't know why you're doing this interview. If you consider us to be nothing more than a version of The Cramps, it's just a poor reflection on your own self."

Tracy: "The Cramps fall into a category with the likes of Alice Cooper rather than us. They both set out to provoke the audiences whereas it's the audience that provokes us."

MORIBUND, SEASICK...

Rowland: "The essence of bands like that is in their theatricality, in their sense of showmanship. Richard Cook pinpointed the difference quite accurately in his review of 'Junkyard' (July 10, 1982). He explained that what we do is how we live. . . and that is a very important dividing line."

Nick: "The Birthday Party is essentially different in that not every time you come and see us you are guaranteed 100 per cent thrills and spills and total excitement. There are times when we play very quiet sets. And that's not what it would be like with Alice Cooper or The Cramps, because they have an almost totally rehearsed stage act."

And of course, The Birthday Party are just so spontaneous.

Rowland: "We're not necessarily being spontaneous. . . we're being ourselves. I think I ought to add *maaan* onto that."

Mick: "The parallels some people draw are just incredibly facile. Like when we first started out everyone was muttering Captain Beefheart, which couldn't be further from the truth."

PARTY LYRICS: THE VINYL'S COOL BUT THE CONVERSATION IS CRUEL

FROM 'PRAYERS On Fire', to 'Junkyard' the lyrical side of The Birthday Party has progressed through tortuous punning to obscure arty sloganeering. 'Express thyself, say something loudly!" is the Party manifesto and the current Cave rave rant is MURDER: 'Junkyard' is a bloody expositon of energetic nihilism. Just take a look at this little medley: *"Hatchets sweetly swinging/American heads roll in Texas/those skinny girls they're so quick to murder"* and *"Get stiff in your crypt."*

Cave's violent verbal capers mince recklessly in and out of the world of subsconsciousness and occasionally drag out an odd looking psycho, lunatic or teenage werewolf.

I asked them about the gallery of grotesques that The Birthday Party have etched out: Dead Joe, Nick the Stripper, Hamlet and King Ink.

Nick: "The Birthday Party's songs all basically deal with very real images. Any depressing bent the words may have taken is because our music is based on what we consider to be personal truths, and recently my attitudes towards life and other things have definitely gotten a lot more pessimistic."

Rowland: "Nick's lyrical style is very narrative and that's how the characters in the songs assume such an identity. He's often telling a very straightforward story. As far as I can see those images amount to an overwhelming obsession with sex and violence."

Nick: "There is a good deal of sex and violence in my songs but there's nothing abstract about those feelngs. They're very real."

I'd disagree with that because in your songs that violence is not real. It's more like a cartoon horrorshow that relegates — or even worse elevates — the violence and sex to a pathetic level. . . almost like a fantastic version of *Tom and Jerry*.

Tracy: "That's the nicest thing you've said to us all night. I can see what you mean and I, for one, will be happy to take it as a compliment."

Nick: "I do have a habit of writing very violent lyrics, but at the same time I understand the need to add a certain amount of humour to them. And I must admit that the combination does tend to give Birthday Party music a rather perverse edge."

Do you suppose any of that humour, that you take such pains to instil, actually shows through the noise! It's like bedlam out there.

Nick: "If you consider it to be bedlam, then that's your interpretation of it."

Tracy: "Do you mean by 'bedlam' that you don't like it?"

No. I'm quite fond of music that's hard to swallow.

Nick: "I don't find our music hard to swallow. I find it most palatable."

Tracey: "You should do, it's shoved down your throat enough."

WHO ARE your favourite authors?

Nick: "It's in the consumer guide."

Everyone makes that up anyway.

Nick: "My favourite author at the moment is the Marquis de Sade.

To what extent would you say The Birthday Party was influenced by literature and films?

Nick: "I don't think the imagery I use in my songs has all that much to do with literature and films. We're really not inspired by those things. You're on the wrong track there."

But there is a definite tradition that The Birthday Party, if not adhere to, at least relate to in some fashion. A tradition of Hammer horror films or whatever.

Rowland: "There is a tradition amongst British new wave bands to steal ideas from films and books, but I shouldn't include The Birthday Party in that category, if I were you."

Nick: "Those bands obviously feel that because they play music they can transpose directly from films and books, and that they have some unspoken right to get away with it. The whole thing is repulsive."

Haven't The Birthday Party ever done anything like that?

Nick: "Well, we may have in the past."

But it wasn't so repulsive then, of course.

Nick: "We certainly wouldn't do it anymore."

You said earlier that you hated playing live in Britain.

Nick: "But the tape recorder wasn't on then."

So?

Nick: "I love playing live in Britain."

IS THERE LIFE AFTER THE BIRTHDAY PARTY?

NICK: "THE reason The Birthday Party is going to go through such a drastic change is that we consider what we have done to be so total and complete that there's no way it can be added to. The Birthday Party has gone deeper than any of us thought possible, but if we were to put out another record in the same style we would only be watering down and lessening the effectiveness of what we've done before."

Nick: "I'm confident enough to know that we're perfectly capable of breaking away from our present trappings and doing something even more exciting."

Why have you seen fit to lose Phill and no one else?

Nick: "It has a lot to do with the kind of turnabout in the approach we have to the rhythms in our music. And while I think Phill is excellent as a drummer of one particular style, which is what we were beforehand, we do want to get away from the heavier side of The Birthday Party."

So what is the new stuff gong to sound like?

Nick: "The sort of record that appeals to me at the moment. the sort of record I would like to make is one that is incredibly tense, slow, very slow, very moody and very soulful and extremely depressing. . . with very little humour and very little air in it."

Is the obsession progressing from murder to suicide?

Nick: "As I said before my particular attitudes towards things have taken a heavier, more depressing bent. The music I make is obviously a reflection of the way I'm faring in life. At the moment I feel a lot more pessimistic about everything than I have done for a couple of years."

Are you still going to use the basic Birthday Party instrumentation?

Nick:' "No. I'd like to get away from the two guitars, bass and drums that we've been using. Mick is quite capable of playing drums, sax, drums and anything else we might use. It's going to be an exciting exploration of avenues we've never ever been anywhere near before."

Nick: "The reason that we want to make such a change is also to make it clear to people that a lot of the things we've said in the past have had more substance to them than people have sought to find or admit. There's more to The Birthday Party than for people like you to come out with comments like we're just rehashing The Cramps."

Nick: "We've become too boxed-in by people like you. C'mon admit it — some of the things you've said have been pretty choice. Anyway we're leaving for Berlin because the atmosphere over there is an extremely creative one. We need to get away from London. There's absolutely no creative crossover here at all in terms of literature and films and painting. You're in a group and that's it."

Do you think it is a post-punk dilemma that the music scene has become very insular and self-centred?

Nick: "Absolutely. Everyone's too concerned with getting their particular combo as popular as possible."

Mick: "You define your style and you don't venture outside that style, *ever*. If we stayed in Britain, we'd be just as bad as any of those groups. We'd just get more and more popular, sell more records and make more money. . . we're just not as predicatable as people like you think. The Birthday Party are not content to do what is expected."

Hands clasped in prayer I ask whether The Birthday Party will ever return to Britain.

Nick: "Hopefully no, but probably yes."

How do you see 'Junkyard' as a testimony to The Birthday Party's achievements?

Nick: "I think it's the strongest statement we were capable of making at the time and of that particular style of music. The Birthday Party went as deep as you could go and then beyond."

There's not really much you can say to that. Is there?

Top to bottom: Tracy, Mick, Rowland & Phil.

BRASS MONKEY BUSINESS

DAVID DORRELL meets The Swinging Laurels — all brass and no rhythm section

Laurels L-R: Mark O'Hara, John Laurel, Gary Birtles, Dean Sargeant. Pic: David Corio.

SO WHAT makes The Swinging Laurels swing? What is it exactly that makes their brass-veined pop so interesting? Ask John Laurel.

"Well, we always wanted a kind of David Bowie 'Low' sound originally. The Fripp-Eno bit seemed to come in as well; it was just that the idea of just a brass section with a synthesizer really appealed to us. It's amazing how our friends in Leicester used to laugh — they'd sneer at us because we didn't have a guitarist or a drummer. The funniest thing about it was that the first major interested in us hadn't heard our material ... they were going to make us an offer on the strength of our image!"

Indeed, there isn't a lot about The Swinging Laurels that can bear close scrutiny. Everything seems to shimmer under inspection and often enough things ain't what they seemed at first ... John Laurel I said — but the man isn't a Laurel, his real name is Barrow. The other, saltier sax player Gary Birtles owns up to such flights of fancy as 'Jade Lex'. The short but sweet trumpeter is Dean Sargent, and the man with dark glasses and the Chopin strokes on the synth is Mark O'Hara. And that's it: three horns and a synth.

The Laurels seem to be popping up on nearly every brass-barbed platter this side of the channel. Did you hear their finely-wrought notes of brass on the new Musical Youth cut? Or was it their ethereal whisperings on the well-honed and Two Toned single by The Appollinaires? Maybe it was the life-giving kiss that they gave the Fun Boys' 'Telephone' — you saw their antics on *Top Of The Pops* of course ... didn't you?

Not that the Laurels are just a session band. They've already cut two swinging slates: a four-track EP and a single, 'Piece Of Mind' — not a bad track, but not as strong as the manic sax sadism of the B-side, the one-time flexi-disc 'Swing The Cat'. The modest success of 'Piece Of Mind' will definitely be improved upon with the new single, a Calgary stampede of a track called 'Rodeo'.

The horseplay doesn't stop with the single though. Every gig gets a step closer to the comedy store. Ask why and the answer snaps back: "It's better — more fun when things go wrong on stage. It allows Gary to get on with the audience, tell jokes and things ... When things go wrong we start to act up — you know, kind of act a bit whacky'"

The laughter carries on but the boys wear both masks well and are soon talking seriously about their 'image' and their 'ideas'. "We want to do well but we don't want that unapproachable, impersonal side that the so-called 'accessible' 'pop' groups like ABC seem to have — we think that the live side is really important."

The Laurels are Hardly lacking in visual attractions — the band seem to become almost animated on stage, swapping and jumping about with a Merrie Melody cartoon frenzy. Dean Sargent flipping from trumpet to bass, everybody else running from synth to drum machine and sax to song. Gary Birtles is very much the front man with his Jimmy Hill chin wagging (the goatee was inspired by an *NME* cover shot of Monsieur Dammers) and baggy white trousers held up for most of the show by an audacious wit and a salacious smile.

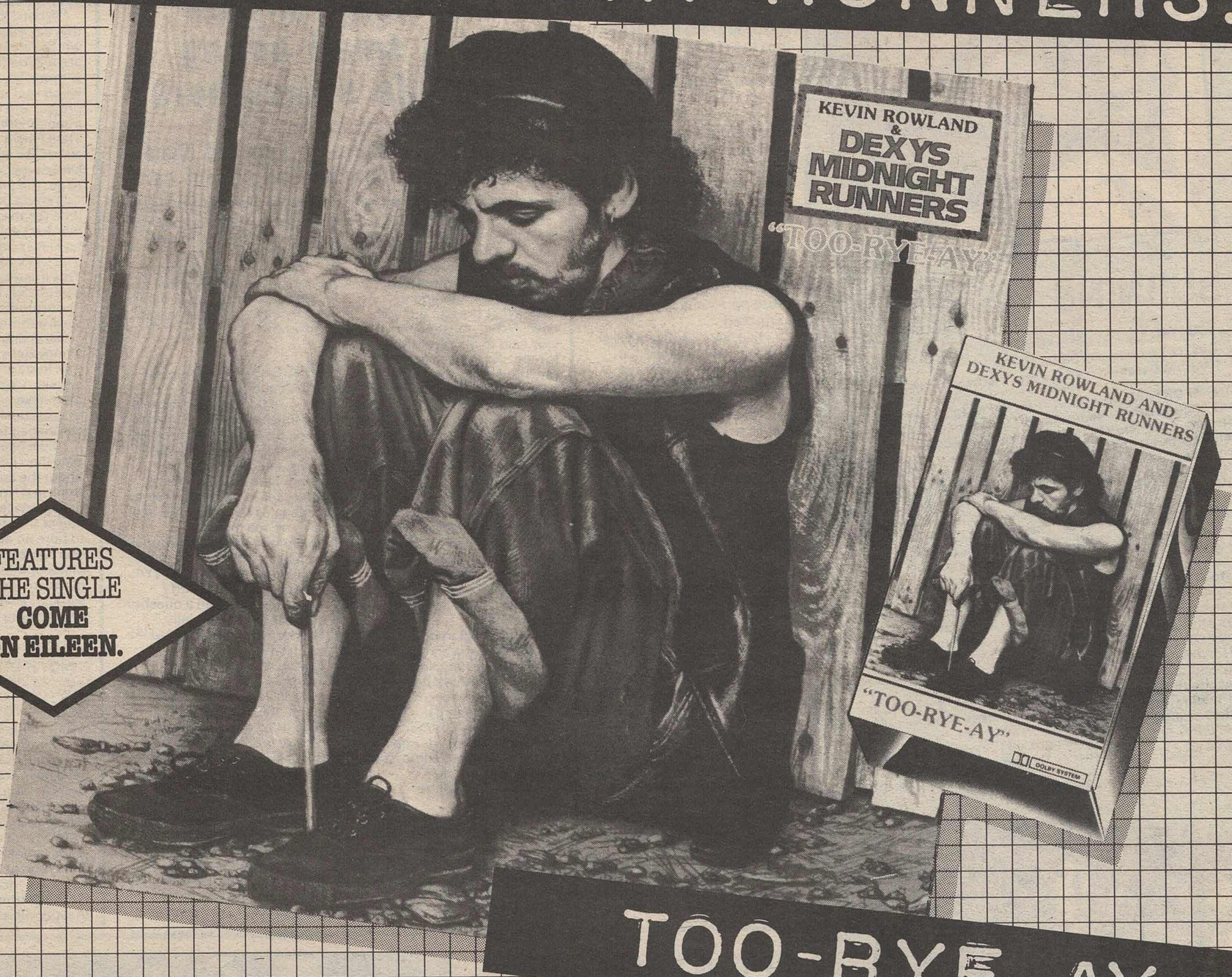
With only the occasional bass from Dean Sargent, the rhythm section has to rely heavily upon the drum computer — the complexities of which are being explained to me as we climb up to the Laurels' isolated Welsh farmhouse / studio retreat. At that moment a be-dreadlocked figure appears at great speed in a red Ford estate. Dreadlocks in the outback?

"Oh, that's Tom Scritti," Gary explains. "From Scritti Politti. He just came up to help us programme the new drum machine — with so many rhythms and things it was a bit difficult to use without some help." Too right — with the Laurels in control it quite often set the beat itself or just refused to dig anybody else's!

With musical influences ranging from Maynard Ferguson to Andy Mackay and from Fripp and Eno recordings to a second-hand Archie Shepp LP, the band do not take too kindly to press calls of 'Soft Cell with horns'. It's an unfair accusation in as much as the Laurels act in so many different musical contexts — they even incorporate a dub version of 'Swing The Cat' complete with a pop-up Birtles toast.

The band are far from content with resting upon their Laurels though — they want to take root in the public's hearts. As Gary so aptly put it: "When my grandchildren say, What did you do Grandad? I'm going to say — READ THIS YOU BASTARDS ..."

KEVIN ROWLAND & DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS.



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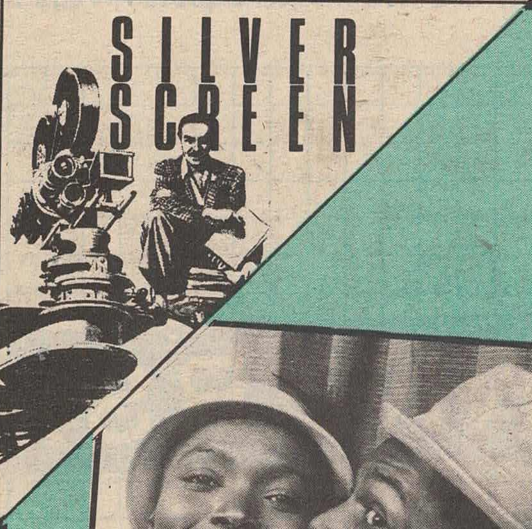
SILVER SCREEN



Cassie McFarlane and Victor Romero, a quick kiss before setting the world to rights.

BURNING ISSUES

Burning An Illusion
Directed by Menelik Shabazz
Starring Cassie McFarlane and Victor Romero (BFI)

AN IMPORTANT step away from the resigned naturalism that has dogged British film-makers' treatment of topical ills, *Burning An Illusion* isn't presumptuous enough to provide a solution, but it offers its characters the apparatus for finding a way out.

It opens with a young African girl Pat hankering after a settled middle-class respectability, who finds an unwilling partner in boyfriend Del, an unemployed toolmaker slowly drifting into abject laziness. They're both bound by unworkable (for black British young) values — his being of traditional male superiority, even though she's the breadwinner — until their respective illusions are abruptly shattered when Del is imprisoned for cutting up a policeman. With all that time on his hands he takes to reading the black American consciousness writers, like Malcolm X, and finds in them allusions to his own situation. After introducing their work to Pat, the couple draw strength from discovering their real identities and they're at long last able to approach each other and the world on a more equal footing.

Despite the odd cliched or clumsy moment, it's a bravely entertaining, highly critical work that poses gender and political problems as being the product of one and the same subtle oppression — once recognised the couple's progress towards love and revolt makes for compulsive watching.

Chris Bohn

(from the Edinburgh Film Festival report, NME 29.8.81).

Comic call in Porky's: "Is Mike Hunt here?"

DIRTY TISSUES

Porky's
Directed by Bob Clark
Starring Dan Monahan, Mark Herrier and Wyatt Knight
(20th Century Fox)

THE OPENING shot is of a young student from Angel Beach High School waking up one sunny American morning in the 1950s. He's in what is known as the 'tent position', his enormously erect penis acting as the centrepole, the sheets thrown over it. Bedknobs and broomsticks — that's just about the level of humour *Porky's* achieves.

It's a silly, unimportant film that claims to be a "boisterous new comedy about young people growing up", but really concerns the fumbled attempts of Pee Wee (wetly played by Dan Monahan) to lose his virginity. And to this end there is a series of familiar scenarios involving willing classmates, shower rooms, a big sister-like hooker and, of course, the redneck club, Porky's.

If there is a story to *Porky's* then it's that of Pee Wee and the boys being mistreated in this infamous drinking and knocking shop, and their efforts to seek revenge. And will Pee Wee get laid by Wendy or A. N. Other is presumably meant as an intriguing sub-plot.

Such a setting could have provided an entertaining, light-hearted film with the occasional insight into adolescent life, but *Porky's* isn't it. Rarely is it funny, and about the best joke concerns a young girl asking a full burger bar if "anybody's seen Mike Hunt?" Nor does it effectively evoke the era, although it touches briefly on the anti-semitism of the '50s. Unfortunately this is misplaced in the unthinking male bawdiness that prevails under Bob Clark's script and direction.

File under *Private Lessons* and forget.

Anthony Bruno

SPOCK SPEAKING:

"I know I need the *Star Trek* thing to give me opportunities — but I'd as soon submerge myself in a small acting ensemble somewhere"

RICHARD COOK meets Leonard Nimoy. Neither of them say anything about ears.

EVEN WITHOUT THE Tudor fringe and those infernal ears, Leonard Nimoy is — contrary to his protestations — instantly recognisable. Though his features are settling softly into the slackness of middle age the impassive, shrewd character is not something he simply turns on for Spock. Nimoy is an urbane and perceptive analyst of his profession.

"It was a very nicely made head trip, but it didn't get to the guts of the audience at all."

Is he speaking of *Star Wars? Close Encounters*? Maybe these battles among the stars are taken more seriously than we expected . . .

In fact, he's discussing the first *Star Trek* movie. He'd opened our encounter by asking my view of the new *Wrath Of Khan* sortie by the Enterprise, and my diplomatic response was to suggest that it seemed less of a film than the first one, more a blown-up standard episode of the TV series. But he demurs and points to a higher human factor.

"In *this* film you'll hear laughing, cheering and audible sobs in the cinema. It's an emotional ride.

"After the first one I thought, That's it. The audience had been asking for more *Star Trek* for years but I thought that one film would be it. I was surprised when they suggested another."

The worst-kept secret of the year is of Spock's demise at the climax. Whose idea was it for him to depart this cosmos?

"I really don't know," he smiles, "I never asked."

What was his reaction?

"I laughed. I thought they were joking! But the more they discussed it, the more it seemed like an interesting risk to take. Could be very dramatic."

I would say the door is left

"Much of what you saw at the end was developed as we were shooting," he continues. "There were lots of ideas as to saving the audience from going out on too funereal a note. What they go out with now is a big question mark. A lady said to me recently, 'Mr Nimoy, did you die in the movie?' I said, 'I think you'll have to see it,' and she said "Yes, I did'!"

Was he offered a part in the *Star Wars* cycle?

"No. I didn't expect that. It would have been a mistake for George Lucas to use me — after *Star Trek* it would have been a jarring transposition."

Then why has his film work been so rationed? The only significant non-Spock part came in his psychoanalyst's role in Phil Kaufman's *Invasion Of The Body Snatchers*.

"I don't want to be working for the sake of working. I don't need to. I was very interested in working with Kaufman — in fact I even agreed to do the job without seeing the script. When I *did* see the first script I asked to be let out — and the open for Spock to come back at a future stardate.

"I would say you're probably right."

I try and stare him out on this, but I'm in competition with a master — so we surrender to laughter. Hearing Nimoy laugh is, of course, a little strange at first; a big, hearty American laugh.

director told me he got calls from everyone in the cast asking the same thing!

"But what came out on the screen was very different from that script. He's very creative. Every day on the set was an adventure."

THOUGH IT MAY seem to British audiences that Nimoy's been neglected he's just finished a year of intense work; a one-man show called *Vincent, Golda* with Judy Davis, and a biopic about Marco Polo (eh?). But he professes to be as interested in stage as screen work. How does he see the way Hollywood has rationalised its traditions with the rise of the 'Intelligent star vehicle'? *(You sure can ask 'em. — Ed.)*

"It's always been a question of casting commercially. There are some that avoid the syndrome — *American Graffiti* and *Star Wars* for example — but pictures are so expensive now they need the element of star attraction. What they now call a small picture is 8 million dollars — that has to recoup three times as much to break even. The multiples are becoming enormous.

"Look, the biggest problem in films today is the interest rates," he says, digging in. "Studios aren't interested in having to invest 15 or 20 million dollars when they have to pay 15 or 18 per cent interest. The margin on success is very slim."

For an actor like Nimoy, then, does he find that he's denied bites at the plum roles he might otherwise be considered for?

"When I look at the films that are made and ask myself which I'd like to be in, there are maybe two or three a year, at most. My only frustration is when I get involved in a project and find the atmosphere is not creative. Then I have to work through six weeks where everybody's kind of reporting in and trying to get the job out of the way.

"I could be working in a little theatre for three or four hundred dollars a week and be just as happy. I love to be in a hit — I know I need the *Star Trek* thing to perpetuate my usefulness, give me opportunities — but I'd as soon submerge myself in a small acting ensemble somewhere."

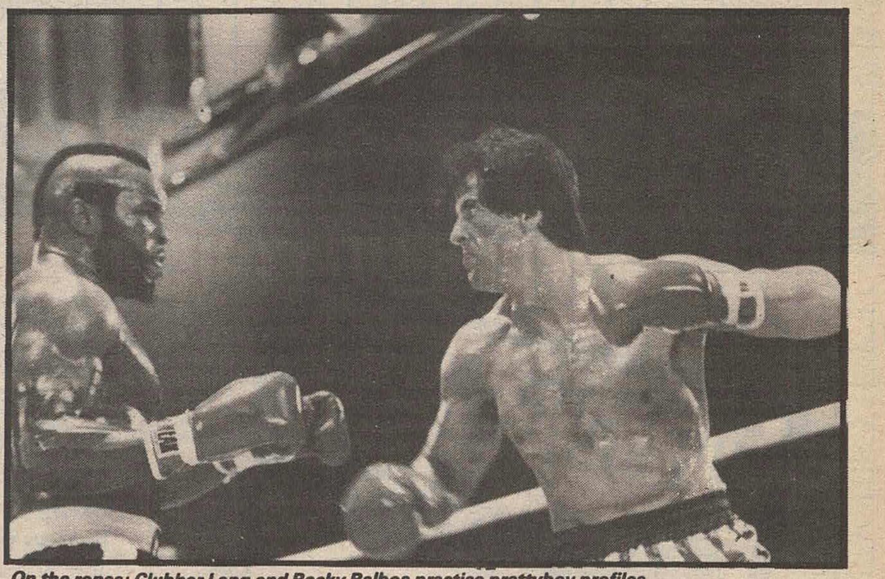
In films like the *Star Trek* opuses, where special effects often take parallel credits with the actors, does he feel compelled to work harder?

"If we have the *scenes to play* then I'm not concerned about the special effects. I think in *Khan* they're in their proper place — they serve the rest of the story. I don't want to bore an audience, after all. I don't enjoy being in philosophical failures. The ideas are far more likely to get across if they're couched in entertaining terms."

NIMOY HAS done some direction, too, most recently a CBS TV production, *The Powers Of Matthew Starr*. When I suggest to him that so much interesting recent American direction seems to have been scuppered by dire scriptwriting, he raises one eyebrow and I have to stifle a grin of recognition.

"We're all capable of bad work. I think bad American films tend to get more exposure than other bad films. It's true that I read stuff that people say they're going

SLY STALLONE STILL PACKS A SOCKO PUNCH



On the ropes: Clubber Lang and Rocky Balboa practise prettyboy profiles.

Rocky III
Directed by Sylvester Stallone
Starring Sylvester Stallone, Talia Shire, Mr T, Carl Weathers and Burgess Meredith (UIP)

HAVING TAKEN his boy the distance in round one, through to victory in round two, Sylvester Stallone sets him up on cloud nine in his third and sadly final round. Now heavyweight champion of the world, Rocky Balboa is walking on air and manager Mickey's strategy is to keep him from touching the ground.

Carefully chosen contenders ensure Rocky's easy ride. His popularity matched only by his growing bank balance, Rocky is thus set to retire a happy man, until a savage brawler named Clubber Lang (Mr T) publically challenges him with taunts of cowardice.

Now one time stumblebum Rocky ain't dumb, but the understanding comes slow and painful that Mickey's been sheltering him all these years. The revelation has shattering metaphysical consequences! "I've been living a lie!" moans a wracked Rocky.

The confidence it's taken him two movies to acrue is further destroyed by Mickey's dying on the night of the title fight and Rocky is easily whipped. Thereafter begins the Italian Stallion's struggle to the bottom and back up again . . .

If the story sounds like it's wearing thin, it's nevertheless no thicker nor less enjoyable than the other two. The *Rocky* series is founded on a familiar, even hack premise, but it's so obviously personal — not to mention personable — that one is willing to go along with it.

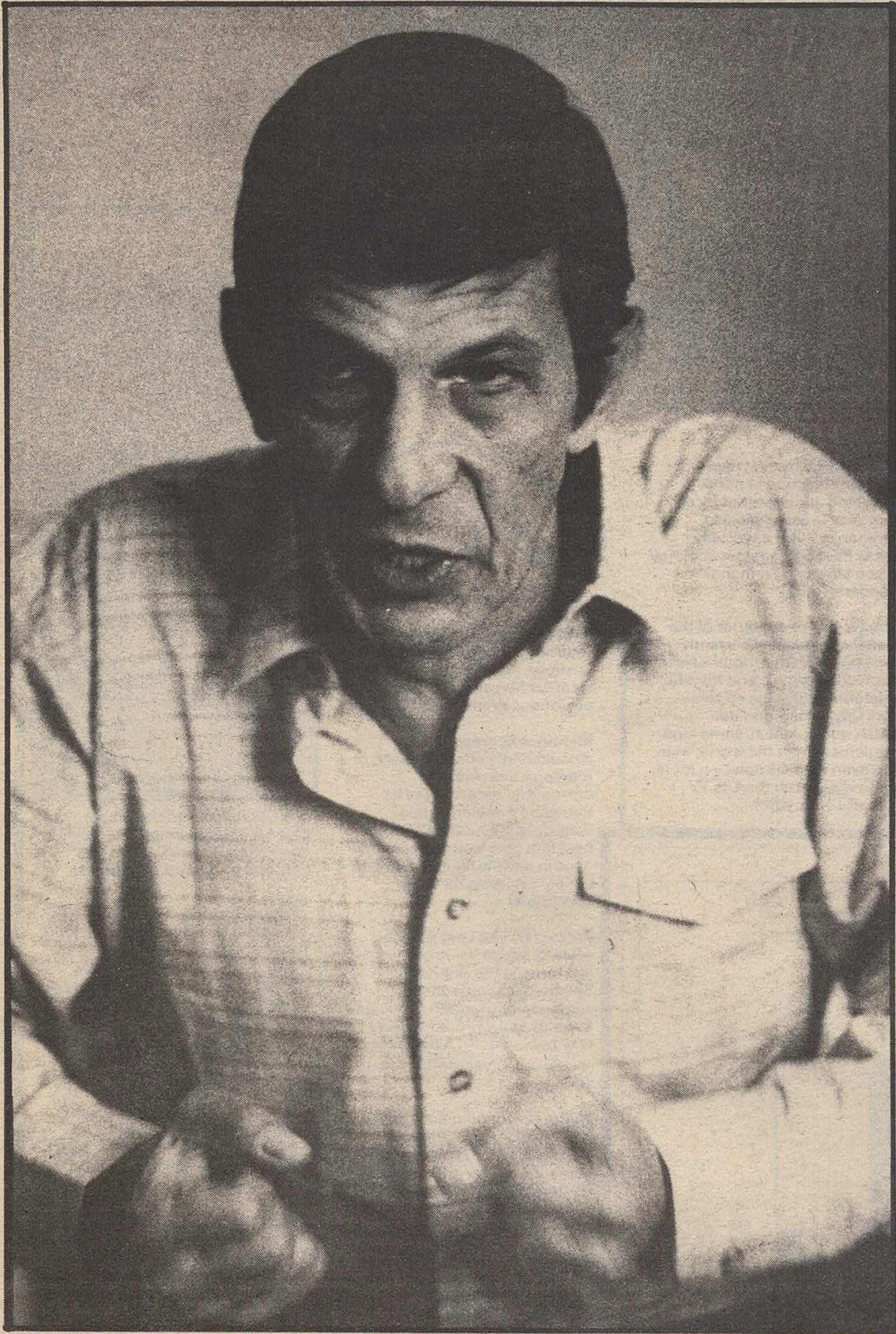
Its charting of Stallone's own hungry ambition has brought his hero to a similar impasse: that of populist figure whose very success dulls those driving urges, ironically undermining his status. It takes a beating to remind him where he comes from.

His former foe and present manager Apollo Creed (Carl Weathers) instils in him the need to recapture "the eye of the tiger, man". Stallone as director and star draws attention to the hardening of resolve with plenty of close ups of his doe eyes. Often lugubrious and tear-sodden at first they gradually dry out and narrow with practise.

The device, like most of Stallone's, is as corny as it is effective. Then, he's always been more of a storyteller than stylist, a good one at that. He understands how deep dreams run and sensibly never strays out of his depth. He also sketches a pretty neat character and the *Rocky* series is peppered with them: likeable slobs, like his brother-in-law Paulie (a mucky, selfish Italian-American played by Burt Young) and the ever great, crusty Burgess Meredith as Mickey; and hissable villains — previously Apollo, now the better, badder Clubber, realised by Mr T as a pug-nosed, Mohican-razored barbarian.

And if *Rocky* lacks the class of other boxing movies, like *Raging Bull*, or the demystifying intentions of *Fat City* or *The Set Up*, its naivety and optimism is welcome and warming. In *Rocky* sport is still a way out of the ghetto — sponsor or no sponsor. And why not? In dreams begin possibilities.

Chris Bohn



Leonard Nimoy: "Anything Khan can do, I can do better." Eh? *Pic: Pennie Smith*

to do and I'm shocked at how bad it is. Then I ask myself if I'm being too selective — but how painful it is going in and knowing you don't like it!

"In 1964 I produced a small film, *Deathwatch,* based on a play by Genet. It was very honest — a real *ideas* approach. Maybe seven people saw it. It cost 60,000 dollars and never recouped that.

"Now, the question is, is it possible to put those same ideas in an *entertainment* picture and maybe let people come away with those ideas? *Star Trek* covered a lot of themes — overpopulation, genetic engineering, the futility of prejudice, nuclear proliferation — and in many cases made the point."

Leonard Nimoy, a face, an intellect, smiles quietly at his logic.

NO HITS BUT PLENTY OF MYTHS

On their bike: Maxwell Caulfield and Michelle Pfeiffer, this year's Travolta and Olivia.

Grease 2

Directed by Patricia Birch
Starring Maxwell Caulfield and Michelle Pfeiffer (UIP)

SOME YEAR for sequels, with Mad Max and Rocky returning unbowed and the Enterprise trekking again. *Grease 2* is no more or less than another term at Rydell High: bobbysoxers with the dress sense of Mineo and Funicello (that's supposed to be a compliment) swarm the locker rooms, inaugurate the new semester with a high-step routine to tax the hardiest sprinter, compare ponytails and pullovers and talk . . .

Sex. And more sex. And more. They never get around to actually *doing* it, of course, but they sure talk about it a lot.

We all love *Grease* over here because it invents a glamorous, mythological adolescence to replace the dingy greyness of an English schoolhood. Although it's set in the American Kennedy era of 1961 (a great gag passes almost unnoticed at the very start of the film: some of the goils are discussing presidential tastes in hairdos — "Gee, I dunno, some say he prefers a Monroe blonde type") there seems a new, space-dusted vitality about these college capers rigged to sucker another audience, just as the last Depression hustled talkie-goers into scores of Happy Days Are Here Again movies.

We score over our Yankee cousins in having no knowledge of the heyday of the beach party film — of which the two *Greases* are really no more than a megabuck update — yet come to think of it *that* was a long while back as well. *Grease* has found a new audience at home base too.

The difference in *Grease*'s world is its illusion of permissiveness. Carnal knowledge preoccupies the minds of its toothsome cast — though like the extras in *Horse Feathers* many look suspiciously old for a high school population — yet they wouldn't dream of actually . . . doing . . .

Virginity is espoused with a righteousness which the Hays Office would have nodded through. Even with a song called 'Reproduction' as a high point, this is a kids' movie beset by prurience, just as *Saturday Night Fever* was decidedly anti-disco.

That's too miserable a view, though. Like its predecessor, *Grease 2* has so much energy it whirls the warhorses of teen-flick clichedom back to life. Where this replay droops a little is

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JIMMY TOO BAD TO BE TRUE

Bongo Man
Directed by Stefan Paul
Starring Jimmy Cliff
(Playpont Films)

JOHNNY TOO BAD was killed, and in this German production the legend is up-dated. *Bongo Man* (the character who sang Ivan's epitaph in *The Harder They Come)* intercuts concert footage from Jamaica 1980 and Soweto 1981 (featuring some very emotional scenes during a 'No Woman No Cry' Marley tribute), with various scenes of preparation, interviews, and casual eavesdropping on general street activity. The voice-over narration is by a pretty straightforward, lucid Dread, and there is a lot of smoke; all inna-Social-Realism-Stylee.

It's a leisurely (one) paced movie, the timing of the JA scenes, in a time of considerable social turmoil, notwithstanding. There is an election going on and police and thieves with guns are on the street around Coxsone's studio, but their presence remains peripheral, hardly felt. Perhaps because Jimmy Cliff represents a more or less direct opposite to something like the cold, shiny new hardness of Black Uhuru; he is persistently friendly, and his easy-going *"Politricks divides, music unites"* style is reflected in the relaxed direction of the film as a whole. It couldn't have the cut and thrust tension of Rosso's *Babylon,* for instance. Which makes, I'm bound to say, for a fairly soporific 90 minutes for a godless person who finds the espousal of misty-cal utopianism, however tempered by tones of militancy, something less than compelling as an intellectual spectacle.

The scenery is brilliant, though whether the film connects in any way other than as someone's home-movie depends on your degree of allegiance to the celebrated mythology, and the kind of textures you desire from reggae music.

Impeccable in its way, probably won't win any new converts, as they say.

Mark Cordery

GOOD GREASE!

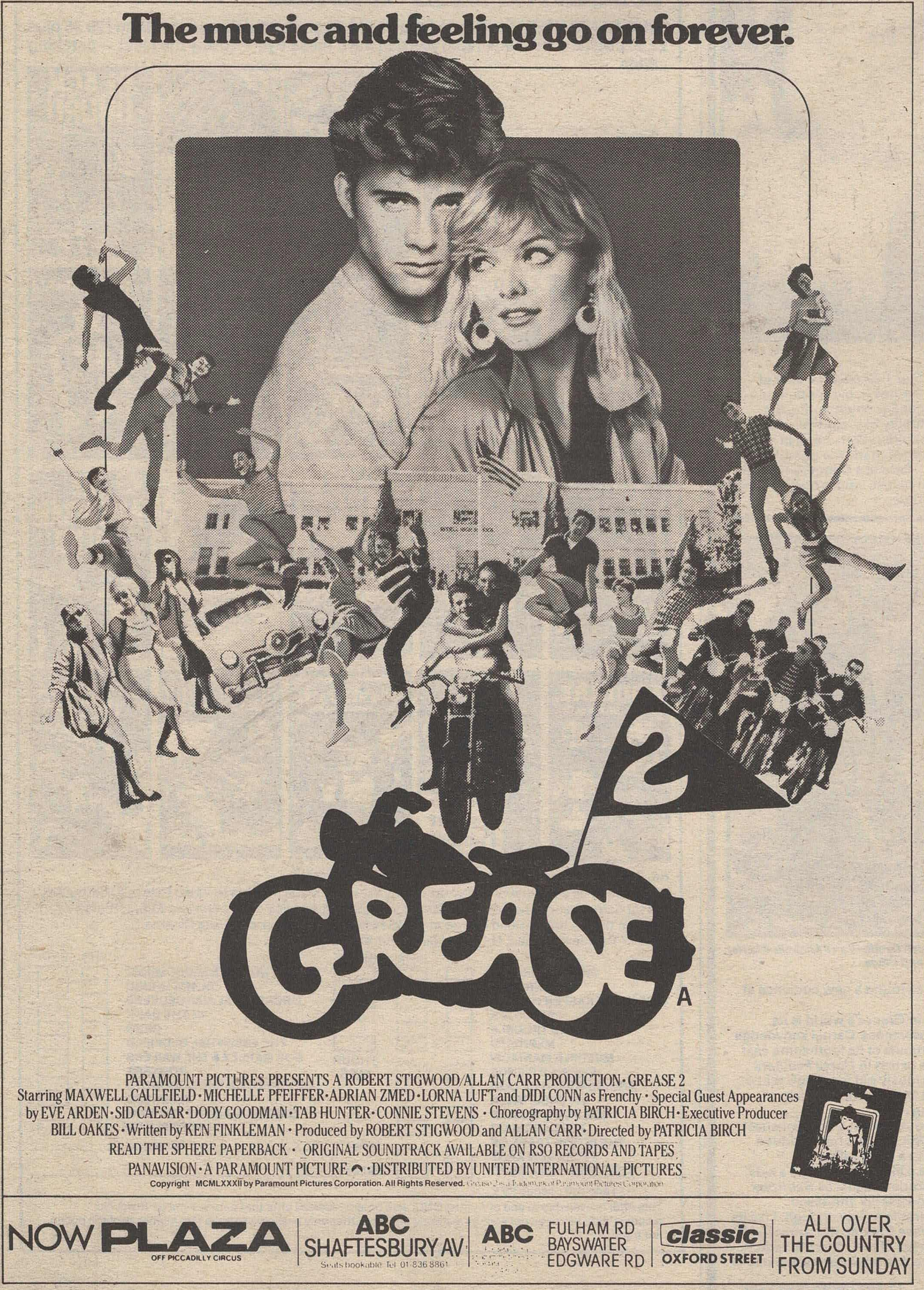
☐ **FROM PREVIOUS PAGE**

over its absence of any real star quotient: Maxwell Caulfield, as an English swot imported for a year, and Michelle Pfeiffer, as the sulky moll to the leader of the gang, are a poor trade for the incomparable match of Travolta and Olivia.

Pfeiffer seems to have been picked for her uncanny resemblance to Deborah Harry (and Caulfield looks like Eddie Cochran — there's rock movie deja vu for you!); only some frantic mugging from Tab Hunter and Connie Stevens in cameo teacher roles — Sid Caesar is disgracefully wasted in a nothing part — rises above ordinary playing.

My advice is to load up with popcorn and Kia-ora, feet up in the front of the stalls and darn snobby criticism. It's still . . . THE WORD!

Richard Cook


The music and feeling go on forever.

GREASE 2 A

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IN THE CAN

Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson, mismatched in a mess of a movie. Rollover is currently playing dead in selected cinemas.

CAT PEOPLE has yet to see the light of projection south of Spaghetti Junction, but by all accounts — especially Ian Penman's — it is a typically dense Paul Schrader work. Enjoy it, you jammy Birmingham bleeders. **(UIP)**

Fame is just one quarter of the Alan Parker festival currently running in the metropolis. Not so much energetic and frenetic, it determinedly sets up New York City's cosmopolitan RADA-equivalent as some kind of microcosm of the world, man, and even if it fails noisily it is still some way better than its TV spinoff *Lame.* **(UIP)**

Firefox sees Clint Eastwood returning to *Eiger Sanction* territory, and is probably his weakest film since that feary espionage drama. **(Warner Bros)**

Midnight Express is a devastatingly effective piece of manipulative cinema, thoroughly deserving of its immense popularlity and, unsurprisingly, Alan Parker's best film gets trotted out every once in a while. Even if it is now widely available on video. **(Columbia)**

Raiders Of The Lost Ark was *Melody Maker's* film of the year last term. In the Steven Spielberg canon it sits somewhere between *Sugarland Express* and *1941,* and a long way behind both. A bad case of the George Lucas influence. **(UIP)**

Rollover continues the sad decline of director Alan Jay Pakula. A ludicrous mismatch of romantic thriller and industrial espionage, it is set in the mysterious and opulent world of high finance and it is immediately apparent that Kris Kristofferson (as a completely unbelievable bank troubleshooter, beardless to boot) and Jane Fonda (all too believable as the ex-film star) are only slightly less out of their depth than the audience. When Pakula desperately throws in some climactic conspiracy stuff (cf *The Parallax View* and *All The President's Men,* both excellent) you realise that *Rollover's* ride is over. It can be recommended seriously only to *Financial Times* readers. **(Warner Bros)**

Clint, through clenched teeth: "So those lowdown limesuckers still don't like my latest film? Well, they can go Firefox themselves."

Richard Pryor Live On The Sunset Strip sneaks out this week, playing five nights at the Dominion, Tottenham Court Road for five nights. These five nights will be of at least five nights' duration, beginning on Saturday, July 31, and continuing for five nights. *(Oh get on with it. — Ed.)* Well, we haven't seen it yet. All we know is that it's another of his filmed concerts (probably filmed over five nights) and that Andy Gill (undoubtedly Mr Pryor's 'biggest' fan) will be reporting on it soon. **(Columbia)**

Star Trek 2 is subtitled *The Wrath Of Khan.* It is an "ideas" film", according to Mr Spock on the previous page. I guess there were a lot of bad ideas flying around that day. **(UIP)**

The Wall says it all. No matter how impressive the Alan Parker visuals, no matter how disturbing the Gerald Scarfe animations, the music of Roger Waters is resoundingly the foundation of *The Wall,* and it is horrible. **(UIP)**

Monty Smith

ON THE BOX

On the way to the box Ian Penman appears to stoop to greater lengths than ever in an attempt to 'help' his tennis-playing friend "Mothy" Smythe. "It's simple," says Ian. "We swap columns! Criss-cross!"

Thursday July 29
One Desire (Jerry Hopper 1955). The 'In Like Rock' season continues. Poker fiend Flint Saunders is the one desirable object on the minds of the womenfolk in an 1890s boom town, Flint says: "I saw *Rock II* and it was a mutt. But not half as ropey as this old soaper! My one desire is restin' in that bottle a' bourbodn there!!!" **(BBC2)**

Saturday July 31
Diamonds (Menahem Golan 1975). Israeli-produced and directed hack big money thriller. Robert Shaw, Richard Roundtree and Shelley Winters take away a modest amount of shekels and take this work of art incredibly seriously. Menahem Golan says: "I saw *Lawrence Of Kensington High Street* and Peter Of Toole performing I was most impressed with, and accountants I belief we share!!!" **(ITV)**

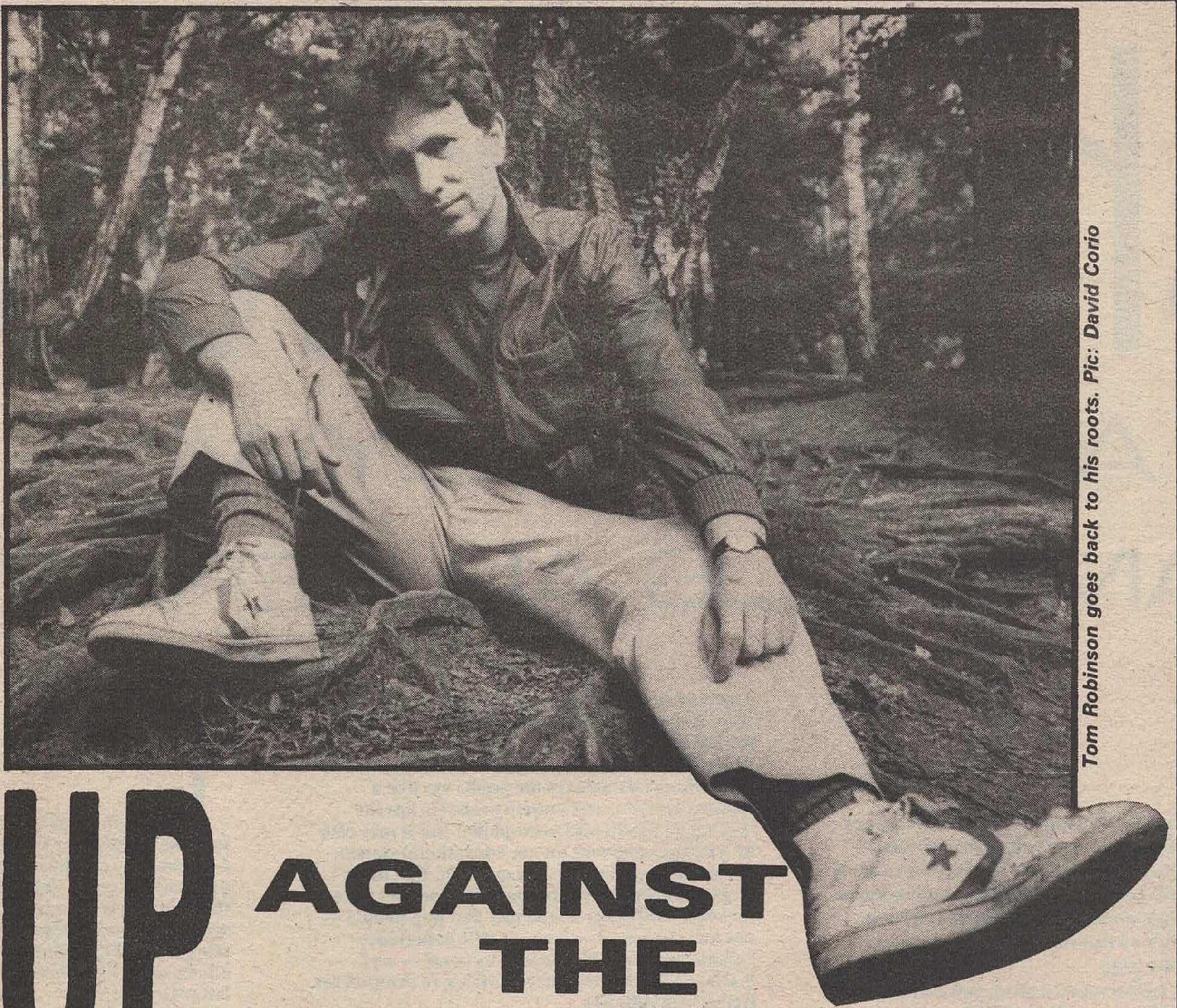
Blackmail (Alfred Hitchcock 1929). Elegant and far-sighted, this early Hitch was in fact the first British talkie. Young woman murders man who's tried to rape her, and squirms guiltily between blackmailer and boyfriend / detective. Constantina Spart writes: "It's obvious to any post-Freudian-Friedanian that even at this stage in his career Hitchcock — what a telling name, sisters! — had renounced the 'feminine' mystique and turned into a mysogninist slug, a mirror bound—" (*cont City Lmts.*) **(BBC2)**

Le Boucher (Claude Chabrol 1969). Unsuitable homage for a Hitchcock season, part one. Boring critic-director does for French flicks what De Palma does better for American ones (sometimes). Stephane Audran, Jean Yanne. Claude says: "Ever since my mother she took me to see 'im I was 'ooked. Norman Wisdom is definitely for me British cinema! Did I say Hokay?" **(BBC2)**

Shadow Of A Doubt (Alfred Hitchcock 1943). Unmissable Hitch with Joseph 'Don't Put *The Third Man* between my names' Cotten as the persuasive suave poison in the secret life of small town America. **(BBC2)**

Sunday August 1
Some Like It Hot (Billy Wilder 1959). Nehemiah Persoff, Mike Mazurki and Joan Shawlee romp through rip-snorting sex 'role' laffer, and the 'Wilder' it gets the more of a 'drag' it gets for Ne'm and Mickey!!! Good incidental fun from uncommonly strong supporting cast — inc Marilyn Monroe! Jack Lemmon!! and Tony Curtis !!! Bratislavia-born Bill Wilder says: "Weeth a film classic like this, some like it, and some just like it not, I guess!" **(BBC2)**

Wednesday August 4
Alex And The Gypsy (John Korty 1970). Jack "In a Jif" Lemmon again, as a bailbondsman who falls for gypsy girl (Genevieve Bujold) accused of murder. Genevieve says: "Hey, Ian honey, where da gags in dissa one?!" **(ITV)**



Tom Robinson goes back to his roots. Pic: David Corio

UP AGAINST THE BERLIN WALL!

"IT'S JUST after midnight, pissing down with rain, when we reach Checkpoint Charlie. We get through the first checkpoint alright, we get through the second, change our money OK, then we get to the last gate, just before the barrier — suddenly this guard comes out and says, 'Where are your trousers'?"

Tom Robinson pauses to grin broadly and sip his Southern Comfort. We're sitting in the beer garden of a Hammersmith pub, just around the corner from the small flat he uses on his British visits. The garden is full of noisy lunchtime drinkers, enjoying a joke and their regulation hour of sunshine. Robinson empties his glass and leans forward to conclude the story.

"And he looks at Steve — Steve Laurie, the drummer, right — and Steve's wearing these track suit bottom things — well, they're half way between long johns and track suit bottoms — that he found in a jumble sale in Wimborne, and the guard's yelling 'Dat Ist Unterhosen' — like, 'he's wearing his underpants, he can't come in'.

"So we're saying, No, no, those *are* trousers, he's got underpants underneath them, and the guards are shouting at us, and finally the major in charge of the whole of Checkpoint Charlie comes down, scrambled egg all over his hat, and he's really cool, dead polite: 'Perhaps in West Berlin people can walk around like that but not I'm afraid in the DDR'."

Robinson shakes his head and laughs. "When you think of it, the Wall, the refugees, the tanks . . . I mean, we've nearly had World War Three twice because of it, and Steve Laurie has to be the first man ever to be sent back for not wearing any trousers!"

GERMANY LOOMS large in Tom Robinson's life just now. He's been based for several months in the northern port of Hamburg, whose wintry urban landscapes provide the backdrop to his new 'North By Northwest' LP. He's well up on West German pop — familiar with Fehlfarben, pally with the Schaumbergs — and plans to tour East Germany later this year (a rehearsal for which led to the incident at Checkpoint Charlie). Even the idea for his recent tour of British record shops was nicked from Trio, who made 'Da Da Da' a hit in their homeland with the help of over 200 in-store performances.

For his British mini-tour, Robinson brought along a guitar, Steve Laurie from The Cosmetics, and a pile of pre-recorded tapes.

"A lot of people have tried working with tapes and fallen flat on their arses, and it can make for a very cold, feelingless show. But we ran it so the live stuff was right upfront, and the cassettes weren't too loud and had no solos on them, and it was quite warm . . . I think it helps to show people the cassettes too, to change them yourself, not to get too slick. The key word for the year was to try and rediscover a sense of *amateurism,* in the sense of amateur as lover, doing the thing for the love of it."

The other major inspiration behind Robinson's "amateurism kick" was Brian Eno, whose Oblique Strategies helped shape 'North By Northwest'.

"I'd already turned Richard Mazda — the producer, yeah? — onto the Strategies and when we came to work together we decided to work very closely by the cards, as our methodology — to try and keep the record open and taking chances, so we used them like a dislocation device, really — and the one that kept turning up all the way through was 'Question The Heroic Approach', so that set the mood for the album.

"I got to meet Eno after that . . . It's really extraordinary, I used to hate him, I used to hate everything Eno stood for — it seemed to me to be eggheaded and trivialised, and the whole concept of music for non-musicians offended my Puritan MU ethic. It's been something of a revelation to come round to it."

NOT THAT 'North By Northwest' is exactly ambient music. It sticks fairly close to the rock mainstream, although Robinson's gruff synth textures and Richard Mazda's retiring guitar lend it an idiosyncratic and casual charm. Perhaps the chief impression is of an artist in transition. A few tracks, like the dreadful 'Now Martin's Gone', retain all TRB's old rockist flaws; but nearly half the record — tracks like 'Atmospherics', 'These Days', 'Night Tide' — consists of glimpses into a kind of *film noir* city existence; snow underfoot, lust and paranoia in the air. Desolate personal vignettes which are a far cry from the strident sloganeering of early TRB.

So why the change?

"Well, the danger, which I walked straight into with TRB, was becoming a kind of *Socialist Worker* set to music. And I ended up . . . well, being backed into a corner. So that when Blair Peach was murdered, I was getting letters that actually said, Dear Comrade, we notice that you have not yet written a song to commemorate the murder of Comrade Peach by the imperialist forces of reactionary blah blah . . . honestly, I mean *heavy* letters. And at the same time cynics in the music biz were saying, Uh huh, Blair Peach is dead, bet Tom Robinson'll write a song about *that.* So, like, if I wrote the song, it was tokenist, if I didn't it was a cop out.

"So one reason for coming to Hamburg was to distance myself from where I'd been and who I was and what I'd done, to actually figure out what I *wanted* to do as opposed to what I felt was, er, appropriate."

He seems quite happy now to start again from scratch on his own, messing about with cheap synths, realigning the priorities of the personal and the political — even if a little tentatively at times.

"I was a bit worried by a few songs on 'North By Northwest', by the . . . er . . . escapism of it; but perhaps it's not the role of a song to suggest solutions, but just express how you feel. I mean, of all the TRB songs, the one I still feel proud about is 'Glad To Be Gay', cos it was just a song about how I felt at the time. I think that one has lasted well, and it's probably the feeling that carries it."

IF ROBINSON'S politics are low-key now, they're certainly not dormant. He's still a firm believer in "opting in" to try and change things — "you need to be on the bus, not off it saying, how awful" — and he continues to be heavily involved in gay politics, at least in Germany.

"What I'm most excited about at the moment is the prospect of a tour of East Germany in October. The thing is in East Germany, though it's technically possible for two women or two men to do the physical act of sex together, over the age of 18, without getting put in prison, that's about all. And being gay isn't really that much to do with the actual physical act, it's to do with how you live, I guess, so it's really grim in East Germany.

"I think the main thing for me is to be there and to be playing good concerts right in the heartland of the DDR. I know for myself, from my days as a very frightened person in my teens, if someone would've come to our little town and played a good concert that people talked about for a couple of weeks and had been, like, openly gay but yes-so-what, it would've made such a difference to me.

"I suppose I'm setting myself up as a role model, which is a bit suspicious, but I do think it's possible to help that situation without ever saying a word about it on stage."

I look dubious. A fuss, no. But surely you have to say a word, or people just won't know.

Robinson laughs.

"I think, on the whole, if people know nothing else about me, they have a reasonable idea I'm not heterosexual. I mean, I've been with people who didn't know who I was, and heard my own name used as a sort of euphemism, you know — mmm, he looks a bit Tom Robinson. I went, Whaaat? Fame at last! That was my greatest moment, I think, the day I heard that."

Tom Robinson clues GRAHAM LOCK in on crossing Checkpoint Charlie with no trousers on. (You don't.)

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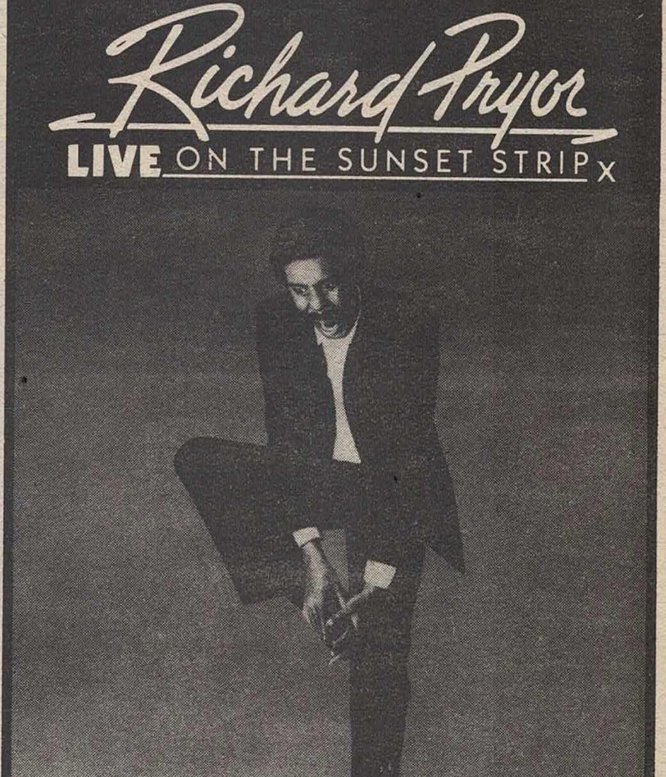

Richard Pryor
LIVE ON THE SUNSET STRIP X

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ALIBIS & ALLEYWAYS & AMOROUS ALLITERATION

We witness once again
The Song's eternal return /
And Praise its mellifluous
voice / Suffer the embers
from hearts that burn /
Intractable in our choice ...

Or is everything as wonderful as it seems in the current reiteration of The Song?

BY IAN PENMAN

The love songs are all fixing,
  The love song's feinting lyric.
The love songs are all mixing,
  The love song's lovesick physic . . .

"But who's qualified to retrieve
"the soul's enduring song?"

A Prologue

THIS MORNING'S question is to be *What are they doing in the name of the song?*

But first, of course, the usual caution: in keeping with my spirits, with what should be our spirit, and also with what my songs tell me . . .

What follows is more of an outcry than an analysis: talking out loud, to and of the song and its singer (and here we speak of them as we might *the* lover or *the* criminal, passion or the crime — discursively not literally). To set the records awry. Above all, to be *subjectively* guided; rather (more) a work of fiction than definition. I do not hope or desire to recollect or recover all wordly fragments. Omissions? This piece is composed *with these in mind.*

(I can't promise you anything, but . . . This is my difficulty, you're quite right, but also *my honour.)*

I would rather you pick this up as you might the song; as an intoxicant, a brief habit. It is not an historical study, a register, for how should I be able to contact all your 'favourites' — or favours — anyway? I have certainly excluded many of my own. So,
"In my resume,
"What will I say?"

"I've seen the rocks of Alcatraz, in my . . ."

Two years since we last visited here. Sure, we signed in under improper names, but just look at the variety we have assumed since! Well, how we carried on: I gave you a lift, and suggested some forgotten resorts — the carnality of the *crafted* song, that was basically the plan.

The gifts I gave you: I'd given you a world! This was June, 1980 for me: Darnell (I knew him when he was just a . . .) and Daye and (enter) Dario; sexy and Ze; Lydia as the Queen of Siam *(and* I was practically the only one, then); Ms Grace's 'Warm Leatherette'; and then, oh, there was Sinatra, Holiday, Smokey, Bennett, Dino, and all who wrote for them.

In the intervening time? *"Fools rush in . . ."*

We're right to be wary: an angel's delight, or a vandal's deluge? You don't need an astrologer to read what all our 'stars' tell us: really — beneath, before it all — they were born of The Song and are now borne away on its winning wings.

This gross re-evaluation rests upon previous year's contempt, but at the moment . . . well, you scarcely need me to number the 'cover versions' this year has so far wrought . . .

Our lovely song covered by, and with, chart-hungry fools!

And so we sit back, guilty and helpless, waiting for the vulgar craze to flare and die, watching the devaluation of our original idea, even of the word itself, how the song "in the very hold it has upon us, betrays a loose vocabulary, the temptation of a cheap seduction, the passive yielding to fashion".

Ah, terror! The obverse of beauty, but . . .

The most urgent questions do not concern this rabble and the half-wit desecration of hammy havoc they have unleashed on (the) Classics (painful — or more often, pathetic — as it is). I shall try to pass over this battlefield as swiftly as possible, pausing only to identify such atrocities as that recent Heavy Metal-style torture of 'Love Potion Number 9' — surely one of the ugliest records ever made!

We shall let be all the coarse young lovers currently sucking up to another likely lay of a song, to carve their charmingly banal names on the monument. On their consciences be it! Our consolation smacks with gleeful malice, for it is they, not we, who must slog out for EVER and EVER more those 'cover versions' as "spontaneous" encores. Ha!

(Nothing fails safe on the public ear like a familiar melody, and therein probably lies the 'key' to all this flaccid necrophilia. But it may also be a telling comment on our educational system, or on the emptiness of so many lives, that these pop people have such limited experimental taste for song-writing; or is it simply that pop people — not just musicians — have so little experience outside the music biz world they move — and matter — in, that they have nothing to draw on for lyrical inspiration?)

Nor is our essential quarrel with those fallibly honourable young gentlemen (B.E.F., ABC, Scritti Politti, etc) who seem to have so surprised themselves — and their friends — in being able to carve a career out of business sensuality. (Although we do have major scores to settle with them — but later.)

No, our main — and possibly briefest — encounter must be with all that has hurriedly been dragged into that one little phrase

The Song

and out again without so much of a hint as to How? Why? What? Where from? And so forth. I resent all manner of busy nothings being lumped into this supposedly self-evident compound, without any groundwork or a suitable grammar, without so much as an *introduction!* In the midst of such garrulous celebration, we don't even know who it is we're talking to!

So, anonymous bewitcher of singing souls, I shall have to ask of you your proper name.

Or rather, as I proposed in my original article, the point is not to think of the song as a hemmed-in fixture, a definite and secure property, but more to move along the lines of a "differential network, a fabric of traces referring endlessly to something other than itself".

The song's *magic* can be pulled from the curl of a vocal around islets of harmony, the *recherche* of rhythm in a voice blissfully forgetful of a lyric's meaning, the scission or symphysis of graft and element. 'Perfection' is arbitrary, haphazard, a fluttering of foolish wings.

(At the moment, for example, I can turn on my radio and be thralled, halted, melted, momentarily, by the dissonant echoes of an ancient regime to be found circling, preying around Alf's voice in a tiny, tinny Yazoo jingle.)

That song you love may emerge from the compliment of melody, a moment, a lyrical turn, a voice, a vocal delighted and elevated by its lyric (or vice versa), a lyric flattered by disregard, a voice flirting with the dangers of failure, dicing with . . .

I AM LISTENING, eyes and guard lowered, to Billie Holiday, or Curtis Mayfield, or Julie London. The curtains of the smooth song don't necessarily part or simply remain together, but their surface is ceaselessly ruffled. Sense and the sensual become inseparable, body and meaning merge to fashion a dismembered score: the song allows sense to sculpture nonsense and gives the latter familiarity.

A messy serpentine mass (desire with Holiday, politics with Mayfield, the idealised pain of ardour with London) is unwound into a subtle, easy gesture, where movement escapes and exceeds meaning, warps the constraint of a possibly inadequate lyric with an incendiary undulation. There is a gently rocking, reciprocal exchange between the singer's mouth and the hollow of the lyricist's scripture.

What comes apart is the lucidity of language; it is given a soft electric charge, is shocked, its murder is mimed . . . Such singing kills the *mastery* of language, which is why the 'merest' blue assignation, the coyest inflection of true torch singing is a 'political' design: dissecting our frame of babble, it *rends* through representation and history.

Such a song, perfectly released, is a body with a mind and a flesh all its own.

"However, if one were to manage it, the very utterance of drifting today would be a suicidal discourse."

— the song's sigh, its eternal current.

If we introduce the metaphor of the *drift anchor* — that doesn't halt, but keeps the ship's head to the wind — the niggling dualism of structure and movement may dissolve. If we think of the song's corporeal slink as also finding a partner in the French word *voile,* which can mean either *veil* or *sail* . . .

(Like loose, baggy clothes: emphasis *through concealment).*

There is a problem with some of our new songs, and this is: everything is out in the open. Coincidentally (?), both the ABC and Elvis Costello LP covers are *covered with words,* too many — but not a threatening, unlikely surplus, but a calculated *glut.* Are they frightened to drift? Like our little orphan *Annie,* whatever originary 'innocence' (or insouciance) was there is obscured by paraphernalia, by a *look* of proliferation which is really a load of entropy.

It is not surprising, really. Some of these boys

CONTINUES OVER

Rickie Lee Jones

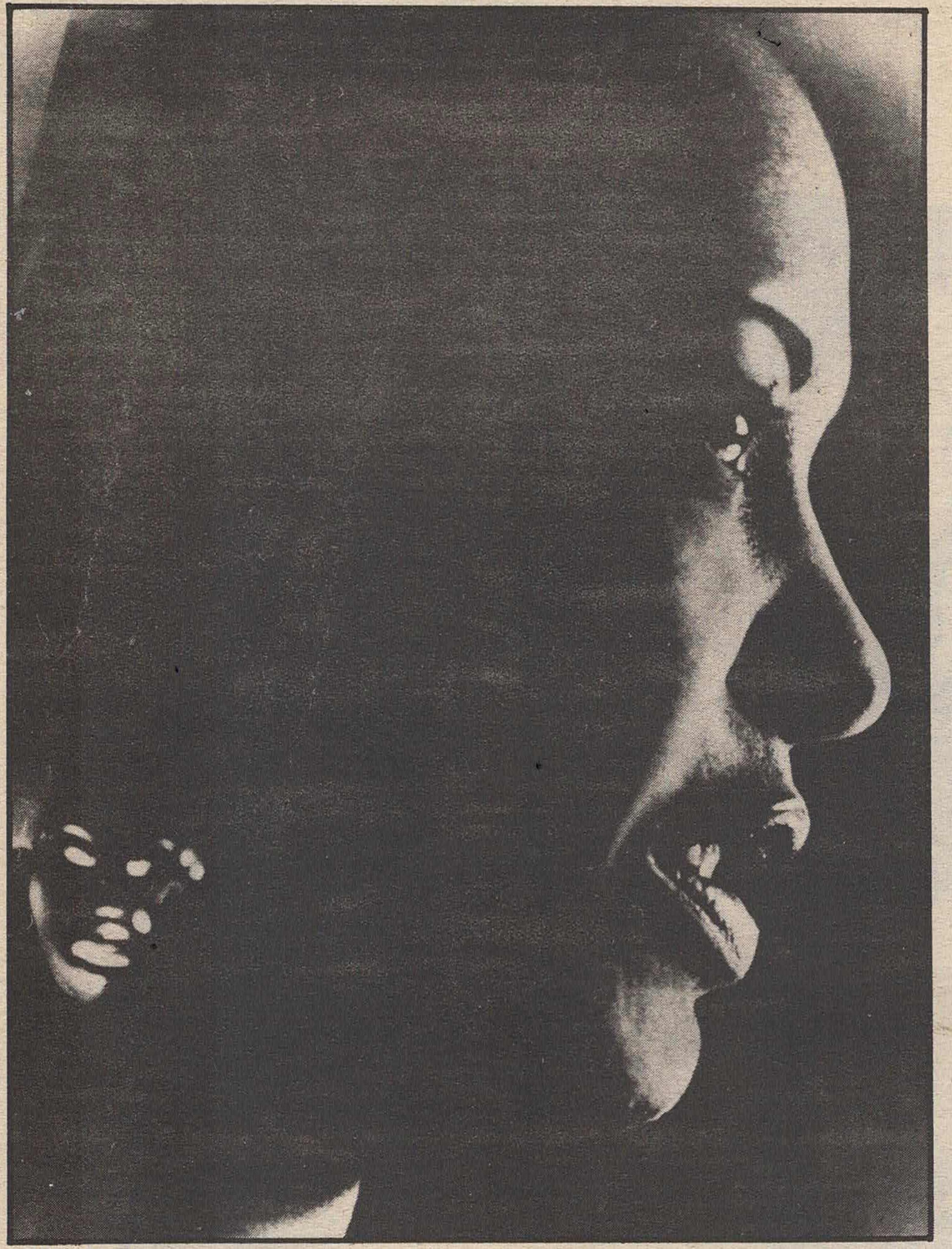
Sarah Vaughan

Johnny Cash

Julie London (above)

Roy Orbison

Cover Girl Pic Peter Anderson



Billie Holiday

sheet music

CONTINUED

have studied the contours of Capitalist 'hegemony' and are well aware of the means whereby you sell people something they really don't want. Or rather, how they can be manipulated to need things — the purchase 'of the moment' — rather than the thing itself.

I wish for something more barely decorated! Costello is precariously edging into the position of today's Dylan, where no matter how convoluted the wiring of wordplay, the listener is assured their role as 'interpreter' of every little pun and letter bomb (especially as he is resorting more and more to certain recognisable Costello mannerisms, ways of arranging his wordplay). Martin Fry is only an album old, and already beset with a similar predicament.

Are they frightened of what lies "at the heart of" the song? They take recourse to a shifting battery of terms, hoping they cannot be reduced to any single, self-identical meaning; but then deny or suppress the lyric's radical heterogeneity in 'plausible' parenthesis. Or with the petulant stamp of their *identity*.

"If I clipped your wings it would not make you mine . . ."

"Oh my sad-eyed Sinatra boys . . ."

WHO ARE playing scrabble *very well*.

Very well.

Their songs occupy our supine listening flesh forcefully. So we admit an ability; but do *they?* (Flash has a backroom.)

"What we're *really* doing is . . ."

What you're now saying, is: it isn't about sweet girls or cupid's arrows: pull up your socks, pop music consumers! *Smash Hits* away, it's study time, in which the poetry we might otherwise enjoy is academically dismantled. The "sweetest girl" turns out to be a crumbling post-Althusserian Marxist construct, the "poison arrow" is a bolt from Uncle Brecht's bowstrings, pointing caustically to the makeshift scenery of modern entertainment.

Thus, we are robbed of the true blue song's bitternesses, sweetnesses, and grey lagoons. The flotilla is emptied, its ebb and flow revealed as no more than a wave-machine. How lack lust(re)!

Take one. You are given what claims to be *the* 'Lexicon Of Love', and think, how grandiose, the sweep, lore of love, a sort of game or dictionary. But the author is more astute than you imagine — dictionary, but *"esp* of dead languages". Are we to take it that the securely anchored author, whilst stressing the immaterial majesty of the song, which is to say the popular love song (which we will see was already long poisoned), does he secretly revile its catechisms? Does he resent the chance of getting caught up in its net-work of meanings?

The task is said to be: writing love songs which do not reinforce the 'traditional' gold-spun-rainbow's-end terminology. Is this really so self-explanatory? *Which* songs? Our lexicographers can only be thinking of the very worst! Long dead, in fact.

(A rather feeble opponent!)

They resort to Brechtian divination — masques and markers — but are our frail young men any match for Love or its song? Having insufficiently considered the *weight* (of ages) behind each deployed 'cliche' — traces left behind from lyrical Time immemorial — they often seem to be helplessly submerged under the tackiness of the dead letter. They stop reflecting or diverting and, becoming victims of the strength of the song, look like anyone else; which is to say, in ceaseless attack, they *over-look* Love.

('The Lexicon Of Love' certainly over-engages Love as its subject. *"There must be a solution to the ONE thing, the ONE thing . . ."?* Steady on, chaps.)

Instantly, without rhetoric, it is possible to see that our new order have (yet) to get their bearings right, to refine their terms. The "perfect pop song" is bliss; is ignorance, of some kind. Intractability is only a step along the way.

The voice of ABC, for instance, does not yet give a convincing impression of the lover's — blind — discourse. What is given is an im*persona*tion; what the singer really seems to be infatuated with are systems, systematic treatments of love, of the media, and the language of both. The singer is now enamoured, now spiteful, now seduced, now clumsy, now sarcastic. (Yes, certain of those sky-blue ABC songs resound for me with a heavy, vulnerable sarcasm). The singer is still only wearing the masks of a lover scorned. He fails to *score;* his songs don't *flirt* so much as pester.

(These lines of thought should be considered separately from the measure or meaning, the *present* usefulness, of an ABC intruding upon the pop chart, as well as whether or not I like any of the records concerned. I should say, perhaps elliptically, that I like many of the songs as a surprise, a radio spur, but was in part prompted into this dissension by my distaste for them in other contexts, or in concentration.)

"Why don't you tell me where you are?"
This calls for?
Here's an extravagance . . .

AND I SAY *in advance,* please believe me; follow my choice?

Amidst all the media prattle of jazz-injected uncertainties surfacing in the most mediocre pool, hear an unfashionable voice who doesn't have to dredge for it, just talks polyrhythm, doesn't have to talk — brag — about its tendencies, just seems to have been bequeathed this beautiful abstract-painting voice, one of those *independent* voices.

Voice with a nerve.

Voice with a range it doesn't have to pester.

Stealthy, high register voice.

Cuts free, no centre.

It's Rickie Lee Jones' voice and visions, almost completely ignored 'over here', and casually undervalued 'over there' in her own climate, after her first LP 'Rickie Lee Jones' had sold three million (free advertisement through the grapevine: big hit with 'Chuck E.'s In Love'). Two years later, 'Pirates', which, I shall claim, is one of the most underrated, impossible, breath-teasing, once-in-a- . . .

This is not to dismiss the first LP altogether. It does have a fault line running through it (auto-critiqued, for all that), and I do find parts of it practically unlistenable. But there are sublime stretches; notably side one's middle sequence of three songs from 'On Saturday Afternoons In 1963' to 'Young Blood'.

In between is 'Night Train', an effortless purr of ephemerality, a chimera of a song apparently not stabilised by rhythm sections, but rather by an invisible rhythm-in-abeyance provided by interlocking texture and harmonic points. It is classically trim and polished, to the degree that, heard in the wrong circumstantial current, it could elude, sound like sheer MOR artifice. Best heard blind, and it comes out a slippery nonsense of vocalese, a gurgle from spitty scat to breathy scherzo.

I sleptwalked through its text(ure) for months before taking notice of any lyrical declaration; free-falling, cruising, dragging . . .

sense *"Broken like valiums and chumps in the rain*

"That cry and quiver."

Feel how much space there is here to *stroll* (something that, sociologically speaking, our British pavements haven't taught us to do). I don't honestly see that anyone couldn't fall for this solemn, succulent miracle of a song. A self-effacing lullaby, as it turns out.

RICKIE LEE JONES has said that were she not lost in music, she might well make a living out of striptease. Which one can sense. Barthes whispers, in tacit approval, that the "most erotic portion of a body (is) *where the garment gapes"*. If we find ourselves thinking of (her) striptease, it is not in the usual narrative sense, but as a *moment* — perhaps an inadvertently glimpsed one: "skin flashing between two edges . . . appearance-as-disappearance." It is "intermittance which is erotic".

Her worldly wisdom is such that fancy dress has been discarded, having learnt not to overdress, not to dress up, layer upon layer (you foolish boys!). She isn't trying to persuade us her music is a simulacrum, a something-as-good-as the good old . . .

It exists on — lives on — its own terms; indeed, could not go on living without them, without their *demand;* an identity that is a threat to itself.

Let's simplify — striptease, trapeze, artisan — and say in her songs she is director rather than actor (with a few early exceptions). She presents not only lovers and their trajectory, but their *scene,* their surrounding, how they are placed. She is a writer of montage, each shot both perfectly blank and potentially telling. She speaks around rooms, concerned not so much with 'street life' as how this peculiar American baby is memorised, mythologised, how it mesmerises — and how, in the process, is rendered motionless, all morose details omitted, transferred or forgotten.

She employs the immanence of mythical figures, stranded on their pleasure-ride, all the while seeking its dissolution (this paradox is her bliss, and also the 'blues' of the refrain). She imparts — is part of — a culture she is determined to break with.

"She is a subject split twice over, doubly perverse."

"Adrift in a world of my own . . ."

AMERICAN CRITIC Jon Pareles accurately observes that what RLJ has done with 'Pirates' is "take all the careful constructs of the debut — the crafted song forms, the step-by-step stories, the crazy-dame persona — and scatter them like a loved one's ashes".

'Pirates' is all angels and skeletons. With the "loved one" gone, only a ghostly presence to court. The God of her American dreams — and all its iconography — is dead. The music of 'Pirates' is inscribed in a dazzling obituary

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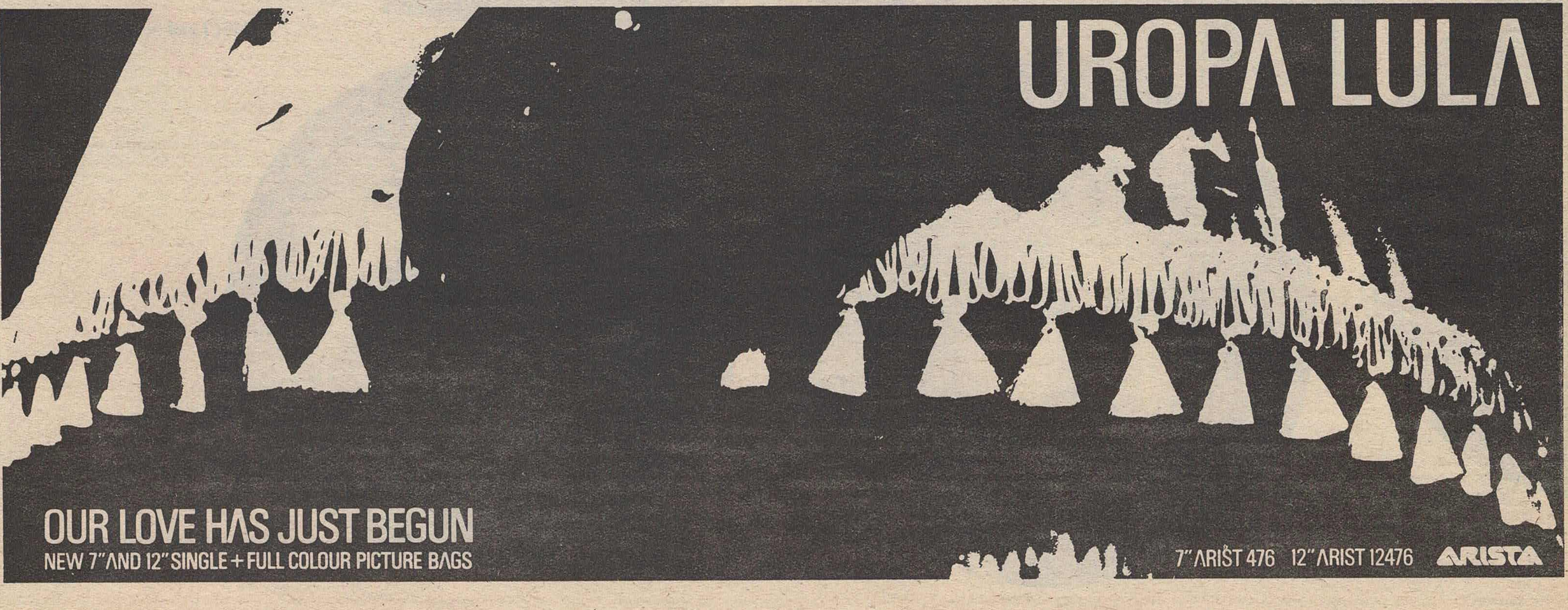
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Donovan

Pic: Anton Corbijn

KEVIN ROWLAND AND DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS
"Too-Rye-Ay" (Mercury)

SO HOW *do* you follow up the best album ever made, ever ever ever? Answer: not for a long, long time. In fact, it's two years almost to the day since the release of 'Searching For The Young Soul Rebels'. Since then, six different producers and about 27 new band members have failed to secure a decent sized hit single to follow up Dexys' ancient albatross, 'Geno' — until, in desperation, Kevin Rowland has even started talking to the hippie music press again . . .

Sorry, that's unfair. The fact is, 'Come On Eileen' is such an irresistible No. 1 that not even Kevin Rowland's self-destructiveness could have denied its progress. And anyway, Rowland's current truce with the press is simply another reflection of the easy-going attitude evidenced in 'Eileen' itself (though after the dismal efforts served up last week by *Sounds* and *Record Mirror,* I wouldn't blame him for getting the old essay-writing pen out again right now).

Of course, as a journalist I'm pleased that Rowland should be talking again, and to us first. But as a fan . . . well, I've got my doubts. The strength of Dexys Midnight Runners has always been their isolation. They conducted themselves like nobody else; they made records like nobody else.

And 'Searching For The Young Soul Rebels' was a record like no other. Whether by instinct of design, the outrageous theatricality of Rowland's vocals combined with those malevolent horns and the band's eight-strong sense of purpose in a carthartic musical experience: setting out with a vision, looking back with joy and forward with uncertainty, and finishing purged and strengthened.

From the launch-pad of 'Burn It Down' — Rowland's original 'Dance Stance', in which he renounced rock and allied himsef with the Celtic soul brothers and sisters of Ireland's literary heritage — Dexys guided you through a unique emotional meltdown of Stax, blues and Northern soul, heart-searching and celebration, to emerge scathing but unscathed with the superbly arrogant 'There, There, My Dear', and as Rowland implored you to *"welcome the new soul vision welcome the new soul vision welcome the new soul vision"* you knew that truly, dis was da song of gahd.

YET TYPICALLY, as soon as it was completed the self-destructive urge took over, in the form of a physical attack on Pete Wingfield (by far the most sympathetic producer Dexys have had, on aural evidence) in order to 'kidnap' the LP tapes and ransom them to EMI.

As if to guarantee the unrepeatability of 'Young Soul Rebels', by the end of the year most of the band had quit, exasperated at Rowland's wilfulness. But, confounding expectations, Kevin promptly bounced back with a new band which proved to be just as good!

By now, you may be wondering why I've asked you here. Like, when is 'Too-Rye-Ay' going to put in an appearance? Not just yet actually, but in order to see it clearly, it has to be set in the context of Dexys' previous work. All Rowland's music is inextricably linked, and the new LP takes this to an extreme.

'Young Soul Rebels' contained two singles, plus two re-recorded tracks from their first single, one track later re-recorded as a single ('Keep It') and one track later to be 'followed up' ('Love Part One' continuing with 'Part Two' as a B-side 18 months on).

For its part, 'Too-Rye-Ay' contains two singles ('The Celtic Soul Brothers' and 'Come On Eileen'), two reworked singles ('Plan B', issued in its original form back in February 1981, and 'Liars A To E'), one reworked B-side ('Soon', present here as the untitled intro to 'Plan B'), and one follow-up ('I'll Show You', which continues on from last year's 'Show Me'). Got that?

And if you're already thinking this is perfectionism gone mad, get this: when Kevin Rowland appeared on the Richard Skinner show *a year ago,* he said he'd already been working on the next album for six months, and played Skinner two tracks ('Precious' and 'Until I Believe In My Soul') which feature on 'Too-Rye-Ay' in almost identical form, bar the odd toot of a flute and scratch of a fiddle.

Personally, I can't help thinking it's a shame that the pre-folk Dexy Mark 2, who staged the magnificent Projected Passion Revue at the Old Vic last autumn, didn't put out an album then. Some of the material here — particularly 'Until I Believe In My Soul', the focal point of last year's shows — seems stale and out of context in summer '82.

But perhaps there is a method in Rowland's prevarication, because what emerges now is a careful blend of older material showing the influence of gospel and jazz (last year's things) and newer songs angled around Rowland's passing acquaintance with Irish folk.

And, of course, the effect of all these recognisable elements — some maybe just heard at a concert, others well-known as singles but now re-worked in a different context — all this is cumulative. Rowland takes you into his world, and helps you along with familiar landmarks.

Like 'Young Soul Rebels', 'Too-Rye-Ay' is also a journey through catharsis, albeit of a less intense kind. The confusion of old and new, the lyrical cross-references (the *"dumb patriots"* of 'There, There, My Dear' reappear in 'Old', for instance) and recurring themes within the album itself, all these things serve to lose you within this world, so that the overall emotional framework becomes more important than any individual song. In other words, this is no LP. This is an album.

STRUCTURALLY, 'Too-Rye-Ay' seems to mirror 'Young Soul Rebels'. First off, you get the statement of intent which just happens to dismiss everything around it — this time in the form of 'The Celtic Soul Brothers', whose failure to chart on single release must have been a particularly galling blow. Then comes the new folk / jazz / soul vision, as evinced by 'Let's Make This Precious', a brilliant marriage of pumping soul horns and jaunty folk fiddles with Kevin hollering, typically, *about* what he's hollering.

This, of course, is the oddest thing about this strange man: that he sings about singing, that he pours all this emotion into the creation of emotion, that he writes essays about writing essays. Now, when Aretha Franklin sings 'I Say A Little Prayer', that is precious to me. She sings about putting on her make-up and running for the bus, and imbues it with such warmth and joy that I respond wholly unselfconsciously. What chance of that if she was singing, *"I say a little prayer that I can sing with warmth and joy and make the listener respond"*?

Yet for all that, Rowland's approach does actually work in that Dexys do achieve an emotional intensity outside the range of most performers.

The album's first radical departure into Irish waters comes with the beautifully staid 'All In All (This One Last Wild Waltz)', mellow Kevin dismissing his critics with a contented sneer. The superlative rendition of Van Morrison's 'Jackie Wilson Said', abetted by Morrison rasping out a great chorus line himself, proves Rowland's assertion that *"things have turned out good"* — this is a band with a dirty great grin on its face.

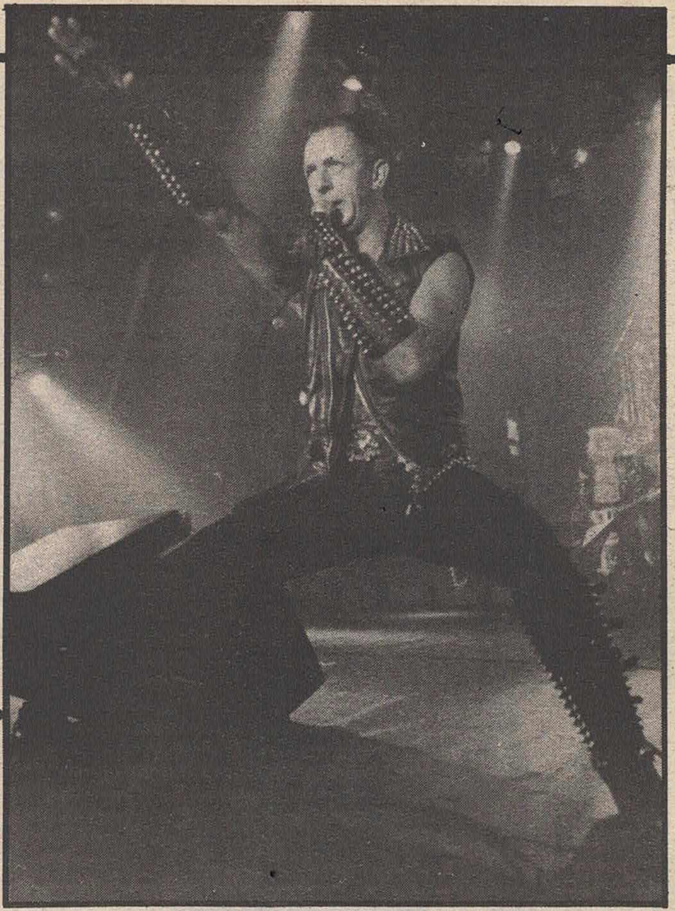
Anyway, to cut a long review short, Kevin drags you through the emotional hedge backwards on side two — including the famous *"punish the body to believe in the soul"* interlude — before climaxing with that exhilarating amalgam of hick jigs and sweet soul riffs, 'Come On Eileen' — the record which currently serves the same purpose in my life that 'Say A Little Prayer' serves in Kevin's: can't start the day without it.

Unfortunately, there is one major weakness. The production, by Clive Langer, Alan Winstanley and Rowland himself, seems to heighten rather than soften the shrillness of the violins. Compare the original, fat sound of 'Plan B' with its tinnier counterpart here — and note, too, the way Rowland's inimitable whine was anchored by the muscularity of 'Young Soul Rebels', rather than appearing as one of too many high-pitched sounds on 'Too-Rye-Ay'. Maybe they should get Pete Wingfield to remix it . . .

It also has to be said that 'Liars A To E' is one old single too many. Despite the interesting treatment — the three-woman 'Sisters Of Scarlet' singing counterpoint lines throughout — it was never a great song, and its trivial note of self-pity strikes an ugly discord.

Nevertheless, 'Too-Rye-Ay' is a cracking album — though not a patch on 'Searching For The Young Soul Rebels'; when they made that one they broke the mould. Even so, I can't see the Emerald Express fiddlers as more than an interesting diversion on Rowland's path. What he'll be wearing next year, god only knows — but it sure as hell won't be dungarees.

Phil McNeill



Pic: Andre Csillag

The history of toilet training, Pt. 1: Rob Halford

DANGEROUS? HA!

JUDAS PRIEST

Screaming For Vengeance (CBS)

" 'SCREAMING FOR Vengeance' is top notch quality heavy metal, containing some blistering tunes like 'Electric Eye', 'Riding On The Wind' and the title track itself. Moreover, the overall quality of the comositions is extremely praiseworthy. Judas Priest write fine songs and they're not content to rely on an incessant supply of riffs to achieve impact," some might say. Actually, probably only CBS would . . . and indeed they do in the press release for this "highly dangerous" album.

While Rob Halford's busy glaring from the wrong side of the record sleeve, the press release takes the opportunity to let slip: "All too often heavy metal acts elicit an unnecessary hard time from the media" Screaming for vengeance? More like whining for a good review. . .

Judas Priest could nearly scrape one on their merits, tho' they always seem to have left their good points someplace else when they get to the recording studio and have yet to produce the winner.

Heavy Metal does have its classics, same as pop (Saxon's '747 — Strangers In The Night' — a cracker) but 'Screaming For Vengeance', Judas Priest's ninth album, has all the hallmarks of the second rate. It starts convincingly enough, riffing away at high speed and screech-braking at the corners and, 'zwept, I'd forgotten how pained our Rob sounds, from a whisper to a squeak. . . and then I switched the turntable back from 45 to 33 rpm and tearfully resigned meself to two sides of lumbering assault, Rob still sounding pained and the band still riffing away and, no, this isn't Motorhead, this is Judas Priest. . .

It's not the tired, inflexible music that stupefies but more the gormless imagery, like Joy Division at their worst; the melody plods with a spring in its step and lead DMs on its feet while screamin' demons fight it out with cruisin' leather queens in a gothic Gotham City.

Second-rate HM is a hopeless magazine of cack-complex poetry and profound lameness, petit-bourgeois petty prose — as vain and vacuous as Martin Fry. Second-rate HM is lacquered ugliness, old licks with new lip gloss, all life buried beneath too much production make-up — as big and bland as Dollar. The worst HM, like the worst pop, is obedient and unquestioning.

Judas Priest do at least rough things up with a more honest, painful view of sex and shots of speed but, tho' 'Screaming For Vengeance' sounds a lot less like a complacent Led Zeppelin than the appalling Yazoo's appalling 'Don't Go', it's still a dull dog.

"Blistering" on the odd occasion. "Heavy metal", sure. But "The overall quality of the compositions is extremely praiseworthy" — what kind of a name for a dog is that?

How about "Alf"?

X. Moore

DIFFERENT DRUM

EYELESS IN GAZA

Drumming The Beating Heart (Cherry Red)

THERE'S A couple of related reasons why this new record by two of the more stubbornly individual recording artistes outflanks all that went before.

The first is that Martyn Bates and Peter Becker seem to have suddenly realised what an utter waste of effort it is to sit and die, martyred in a corner. Sniping from the margins is not automatically a tactic of heroic integrity, but is often the sign of abject negativity and artistic failure.

The second reason is that they've broken right out of that corner. Their value is upped a billion points with this release because, instead of skulking in a cul-de-sac, complaining that people were too stupid to connect the first time, they've shown that they're determined to *make* people connect.

'Drumming The Beating Heart' is so much better than their previous sluggish experiments not because it's more 'commercial', but because the endeavour required to redesign their form clarifies and strengthens it. The components of the rambling precursor 'Caught In Flux' (which never reached the run-off groove in my house) aren't discarded or compromised. Sprawling swathes of synth, sparse 'industrial' percussion and a yowling vocal technique still constitute the sound. But now they're pressed into appropriate frameworks.

Side one's first four tracks are bare, aching laments, frozen eloquently on the edge where misery meets melancholy. It's a long way from the slough of morbidity where previously the duo could so easily be consigned. The effect is terse, traumatic even, but also tender and winningly forlorn. They grasp the same spooked desolation you find in that ancient brand of Folk, except the setting here is no green field, but more like an edgy vigil in the concrete as you wait for the late bus home.

By Eyeless standards, side two is a virtual romp. The impression is almost picaresque, the differing songs amounting to a flurry of unexpected sparks. 'Two' clatters along in splinters of near-funk; 'Pencil Sketch' is a sprightly skit constructed from abbreviated stabs of synth; there's a couple more sweeps of their new corrugated soul, and at one point they've almost written an actual pop song!

Six months back, I witnessed Eyeless take what looked like sour satisfaction in emptying a London college hall. 'Drumming The Beating Heart' suggests they've slung that garbage outlook away. They're taking *real* risks now. Eyeless, it seems, have discovered the gift of sight.

Dave Hill

The Wild Men of Rock *Pic: Bryn Jones*

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CHIC & OTHERS

Soup For One (WEA)

I COULD never conceal it from one as astute as you, lover, that this album is the soundtrack from a romantic comedy set in New York and probably nothing at all like *Arthur* (nobody famous in the cast and probably very little drinking). By way of compensation, it includes music by Chic: tracks both old and new featuring the big furry voice of Teddy Pendergrass, the small sharp one of Debbie Harry and a tune sung by Carly Simon, which appears on the album even though it's not in the movie!

Assuming that you've already got the long version of 'I Want Your Love', and Sister Sledge's 'Let's Go On Vacation', and that you're quite happy not owning any extracts from 'Koo Koo', then the crucial stuff is all on the first side. The Carly Simon tune is actually better than Harry's 'Jump Jump', the Pendergrass is disposable (to say the least) and the title song — despite immaculate Nile Rodgers guitaring — labours under the titanic handicap of having to be called 'Soup For One'.

That leaves one masterpiece: 'I Work For A Livin' ' is long-time Chic singer Fonzi Martin's solo turn to burn, and it is brilliant. Over a variant of the 'Good Times' rhythm, it states the case in no uncertain terms, and if it hasn't been a large single yet, it should so become before it's significantly older. Otherwise, be advised that the album is unlikely to be regarded as a milestone in the history of its genre.

Charles Shaar Murray

Chic Pic: Andre Csillag

Bow Wows: are we twigging something here? Illustration: Ian Wright

RUSH INTO THIS, FOOLS!

BOW WOW WOW

I Want Candy (EMI)

GOOD GRIEF! Bit early to start flogging a dead horse, isn't it?

'I Want Candy' is a strange misbegotten thing which exists mainly so that EMI can recoup as much of its initial investment into Bow Wow Wow as is humanly possible. To this end they've licensed the title piece and a number of others from RCA — who currently enjoy the privilege of bringing Bow Wow Wow to the masses — and juxtaposed said items with assorted singles and a selection from that great lost legend, 'Your Cassette Pet'. Sixteen tracks and a terrible cover! Who could ask for more?

Bow Wow Wow are, of course, a major issue of our time. The old *Play Power* concept stripped of all that hippie nonsense and basted in Thatcher-era self-interest, it comes out as a deliriously joyous vision of beautiful children happily absorbed in innocent lust . . . or rather it *would*, if one could, for even a split-second, forget about that wizened old voyeur pulling the strings. The songs go on and on and on about sex, but I would speculate that it isn't actually sex that interests Malcolm McLaren, but the associations that sex has in peoples' minds: the hard- (and soft) ware, the ideological baggage, the trappings, the costumes.

Songs like 'Louis Quatorze' and 'Sexy Eiffel Towers' don't exactly come over as the spontaneous, unprocessed expression of adolescent sexuality. Any advance on 'a shrewd entrepreneur's package of grownup fantasies about adolescent sexuality'? Which cat is Malcolm chucking among which pigeons . . . or which pigeon among which cats?

Still, Bow Wow Wow must be well and sick of people attempting to psychoanalyse McLaren when what they want to read is a trenchant paragraph about what wonderful music they make. This is it: despite an occasional lapse in the general direction of over-reliance on crunching hard-rock guitar, Bow Wow Wow make a very good noise indeed, a finely detailed avalanche of rhythm with everything fulfilling a percussive role. By comparison with the newer efforts, the old 'Pet' tracks sound somewhat thin and rattly, almost as if the instrumental portions had been speeded up before the vocals went on.

As ever, the best bits are what you'd think they'd be: the profoundly subversive 'W.O.R.K.' (here presented in a lengthy discomix version) and the immortal 'C30-C60-C90 Go!' (included in both UK and Spanish versions), plus their delightfully fragile version of 'Fools Rush In.'

Ironists will note an inconspicuous message at the bottom left-hand corner of the back of sleeve: "Available," it states dryly, "on cassette."

Of course it is! A C30 should do nicely . . .

Charles Shaar Murray

HERB ALPERT

Fandango (A&M)

DAVE GRUSIN

Out Cf The Shadows (Arista)

BOB JAMES

Hands Down (CBS)

PAT METHENY GROUP

Offramp (ECM)

HOW EASY does listening come? No matter how frantic the tempo gets, if the music can settle into its niche — pinewood shelving to prop your tired kitchenette labours onto — its purpose is half-done. The other half is to let the occasional felicity peep through the ant-like industry and lighten the step or set your accompanying hum into proper accord. Three of these squirm tetchily in their wallspace, one rejoices in it.

Grusin's is too paunchy. Celebrated bores like Lee Ritenour and Steve Gadd get far too busy and Grusin's sweater gives the whole game away. James''is too brittle: metalprint dance rhythms flaunt suspect funkiness and a few attractions sink squeaking in the morass.

Metheny's is too self-important. Everyone — particularly the insufferably grand Lyle Mays on keyboards — considers that this will render all other records invalid, so they play accordingly. Play this quietly and it sounds peculiar. 'Are You Going With Me?' has some pretty changes, spoilt by a stupidly blaring synthesiser.

Which leaves an undisputed master. 'Fandango' works on every level: at high volume the glorious vacuity of Alpert's improvisations faces off against a crop of melodies of rare Hispanic lustre (a bow, please, composer / arranger Juan Carlos Calderon) — string sections caress, percussion groups titter and click and a grinning funky bassist steps up when Herb's chops get momentarily tired. Played soft, little morsels of a tune prickle sweetly in the ear and before long you know it all. *Quiereme tal como soy* — I certainly do, Mr Alpert.

Richard Cook

SLY DUNBAR

Sly-go-ville (Taxi/Island)

AFTER SLAGGING Sly'n'Robbie a couple of weeks ago for not mixing it up more, this set must be their reply — the case for the defence. Unfortunately, it doesn't do them a lot of good.

Their attempts to fuse soul / Jazz / reggae result in the same sort of state that you might end up in if you tried to do a jigsaw with your eyes closed, and used a five pound hammer to make sure the pieces fitted — clumsy, unnatural and ugly. Sly must think that instead of worrying about blending the different styles, you just drop them onto the same track and let them battle it out!

As expected from musicians such as Tyrone Downie, Dean Frazer, The Tamlins and the dynamic duo themselves, the individual playing is near faultless. Each separate track of the master probably sounds fantastic, but put together in the way that they have been it's pretty dismal. Songs from Marvin Gaye, War and a brace of Dunbar compositions make up the melodies, which by and large sound pretty soulful, but — presumably because it is a drummer's name on the cover — each one has been trampled on by a reggae beat which has about as much finesse as Peckham! It sounds much like the same reggae beat on each track, which makes playing the whole set quite a test of endurance.

The most noticeable aspect of the interview I did with Sly Dunbar was his reluctance to allow outside influences to creep into his reggae music. If further proof of that attitude is ever needed, 'Sly-go-ville' is it.

Lloyd Bradley

LIGHTNING STRIKES

ROBERT PLANT

Pictures At Eleven (Swansong)

WELL ROB, 'snice of you to come back to us, for a while there it seemed like your old he-man gutz and girth vocals had gone for good, the space filled with scores of young pretenders vying for a place on your throne.

Now you return with guitarist Robbie Blunt and the most diabolic collection of songs on any best-selling LP all year and the result sounds like a hideous parody of Zeppelin at their most excessive. Financially 'Pictures At Eleven' may put you back on your throne, but it sure isn't flushed with artistic success. In fact it's just a load of old shh . . .

Gavin Martin

COCTEAU TWINS

Garlands (4AD)

FOR EACH of the Cocteau triplets — two boys and a girl — I present a Grandpappy Jean aphorism:

- In art every value which can be proved is vulgar.
- Every "Long live so-and-so" — Joy Division, Banshee John McKay's guitar — involves a "Down with so-and-so". One must have the courage to say this "Down with so-and-so" or be convicted of eclecticism.
- Eclecticism is fatal to admiration as well as to injustice. But in art, it is a kind of injustice to be just.

In other words, it hurts me to say this but:

- SENSES. The ear repudiates, but can tolerate certain kinds of music which, if transferred to the sphere of the nose, would oblige us to run away.

French accents optional.

Chris Bohn

GLENN FREY

No Fun Aloud (Asylum)

THE TITLE is what passes for a witty pun on the West Coast; the music wouldn't pass muster in an American International teen flick. Resolutely 'personal', deeply 'conceptual', it's all exquisitely bland, tarted up here and there with tasteful horns and strings. The Frey 'originals' (seven out of ten, five written with Jack Tempshin) — are so uniformly ordinary it's tempting to surmise that they're nothing more than Eagles rejects. There's a version too, of 'Sea Cruise' that's so criminally limp it may even tempt John Fogerty back into the studio; *someone's* got to show these tin-nosed tosspots. . .

Monty Smith

THE KIDS FROM *FAME*

The Kids From Fame (BBC)

WELL, GEE . . . all this hard-boiled, soft-centred New York schmalz makes for pleasant TV, but on record all those wonderful, tough, tender-hearted kids merely produce a succession of valid arguments in favour of total obscurity. But then who'd buy 'The Kids From Obscurity'?

Charles Shaar Murray

JOHN OTWAY

All Balls And No Willy (Empire)

YOU COULD call John Otway a one-hit wonder. And on the evidence of this album it seems that he's lost the clowning inspiration that produced 'Really Free', as well as some of the magic behind that prosaically poetic voice. Backed by a four-piece he's decided to churn out some very dull stuff indeed.

'Nothing's Gone' manages to rise above the general level of mediocrity, but only because the keyboards pinch the riff of Billy Swann's 'I Can Help'. And while 'Middle Of Winter' shows that Otway can still write catchy material, the song never develops: what could've been a ballad with absurdist words, in the manner of 'Geneva' (one of those Otway mis-hits), remains still-born and over-reliant on crashing piano chords. The rest, as I've said, is a crashing bore. As the career of Wreckless Eric reveals, there's nothing more sorry than a down-and-out eccentric.

Paul Tickell

PRINCE LINCOLN THOMPSON AND THE ROYAL RASSES

Ride With The Rasses (God Sent)

'THE RASSES is a concept based on I and I faith in Jah Rastafari." I can accept Lincoln Thompson's faith in Jah, but no way do The Rasses rate being spoken of as a concept. A mild tempo'd / tempered reggae troupe maybe; a tender articulacy superimposed over accomplished rhythms perhaps ... but a concept? Bollocks.

Amrik Rai

CASIOPEA

Mint Jams (Alfa)

CASIOPEA ARE the most popular jazz-funk band in Japan. Casiopea are also exciting ... exciting like watching astroturf grow.

Amrik Rai

THE MOTELS

All Four One (Capitol)

'ALL FOUR One' is the new album by an American group called The Motels. No kidding.

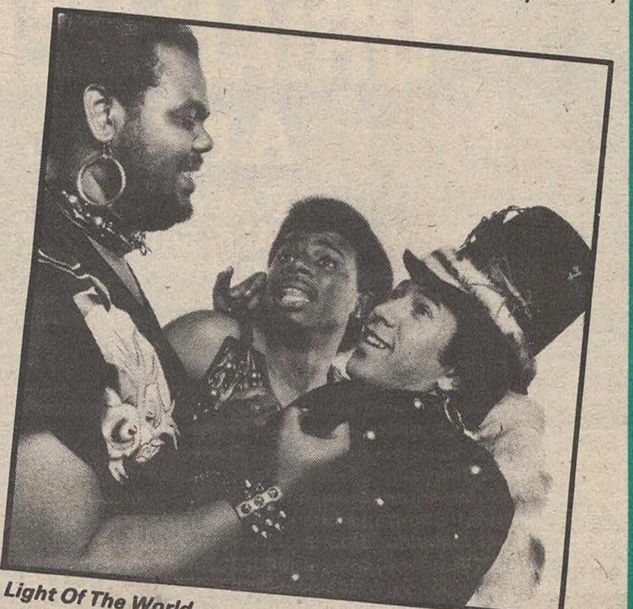
Juan Kerr

LIGHT OF THE WORLD

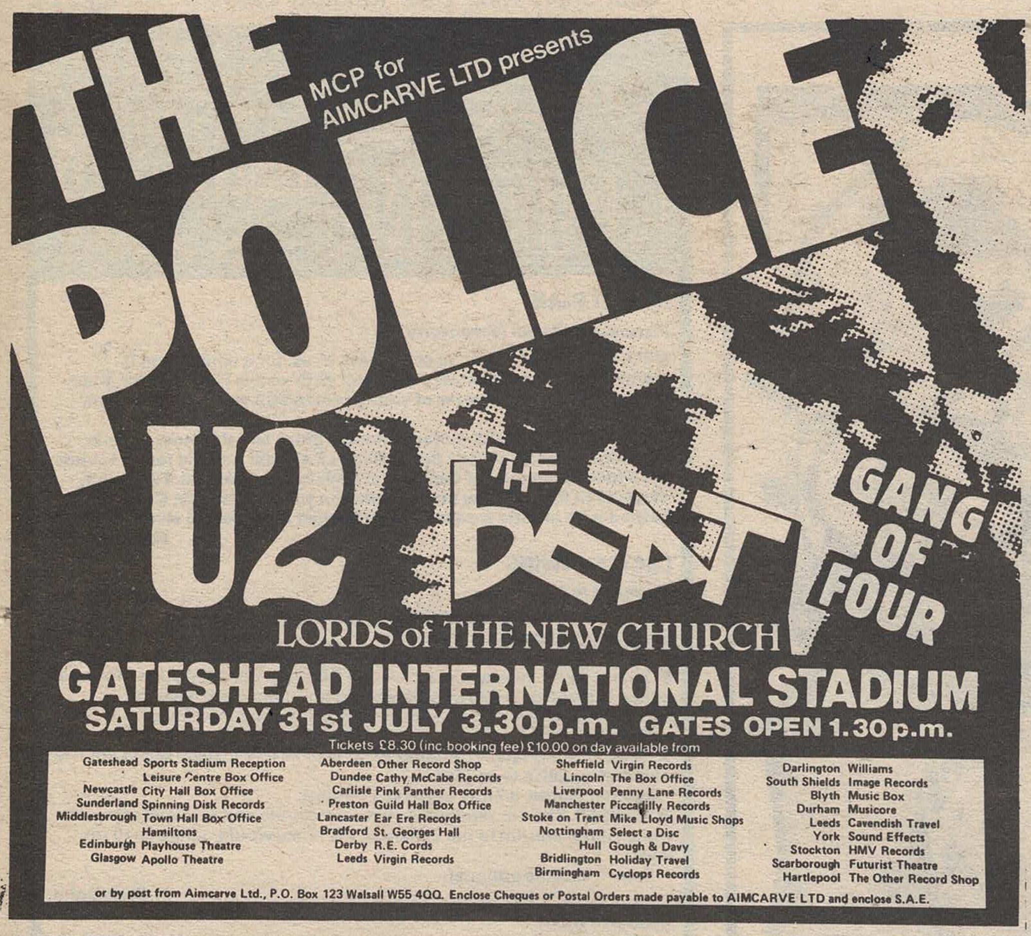
Check Us Out (EMI)

BRIT-FUNK aimed at America. LOTW call on the services of The Phoenix Horns (EWF) and get it mixed in Los Angeles in what seems like a desperate attempt to follow Central Line and Junior. They may well crack it too, as good taste never did carry much weight on the other side of the Atlantic. This set's a shame really because the boys can actually play. If they'd just get a producer that understood them and their music, they'd have no problem at home or abroad.

Lloyd Bradley



Light Of The World



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London concerts by Baez, Undertones

JOAN BAEZ follows her appearance in the Cambridge Folk Festival this Saturday by playing a one-off London concert on Sunday, August 1. It's at the Bloomsbury Theatre, formerly the Collegiate Theatre (Gordon St., WC1) — and tickets are £4.50, with special concessions for students and the unwaged. The evening will also include the British premiere of the film *There But For Fortune: Joan Baez In Latin America*.

THE UNDERTONES headline a London concert at Kilburn National Ballroom on Monday, August 16 — all tickets are £3.50, and it's promoted by the Derek Block Office, who have yet to name the support bands. At present, it's strictly a one-off by The Undertones, though we can expect more action from them in the autumn.

INCOGNITO, supported by One Force, kick off a Sunday-night series of reggae and jazz funk nights at London Deptford Albany Empire under the banner of "Summer Sound Splash". They appear this Sunday (1), and other confirmed bookings so far are Sons Of Jah and Seventh Heaven (August 8), Second Image and Amazulu (15) and Janet Kay and Pressure Point (22). Admission is £4, or £3 with dole card.

BLUE FEATHER — the Dutch band who, as reported last week, are touring here during the summer — have added three more gigs to their schedule. They are Preston Clouds (August 6), Swansea Barron's Club (September 2) and Basildon Raquels (16). And their date at London Victoria The Venue has been put back one week, from September 11 to 18.

BRIXTON FAIR DEAL in South London has liped up more gigs for its so-called Pub Club, staged in its vast foyer on nights when there's no concert in the main auditorium. They are The Impossible Dreamers and Blue Midnight (August 2), The Fan Club and Me (3), Dangerous Visions (4), Apocalypse (5) and Zeitgeist (11). It's licensed from 9 pm to 2 am, and admission is £1, which entitles the entrant to 50p off the first drink.

MICHAEL CHAPMAN, Earl Okin and Huey Lewis & The News have been added to the bill of the two-day Theakston Music Festival at Nostell Priory, Wakefield in Yorkshire, on August 27 and 28. As previously reported, the event is headlined by Jethro Tull, and others appearing include Lindisfarne, The Blues Band, Ralph McTell, Dave Swarbrick & Simon Nicol and Huang Chung. Saturday-only tickets are £10, and two-day tickets cost £12.50.

MORRISSEY MULLEN are showcased in the first of a series of monthly London concerts, to be staged at the Fortune Theatre in Drury Lane. They appear this weekend (August 1), and tickets are £3.50 and £2.50. The second show will feature Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co and Dana Gillespie, with Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames due in the autumn.

TOP SECRET are doing four London gigs, as a prelude to their appearance in Belgium's Eeklo Rock Festival, in which they'll be the only British band playing. They're at Baker St. Barracuda Club with The Decorators (August 9), Covent Garden Rock Garden (13), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (16) and Fulham Golden Lion (17). Their second album and a new single will be released in October.

Hawks: major 26-gig outing

H'Wind stalwart ***DAVE BROCK***

HAWKWIND are going out on an extensive mid-autumn UK tour, playing 26 concerts around the country, including two major London shows.

They retain the same personnel as for their 1981 tour — Dave Brock (lead vocals, guitars and synthesisers), Martin Griffin (drums), Harvey Bainbrodge (bass and vocals) and Huw Lloyd-Langton (lead guitar) — and there'll be surprise guests at certain dates, with former members of the band appearing, including Bob Calvert and Nik Turner.

Their current RCA album is the limited edition 'Church Of Hawkwind', though no more copies are being pressed, so it looks destined to become a collector's item — but they are at present recording a new LP, for release to coincide with the tour, prior to which their only appearance is in the "Monsters Of Rock" show at Castle Donington on August 21.

Dates and venues are Hitchin The Regal (October 14 and 15), Manchester Apollo (16), Preston Guildhall (17), Liverpool Empire (18), Glasgow Apollo (19), Edinburgh Playhouse (21), Aberdeen Capitol (22) Newcastle City Hall (23), Bradford St. George's Hall (24), Sheffield City Hall (25), Birmingham Odeon (27), St. Albans City Hall (30), Bristol Colston Hall (31), Southampton Gaumont (November 1), Hanley Victoria Hall (3), Dunstable Queensway Hall (4), Norwich East Anglia University (5), Ipswich Gaumont (6), Leicester De Montfort Hall (7), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Rooms (9), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (10), Guildford Civic Hall (11), London Hammersmith Odeon (12 and 13) and Oxford Apollo (14).

Tickets are on sale now, except at Norwich (on sale from early October) and Bristol (postal applications only for the time being). Prices are £4.50, £4, £3.50 and £3 (Hammersmith); £4.50 only (Tunbridge Wells); £4 only (St. Albans, Hanley, Dunstable and Guildford); £3.50 only (Norwich, Hitchin and Folkestone); and £4, £3.50 and £3 (all other venues). Tour promoter is Danny Betesh for Kennedy Street Enterprises.

BIRTHDAY PARTY QUIT UK

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY, whose album 'Junkyard' is at present top of the independent chart, play their last UK date for the foreseeable future at London Victoria The Venue on Thursday, August 5 — and it will also be the last time they perform with their current line-up, as founder member and drummer Phil Calvert is leaving to develop a career of his own. Soon after the Venue gig, the four remaining members leave for Berlin, where they intend to take up residence — they say it has a more condusive atmosphere in which to work and, in future, they'll only be returning to Britain spasmodically. Once in Berlin, they'll be recording an EP for autumn release, which should mark a significant change in their musical direction.

Anti-Nowhere set out again

ANIMAL magic from the League

ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE — who recently completed a package tour in company with Chelsea, Chron-Gen and The Defects — are wasting no time in going on the road again, following the success of their previous outing. And for their latest gig series, a short seven-date schedule in late August, they're joined by two other bands — The Meteors are special guests, and The Defects are retained from the "So What" package.

They visit Brighton Top Rank (August 22), Poole Wessex Hall (23), Portsmouth Locarno (24), Plymouth Top Rank (25), Norwich Gala Ballroom (27), Nottingham Union Rowing Club (28) and London Strand Lyceum Ballroom (29). Admission everywhere is all at the one price of £3, and there's a possibility of one or two more dates being added.

● The Meteors have now signed the WXYZ Records, which happens also to be the Anti-Nowhere League's label. Their first single via this outlet, 'Mutant Rock'/'The Hills Have Eyes', is released n August 20.

Gary Moore, Inmates dates; Toyah TV

THE INMATES are playing three selected London dates within the next week or so — at the Marquee Club (this Sunday), Fulham Greyhound (August 7) and Battersea Big Top (9) ... and **DOLLY MIXTURE**, who provide the vocal backing on Captain Sensible's smash hit 'Happy Talk' and his follow-up 'Wot', have a one-off at London Barracuda Club in Baker Street next Monday (2).

THE FIXX parted company with bassist Charlie Barrett a couple of weeks ago, and he's now been replaced by session musician Alfie Agius, some time member of The Teardrop Explodes. The band are currently getting together their new album for autumn release, and they'll be undertaking a nationwide UK tour in October.

THE BEAT announce that tickets for their Radio 1 concert at Deeside Leisure Centre tomorrow (Friday), reported last week, are also available at Cyclops (Birmingham), Mike Lloyd Music (Newcastle-under-Lyme), Piccadilly Records (Manchester) and Penny Lane (Liverpool). They also guest with The Police at Gateshead Stadium on Saturday, and these will be their last gigs until their British tour towards the end of the year, coinciding with the release of their new album.

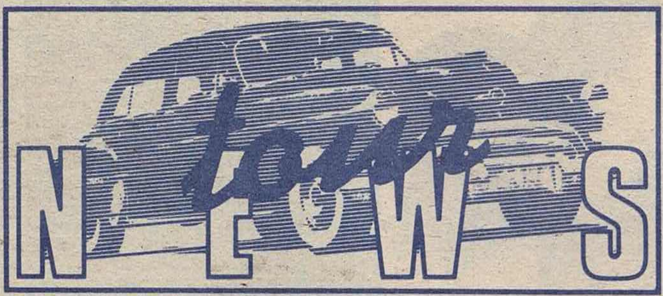
TRANSPORTER — the band fronted by singer-writer Clare Hamill, and featuring Bernie Brummel (bass), Barry Francis (guitar) and Mark Birmingham (drums) — are playing a series of London dates in August. They visit West Hampstead Moonlight Club (5 and 26), Covent Garden Rock Garden (6), Fulham Greyhound (10 and 17) and Kensington Ad Lib Club (24).

TOYAH, Bad Manners and Shakin' Stevens guest in a six-week music and quiz series called *Hold Tight!*, which is being recorded by Granada-TV in August at the Alton Towers funfair in Staffordshire, with crowds of up to 30,000 expected for each show. Ex-Selecter singer Pauline Black is one of the two regular presenters, and three more guest acts have still to be signed for the series, which will be screened on the full ITV network in the autumn.

GARY MOORE is playing three dates as a prelude to his appearance in the Reading Festival on August 28 — at Chippenham Goldiggers (August 24) and London Marquee (25 and 26). He's also busy recording his first Virgin solo album, and the musicians working with him — both on live gigs and in the studio — are Charlie Huhn (vocals), Neil Murray (bass), Ian Paice (drums) and Tommy Eyre (keyboards).

VANE, the Chelmsford band fronted by 6'7" James Vane (probably the next big thing), play London gigs at Fulham Greyhound (August 3), Battersea The Pavilion (12) and Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (20), followed by a CND benefit at Chelmsford YMCA (29). They are currently negotiating for the release of a newly recorded three-track single, which should be out in September.

THE ELECTRIC BLUEBIRDS are the opening act, on August 5, at a new South London venue in Battersea called The Pavilion — which we're assured has excellent stage, lighting and PA Facilities, as well as a well-appointed dressing room. Also booked for next week are 24 Hours (6) and Moontier (7).



Swift return of Kid Creole

KID CREOLE & The Coconuts are wasting no time in returning to the scene of their former triumphs.

Following the sell-out success of their 12-date UK tour in May and June, they're returning here in the early autumn to play a further 13 shows, kicking off with two major London concerts.

They visit London Strand Lyceum Ballroom (October 11), London Hammersmith Odeon (12), Newcastle City Hall (13), Leicester De Montfort Hall (14), Manchester Apollo (15), Edinburgh Playhouse (17), Glasgow Apollo (18), Liverpool Empire (19), Birmingham Odeon (21), Brighton Centre (22), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (23), Southampton Gaumont (24) and Poole Arts Centre (25).

Tickets go on sale at box-office tomorrow (Friday) priced £5 (Lyceum); £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 (Hammersmith); £4.50 (St. Austell and Poole); and £5 and £4 (all other venues). Promoter is Ian Wright for TBA.

For this visit, August Darnell (aka Kid Creole) is bringing over a completely new stage show, on which rehearsals begin in New York next month. With the chart success of their single 'I'm A Wonderful Thing (Baby)' and album 'Tropical Gangsters', and their new single 'Stool Pigeon' looking set to emulate them, it seems likely that new material from the group will be available to coincide with their arrival here.

TYGERS POUNCE

THE TYGERS OF PAN TANG set out on a nationwide tour a few days after their August 28 appearance in the Reading Festival.

Dates so far confirmed are Newcastle Mayfair (September 3), Sheffield City Hall (4), Hull City Hall (5), Chippenham Goldiggers (8), Manchester Apollo (10), St. Albans City Hall (11), London Hammersmith Odeon (12), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (13), Oxford Apollo (14), Birmingham Odeon (15), Liverpool Empire (16), Middlesbrough Town Hall (17) and Edinburgh Playhouse (18) — but further dates will be added to this schedule, details to follow shortly.

The band will be presenting a new stage show on this outing, incorporating their current single 'Rendezvous' and material from the upcoming album 'The Cage', due for release by MCA on August 20.

After their British gigs, they'll be touring the Far East, Europe and the States.

BIG BATTERSEA BENEFIT

THE BATTERSEA BIG ONE is the title of a special charity show being staged in the Big Top at Battersea Park, South London, on Monday, August 9. It's in aid of Mencap and Shape, and among those donating their services are Alexis Korner, John Cooper Clarke, Alexei Sayle, Kevin Turvey & The Comic Strip, Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias and The Inmates — and many more are expected. Tickets are £7.50 (unwaged £5), which includes admission to a special fairground where there are rides, sideshows, food, a beer tent and celebrities selling kisses! Tickets from the Fringe Box-Office at the Criterion Theatre in Piccadilly Circus — or by post (with SAE) from Mencap, 24 Eccleston Street, London SW1.

MSG fix their new line-up

MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP have now finalised their new line-up, which will make its first UK appearance at the Reading Festival on August 29.

It was already known that ex-Rainbow vocalist Graham Bonnet had come into the band — in fact, he joined in March — but the replacement for drummer Cozy Powell was still awaited. This spot has now been filled by Ted McKenna, who previously played with Alex Harvey and Rory Gallagher.

The two new members are currently working with Schenker and bassist Chris Glenn on a new album called 'Assault Attack', planned for release by Chrysalis in the early autumn — and it's understood they're likely to be touring here soon after the LP comes out.

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Virgin

Sales slump halted, but — prices to rise again

THE SLUMP in record sales has been halted, and the Department Of Trade detects a slight upward movement. Its latest statistics show that, although there's been little change, the volume of sales in the first half of this year was 1 per cent higher than the 1981 average — and in terms of value, bearing in mind price rises, this represents an 8 per cent increase. Nothing very startling, but at least the downward drift has stopped, and the graph is now showing a gentle upward swing.

RECORD PRICES are going up again. Well, those released by WEA Records and its associates are, with effect from next week — and the chances are that other labels will follow suit. It's difficult to assess the exact increase, because the Recommended Retail Price is no longer in effect, and all rises relate to dealer price. So the price of a single goes up by sixpence, but probably more to the purchaser. New albums are unaffected, but back-catalogue LPs go up to the same level.

● Another five albums in the Motown Superstar series are released on August 6 in the mid-price range, which means they should sell for a maximum of £2.99. They are 'Last Time I Saw Him' by **Diana Ross**, '1936-1973' by **Bobby Darin**, 'M.P.G.' by **Marvin Gaye**, 'Any Way You Like It' by **Thelma Houston** and 'Love Child' by **Diana Ross & The Supremes.**

● Three new C&W albums are released this week by CMA — 'Black And White' by **Barbara Mandrell**, 'Bobbie Sue' by **The Oak Ridge Boys** and 'The Best Of **Ed Bruce**', the latter featuring the artist who's probalby best known as James Garner's sidekick Tom Guthrie in the TV series *Maverick*.

● Two early **Gregory Isaacs** albums which haven't been available for two years, 'In Person' and 'All I Have Is Love', are reissued this week by Trojan. The same label also re-releases the 20-track compilation 'Club Reggae', featuring **Tinga Stewart, Marcia Griffiths, Johnny Clarke** and **Tito Simon,** among others.

● Singer, dancer and actress **Nancy Nova** has a new single rushed out by EMI this week, the self-penned 'No, No, No' coupled with 'Keep Away'. It's the follow-up to her mini-hit 'Made In Japan'.

● **The Zanti Misfitz** — whose last single 'Alice Liddells Bad Trip' was halted by court order, in an action brought by Lewis Carroll's descendants — have a new one due in early August on Clay Records, through Pinnacle. It couples 'Love Ends At Eight' and 'The Ivasion Of The Electric Death Men'.

100 MINUTES TAPE SERIES

PRT RECORDS are launching a new cassette series called '100 Minutes Of . . .', a title which largely speaks for itself. Among artists showcased in the first supplement of 22 tapes are Gladys Knight & The Pips, Status Quo, The Kinks, Al Green and Chuck Berry. There are also compilations including 'Rock And Roll Classics', 'Disco Dance Hits' and '70's Hits — Original Artists'.

The same company has also released the second batch of albums under the banner of 'Jazz Reactivation'. The 20 LPs include sets by Bennett & Basie, Thelonious Monk Ramsey Lewis Trio, John Coltrane, Zoot Sims, Benny Goodman and Woody Herman. They retail at £2.99 maximum.

● New York cult heroes **Twisted Sister**, who are currently visiting this country, have their first UK single out this week on Secret Records. It's a four-track 12-incher called 'Ruff Cutts'.

● The soundtrack album from the new film *Star Trek II — The Wrath Of Khan*, which has just opened in London's West End, is released this week. All the music was composed, conducted and produced by **James Horner**.

● Kentucky band **Midnight Star** this week release their third album for Solar Records, through WEA, titled 'Victory'. All the songs were written by various permutations of the eight group members.

● This week **UK Decay** release a 12-incher on the new Corpus Christi label titled 'Rising From The Dread' — it contains four tracks, runs 20 minutes and sells for £1.99. The band are also reissuing their first four singles and their album 'For Madmen Only' on their own label, now that they no longer have any contractual commitment to Fresh Records, following the demise of that company.

● Virgin are releasing a number of recordings by top East African musicians, the first being by the 14-piece **Orchestra Makassy,** whose 12-inch single 'Mambo Bado'/'Nakolela Cherie' is issued on August 6 — and it's followed on August 27 by their LP 'Agwaya', claimed to be the first album ever recorded in East Africa in stereo and on multi-track equipment. In the pipeline is an album by Kenyan outfit **Super Mazembe.**

● **Delta Five** have undergone a personnel upheaval, with origianl bassists Bethan Peters and Ros Allen now joined by Jacqui Callis (vocals), Graham High (guitar) and Simon Fish (drums). The re-shaped band can be heard on a new single 'Powerlines', to be issued on the Pre Records label (through Charisma) on August 6.

● Out on Alternative Tentacles this week is a 30-track compilation album titled 'Flex Your Head', featuring 11 bands from the Washington DC area of America — **Teen Idols, Untouchables, State Of Alert, Minor Threat, Government Issue, Youth Brigade, Red Cross, Void, Iron Cross, Artificial Peace** and **Deadline.** It reached No 1 in the US indie charts, and contains a poster giving details of all the bands. Price is around £2.90.

● It seems that Captain Sensible has started a trend in "Straight" revivals of oldies. Latest to follow in his footsteps are True Life Confessions co-leaders **John Dummer** and **Helen April,** who've come up with an orthodox version of Irving Berlin's 'Blue Skies' on Speed Records.

I LEVEL CAN LOOK AHEAD

I LEVEL are a new London-based trio, whose first single 'Give Me'/3 A.M.' is released by Virgin August 6 in both 7" and 12". Although the group's name is new, its members are well established — Joe Dworniak is an in-house engineer at London's Music Work Studios, where the single was recorded, and he's also played bass for John Foxx and BEF; Duncan Bridgeman, an ex-member of Shake Shake who's also worked with Foxx, jointly owns the Moody demo studios with Dworniak; and Sam Jones, who wrote both songs on the single, is the former vocalist of reggae group Brimstone.

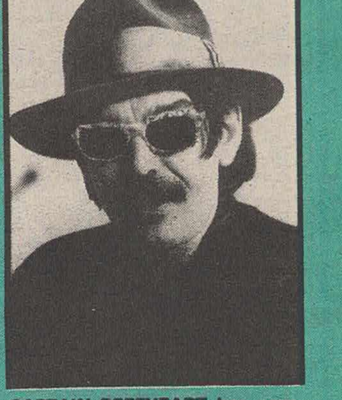
● **Slow Fade,** formerly the Stiff All-Stars, have signed with T.W. Records and have their single 'Running Away' out this week. Another new signing to the label is seven-piece Hampshire band **Boys White Teeth,** whose debut single 'Prices (Will Be Quoted)' is also now available. Distribution is through Pinnacle.

● Four-piece Merseyside band **Spider,** who recently signed with RCA, will have their single 'Rock'n'Roll Forever Will Last' issued by that label in late August — to coincide with their Reading Festival appearance. The first 10,000 copies will include a free EP, featuring an 11-minute version of the band's encore medley 'Amazin' Grace Bloos'.

Orange Juice new line-up; Queen, Soft Cell, Blue Rondo singles

THE KORGIS, who had a couple of smash hits three or four years back with 'If I Had You' and 'Everyone's Got To Learn Sometime', release their first single in over a year on August 6 on the London label — titled 'Don't Look Back'. It was written by James Warren, who is the sole remaining original member, and is now joined by Maggie Stewart on keyboards and backing vocals.

BLUE RONDO A LA TURK release their third single 'The Heavens Are Crying' on their own Diable Noir label via Virgin on August 6, with a 12-inch club-mix version also available. They've also been working on their debut album, planned for late September release. The band, now augmented by keyboards man David White and third horn player Peter Tholo Segona, are planning a considerable number of UK dates over the next two months — details to follow shortly.



CAPTAIN BEEFHEART has now finished work on his new album 'Ice Cream For Crow', the 12th of his career and the fifth for Virgin. It was written, arranged and produced by Don Van Vliet (who, in effect, is Captain Beefheart), and features most of the band who played on the previous two albums. Release is planned for early September, preceded by an EP comprising both new and older material.

ORANGE JUICE have a double A-side single 'Two Hearts Together'/'Hokoyo' issued by Polydor on August 6, and there's a ten-inch format with extended versions of both tracks. It's their first since 'Felicity', and the first with the new line-up of Edwyn Collins (guitar), David McClymont (bass), Malcolm Ross (guitar) and Zeke Manyika (drums.) The first title is a Collins composition and features him on lead vocals, while 'Hokoyo' is sung by Zeke in the native language of Zimbabwe. The band are now busy recording their second Polydor album, and a full UK tour is planned to coincide with its release in mid-autumn.

THE CARS' latest single, released by Elektra on August 6, is 'Think It Over'. It was written by group leader Rick Ocasek, was produced by Roy Thomas Baker, and is taken from their fourth album 'Shake It Up'.

DON HENLEY, a found member of The Eagles, has his debut solo album 'I Can't Stand Still' issued by Asylum on August 6. Guests on the set include Paddy Mohoney of The Chieftains (who wrote one of the tracks 'La Eile'), Andrew Gold, Warren Zevon, Bill Withers and fellow Eagles, Joe Walsh and Tomothy B Schmit.

WARREN ZEVON has several star names guesting on his fifth album for Asylum — including Don Henley of The Eagles, Graham Nash, J D Souther and Lindsey Buckingham. The LP is called 'The Envoy', and there's a single taken from it titled 'Let Nothing Come Between You', both issued on August 6.

QUEEN, currently engaged in a two-month tour of North America, have a new single released by EMI next Monday (2). It is 'Back Chat' coupled with 'Staying Power', both tracks taken from their hit album 'Hot Space'. It's also available in 12-inch form.

THE DEAD KENNEDYS have their latest single 'Bleed For Me'/'Life Sentence' out this week on Statik Records, available in 7" and 12' formats, both with picture bag and lyric sheet. The band are planning a British and European tour for the autumn, and they'll have a new album issued to coincide with their visit.

KOOL & THE GANG have their single 'Big Fun' released this weekend by De-Lite Records, through Phonogram — it's a brand new song lifted from their forthcoming album. The B-side is an extended remix of 'Get Down On It'. There's also a 12-incher, featuring longer versions of both tracks.

SOFT CELL will have a single out on Some Bizzare next month called 'What', with a B-side titled 'So' — which would have been even more effective if they'd been reversed! They start recording a new album next week in New York, and are planning to do some dates to coincide with its November release.

THE DUKES — formed by the songwriting team of Bugatti & Musker, who have written numerous hits for other artists, including Sheena Easton's 'Modern Girl' — have a new single issued by WEA Records on August 6 titled 'Survivor'. It's taken from their upcoming album 'The Dukes: Bugatti & Musker', due out shortly.

DIANA ROSS, whose official new single 'It's Never Too Late' is out on Capitol this week, also has a single issued by her former label — Motown Records — on August 6. Titled 'Old Funky Rolls', it was recorded back in 1973, but never previously released. The B-side is the 1979 recording 'The Boss', and there's an extended version of this track on the 12-inch format.

GEORGIE FAME — who, seven years ago, recorded a tribute to the world boxing champion called 'The Ali Shuffle' — has now come up with a tribute to world snooker champion, Alex Higgins. The single is titled 'The Hurricane', and it's released this weekend on Avatar Records, with distribution by CBS.

● Three-piece girl group **High Inergy** release their new album 'So Right' on Motown on August 6. It includes their current single 'First Impressions', and it's the follow-up to their self-named LP issued a year ago.

● 'Tell That Girl To Shut Up' was the first single recorded by **Holly & The Italians,** before they signed to Virgin. It's now been acquired by Oval Records, who release it this weekend, with distribution through Pinnacle.

● **Felt** have a double A-side single out on Cherry Red this week coupling 'Trails Of Colour Dissolve' and 'My Face Is On Fire'. They're also busy working on a new album, as the follow-up to their 'Crumbling The Antiseptic Beauty'.

● Birmingham four-piece **The Quads** this week release their fifth single 'Still Moment In Time', though it's their first for West Midlands label Rebound Records.

● **The Decorators** have their single 'Strange One', taken from their album 'Tablets', issued by Red Flame Records this week in a remixed 12-inch dance edition. The B-side features the LP's title track plus 'Red Sky OVer Wembley'. Rough Trade distribute.

● Virgin have picked up another US dance record in 'Feelin' Fine' by **Sly Cabell,** and release it this weekend on its original Salsoul label, in both 7" and 12".

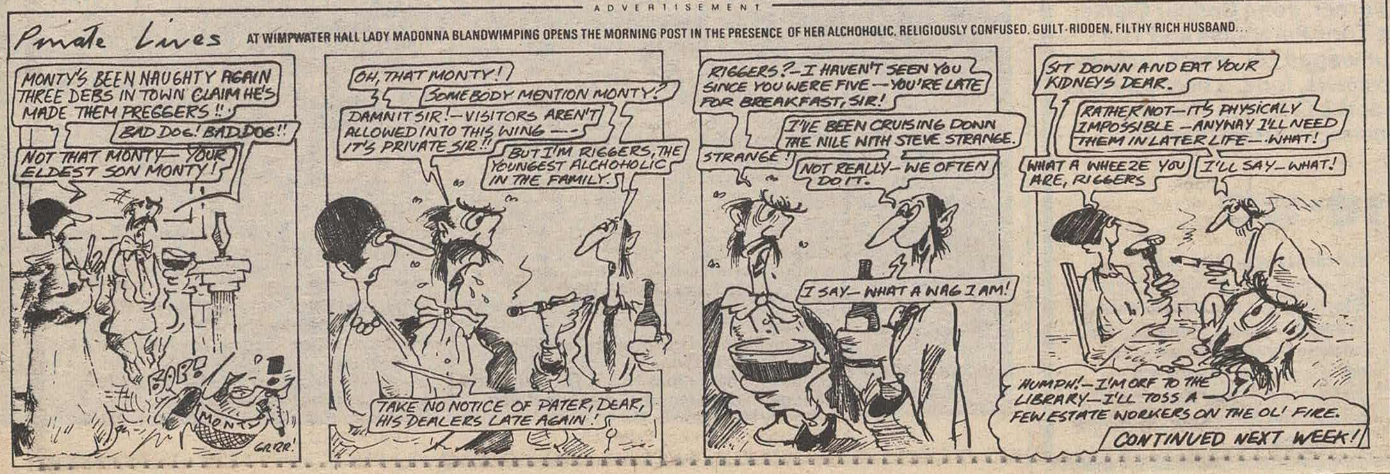
● **Perfect Zebras** have their single 'Touching My Heart Again' out this week on Focus Records in both 7" and 12", with distribution by Virgin. It's from the upcoming album 'Mixing With Wildlife', due in the autumn.

● **Blitz** have recorded their third single — it's called 'Warriors', and it's issued on August 12 by No Future Records (through Pinnacle/Cartel). An LP follows in the autumn.

The Raincoats

New Single
'Running Away'
Together With
'No-One's Little Girl'
Rough Trade RTO 93

ADVERTISEMENT


Private Lives
AT WIMPWATER HALL LADY MADONNA BLANDWIMPING OPENS THE MORNING POST IN THE PRESENCE OF HER ALCHOHOLIC, RELIGIOUSLY CONFUSED, GUILT-RIDDEN, FILTHY RICH HUSBAND...
MONTY'S BEEN NAUGHTY AGAIN THREE DEBS IN TOWN CLAIM HE'S MADE THEM PREGGERS!!
BAD DOG! BAD DOG!!
NOT THAT MONTY — YOUR ELDEST SON MONTY!
BOB
MONTY
GRRR!
OH, THAT MONTY!
SOMEBODY MENTION MONTY?
DAMNIT SIR! — VISITORS AREN'T ALLOWED INTO THIS WING — IT'S PRIVATE SIR!!
BUT I'M RIGGERS, THE YOUNGEST ALCHOHOLIC IN THE FAMILY.
TAKE NO NOTICE OF PATER, DEAR, HIS DEALERS LATE AGAIN!
RIGGERS? — I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE YOU WERE FIVE — YOU'RE LATE FOR BREAKFAST, SIR!
I'VE BEEN CRUISING DOWN THE NILE WITH STEVE STRANGE.
STRANGE!
NOT REALLY — WE OFTEN DO IT.
I SAY — WHAT A WAG I AM!
SIT DOWN AND EAT YOUR KIDNEYS DEAR.
RATHER NOT — IT'S PHYSICALY IMPOSSIBLE — ANYWAY I'LL NEED THEM IN LATER LIFE — WHAT!
WHAT A WHEEZE YOU ARE, RIGGERS
I'LL SAY — WHAT!
HUMPH! — I'M ORF TO THE LIBRARY — I'LL TOSS A FEW ESTATE WORKERS ON THE OL' FIRE.
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!

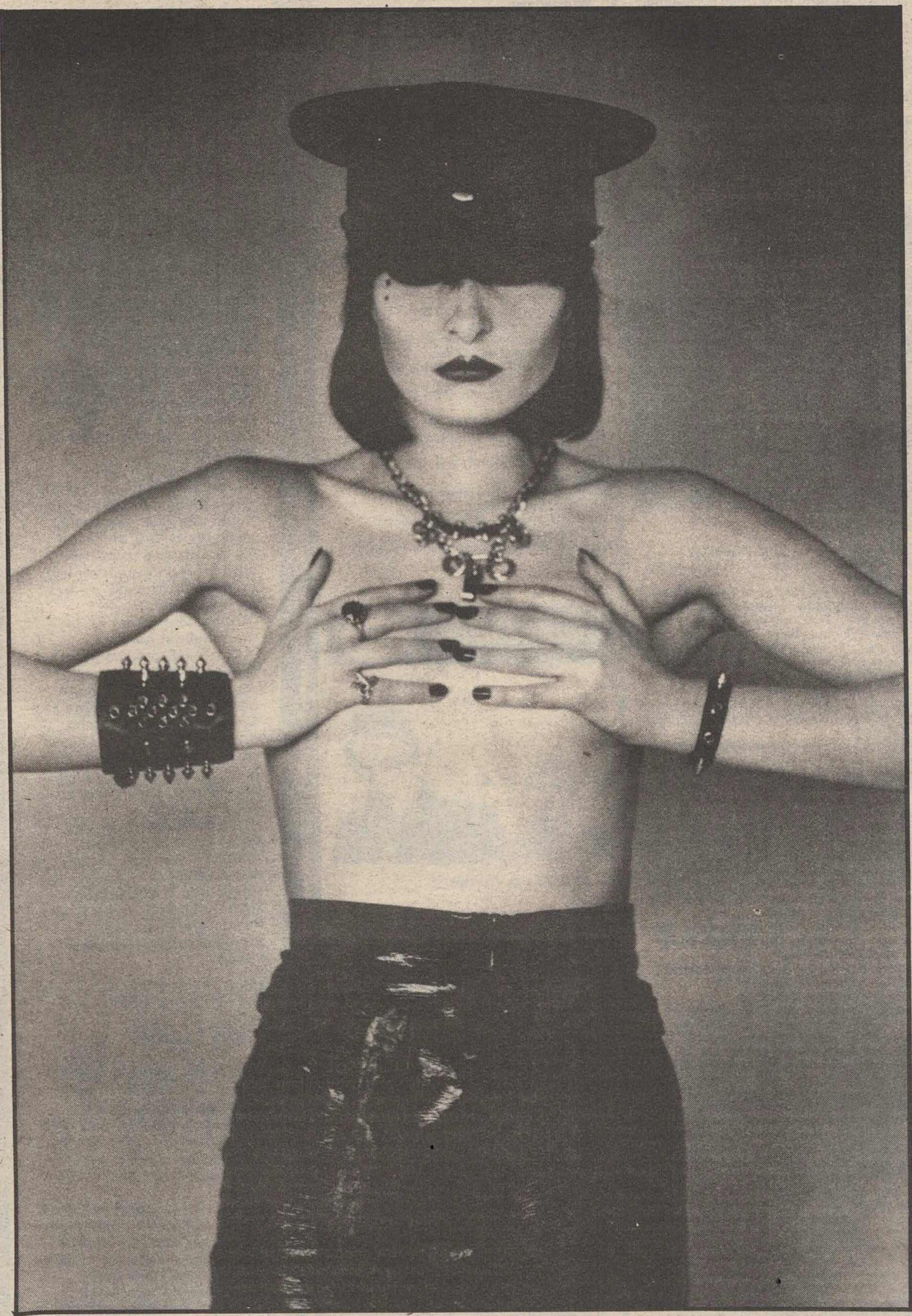
Klub Foot
CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

TICKETS
£2·00
AVAILABLE FROM CLARENDON HOTEL (MAIN BAR - OPENING HOURS). LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS. PREMIER BOX OFFICE. ROUGH TRADE RECORDS. ROCK ON RECORDS.
LATE BAR TILL 12·00

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT
erazerhead
MULION CIRCUS
THURSDAY 29 JULY AT 8.00

GBH
THE INSANE
SOLDIERS OF DESTRUCTION
THURSDAY 5th AUGUST - 8.00

nationwide GIG GUIDE



Fayre Siouxsie . . . a vision of Sioux

Pic: Anton Corbijn

THREE major open-air events. First SIOUXSIE SIOUX defies doctor's orders by fulfilling her long-standing commitment in the Elephant Fayre — a three-day multimedia event at St Germans in Cornwall, about ten miles from Plymouth. With The Banshees, she headlines the closing concert on Saturday, with support from JOHN COOPER CLARKE. Other shows are topped by CHAS & DAVE (Thursday) and THE ALBION BAND (Friday).

THE POLICE play their only British concert this year, they say, on Saturday at the Gateshead Athletics Stadium, near Newcastle. It's a long way for many people to travel, but the effort could be worthwhile — with a supporting bill that includes U2, THE BEAT, GANG OF FOUR and LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH.

The highlight of the folk calendar has, for many years, been the Cambridge Folk Festival — and this year's event is at its usual Cherryhinton Hall site, from Friday through Sunday. Among the many acts appearing are JOAN BAEZ, LINDISFARNE, TAJ MAHAL, DAVID BROMBERG BAND and the re-formed PENTANGLE — but there's more detailed information in the daily listings. Incidentally, both Joan Baez and Taj Mahal subsequently play one-off London shows, on Sunday and Monday respectively.

The only new tour is a package topped by KELLY MARIE opening in both Sheffield and Doncaster on Thursday. And THE CLASH outing comes to a close with an extra date at London Brixton Fair Deal on Friday.

thursday 29th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Opposite Lock: **Duma Express Cabaret (featuring Swans Way)**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bletchely Pumpers Club: **Disorder / The Varukers**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Dome: **Average White Band**
Brighton New Regent: **Lords Of The New Church / Carved To Annoy**
Bristol The Lansdowne: **Spot The Dog**
Cambridge Cadet Club: **Saracen**
Chatham Old Ash Tree: **Silent Rooms**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Christchurch Jumpers Tavern: **Crossfire**
Cleethorpes Pier Hotel: **Limelight**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Plusupport / The Elected**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Gonzalez / 25th Street**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **The Flyboys**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Ray Stubbs R &B Allstars**
Glasgow Night Moves: **King Trigger**
Heanor Miners Welfafe Club: **Soldier**
Hitchin The Regal: **Brother Louie**
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: **White Diamond**
Leeds Bar-Celona: **Pluto (until Saturday)**
Liverpool Pyramid Suite: **Joker / The Utter Nutters**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Virgin Dance / Action Transfers / Bamboo fringe**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Rodeo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ronnie Lane Band with Mick Green / Plan B**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Zodiacs**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Fallen Angels**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Triple Echo / The Influence**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Dancing Corners / One Track Mind**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Group / Brave Face**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Red Holloway / Steve Melling Trio**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Straight Eight / The Almost Brothers**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Brads Choice**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Jazira / Utopia**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Southern Death Cult / Erazerhead / Mulion Circus (Club Foot); Furniture / Stygion Eels (The Broadway)**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: **The Guest Stars**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **A.B.A. / Seething Wells**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Design For Living / Talkover**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Persons Unknown / The Shames**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Kilburn Tricycle Theatre: **Survivors Of The Limpopo**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Eddie Thompson & Guests (until Saturday)**
London Lambeth Town Hall: **The Au Pairs / The Androids Of Mu**
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
London Maida Vale The Crown: **Tilt**
London Marquee Club: **Pride**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Loose Talk**
London Putney White Lion: **Sex Gang Children / Chaos**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Watrous (until Saturday)**
London Southall White Hart: **Marillion**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **J. Walter Negro & The Loose Joints / Amazulu**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Eddie & Sunshine**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St.) The Albany: **Room 13**
Manchester Royal Northern College of Music: **Sun Ra Arkestra**
Manchester The Unity: **Light Of The World**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellows: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Liar**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **The Precautions**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **Snap On Tools**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents / The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield Romeo & Juliet's doubling Doncaster Romeo & Juliet's: **Kelly Marie / Splashdown / Marsha Raven / Roy Hamilton**
St. GermanS (Cornwall) Elephant Fayre: **Chas and Dave/Diz & the Doormen**
Wokingham Angie's; **Naughty Thoughts**

friday 30th

Aberdeen Hotel Metro: **Sid Ozalid Allstars/John Trowsdale**
Ash Chequers Inn: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Junction Inn: **Headbolt**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Blackpool J.R.'s Club: **Spider**
Bournemouth Midnight Express: **The Mighty Strypes**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Volume II**
Brighon Old Markets Arts Centre: **Iron In Flesh**
Cambridge Folk Festival: **Lindisfarne/Taj Mahal/Waso/Old Swan Band/Stu Luckley & Bob Fox/Alex Atterson/Martin Simpon etc.**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Moira & The Mice/Laverne Brown Band/Dansette**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon The Star: **Naughty Thoughts**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Dekko/Anerley Park**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **The Beat/Come In Tokio**
Dunfermline Chimes: **So You Think You're A Cowboy?**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Henry McCullough & Friends**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Genes**
Glasgow Mitchell Theatre: **Sun Ra Arkestra**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Mister Meaner**
Gravesend Prince of Wales: **Loose Talk**
Grimsby Community Hall: **The Varukers**
Harrow The Roxboro': **Dream Cycle 7**
Hitchin The Regal: **Light Of The World**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **The Oyster Band**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **The Precautions**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Cook The Books/Much More**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Kim Beacon Band**
London Brixton Fair Deal: **The Clash**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **The Psychotics/The Outskirts**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Shooga Shooga**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wipeout/Shea Ramah**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Tex Axile & Los Incognitos**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Martin Turner's Stolen Face**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Into The Blue/British Intelligence**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Go Fundamental**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Jazira**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Blue Orchids/Pink Umbrellas**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Red Holloway/Steve Melling Trio**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chicken Shack**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dirty Strangers/Liaison**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Snorkels**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/Fancy Goldfish**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Bucks Fizz**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **A Bigger Splash/Gary Clark Band**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy (Skunx): **Dead Wretched/Asylum**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Rye & The Quarter Boys/Box 33**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The Zodiacs**
London Kilburn Tricycle Theatre: **Lol Coxhill**
London Marquee Club: **Chelsea**
London N.W. 2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Nick Carter & The Yellow Stone Picnic Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Zoot Money**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Studio Two**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Peacock Dance/Weightwatcher's Cabaret**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wanford Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Idle Flowers/Norman Lovett/Hazardous Pets**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Average White Band**
London Victora The Venue: **Aswad**
London W.9 ZigZag Club: **I/The Group/24 Hours**
Middlesbrough The Cavern: **Limelight**
Oldham Romeo & Juliet's: **Kelly Marie/Splashdown/Marsha Raven/Roy Hamilton**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Tranzzam**
Plymouth Mountbatten Club: **Liquid Gold**
Poole Sloops Hotel: **Crossfire**
Retford Porterhouse: **Demon**
Ringwood Elm Tree Inn: **Dancette**
St. Germans (Cornwall) Elephant Fayre: **The Albion Band/Arizona Smoke Revue**
Wokingham Angie's: **The London Apaches**

saturday 31st

The Police: Gateshead

Aylesbury Friars: **Joe Jackson Band**
Basildon Raquels: **Ilana & The Champagne Dance Orchestra**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham (Saltley) Adderley Park: **Steve Gibbons Band/Echo Base/Kokuma Dance Co/Urban Mix**
Blackburn Romeo & Juliet's: **Kelly Marie/Splashdown/Marsha Raven/Roy Hamilton**
Blackpool J.R.'s Club: **Spider**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **Spot The Dog/Misdemeanour**
Cambridge Folk Festival: **Joan Baez/Pentangle/Lindisfarne/David Bromberg Band/David Lindley/Chas & Dave/Martin Carthy/Hank Wangford Band/Bully Wee/Shep Wolley etc.**
Cheltenham Arts Centre: **Blurt**
Cheriton White Lion: **20-20 Vision**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Clockhouse/Anerley Park**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **Average White Band**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Demon**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Hydro**
Gateshead Athletics Stadium: **The Police/U2/The Beat/Gang Of Four/Lords Of The New Church**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Matchbox**
Harrow Arts Centre: **The Committee/The Longboy**
Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk: **Pallas**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Aztec Camera**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Carmel**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Studio Two/Darryl Way**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Dana Gillespie**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **Universal Indians/Keith Zowe-Liam Genockey Duo**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Wasted Youth**
London Chalk Farm The Enterprise: **Jan Ponsford Quintet**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Avocado Five-O/Pink Umbrellas**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Amazing Rhythm Burglars**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Decorators/British Intelligence**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **John Turner/Stan Greig Band**
London Euston Shaw Theatre (2-5pm): **Joe Pass Guitar Clinic**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Mainsqueeze**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mickey Jupp Band/Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London Hammersmith Bishops Park Theatre: **Suss**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Rudi/Naughty Thoughts**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Light Of The World**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Mr. Clean/Roland Muldoon**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Berlin Blondes/Rhetoric**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy (Skunx): **Actifed/The Satellites/Chaos**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Beatroots**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Laslo & The Leopards/Backhander**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **J.J. & The Jealous Guys**

nationwide GIG GUIDE

☐ *FROM PREVIOUS PAGE*

London Kilburn Tricycle Theatre: **Steel & Skin**
London Marquee Club: **Chinatown**
London N.4 Charteris Rd. Festival: **The Shakers**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Praxis/Shame About Sam**
London Rotherhithe Price of Orange: **Keith Nicholls/New Era Jazzband**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Victoria The Venue: **Aswad**
London West Hampstead Moonlight club: **Miles Over Matter**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.9 ZigZag Club: **UK Players**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **Dave Defries/Chris Bisco/Peter Saberton Trio**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Margate Kokomo Wine Bar: **Cry Wolf**
Nottingham Union Rowing Club: **Southern Death Cult**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Swinging Laurels**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Southampton Canute Hotel: **Crossfire**
St. Albans Horn of Plenty: **White Diamond**
St. Germans (Cornwall) Elephant Fayre: **Siouxsie & The Banshees/John Cooper Clarke**
Thetford Brecklands Centre: **Saracen**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **K.K. Khan**

sunday 1st

Taj Mahal: London

Ashford Bybrook Tavern: **Pete Turner Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cambridge Folk Festival: **Pentangle/David Bromberg Band/Taj Mahal/David Lindley/Vin Garbutt/Hank Wagford Band/Martin Carthy/Paul Millns/Debby McClatchy etc.**
Cheriton Gold Arrow: **Masterstroke**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **The Masked Orchestra/Tollygunge/Peter Campbell**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Average White Band**
Falmouth Laughing Pirate: **The Precautions**
Glasgow Night Moves: Grand Prix
Hastings White Rock Pavilion: **Bucks Fizz**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Cross**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Huddersfield White Lion: **The Utang Tumblers**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (Lunchtime): **Paul Lacey**
London Bloomsbury Theatre: **Joan Baez**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Brixton Fair Deal: **Ras Michael**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals (lunchtime)/J.J. & The Flyers (evening)**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Natural Scientist**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Red Banner/Beever**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Impossible Dreamers/E.T.A./Spot The Dog**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Katanga**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Incognito/One Force**
London Drury Lane Fortune Theatre: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Finchley Torrington: **Juice On The Loose**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dana Gillespie**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Hieronymous Bosch/Perry & The Gook**
London Gloucester Rd. The Stanhope: **25th Street**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **The Scratch Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Duffo/Fracture**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy (Skunx): **Vicious Rumours/The Drill**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Ramsdan Marsden**
London Marquee Club: **The Inmates**
London Putney Halt Moon: **Little Sister**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny M & The Midnite Men**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **John Barnes — Roy Williams Quintet**
London W.14 Sunset Club: **Push**
Margate Ship Inn: **Dave Corsby Band & Friends**
Newcastle (Benwell) The Mitre: **21 Strangers**
Newquay Centre Hotel: **The Winners**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Doug Porter**
Southport Theatre: **Joe Jackson Band**
Stafford Pitchers Wine Bar: **The Quartet**
Torquay 100 Ballroom: **Modern Romance**

monday 2nd

Joan Baez: London

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **The Swinging Laurels**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham The Junction: **The Pinkies/Laissez Faire**
Doncaster Coach & Horses: **Ik**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Grand Prix/Pallas**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Lucifer**
Harrow The Roxboro': **Ritual**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Funhouse: **Basking Sharks/U.V. Pop**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Brixton Fair Deal Foyer: **The Impossible Dreamers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The D.T.'s/Vitale Voice/Stolen Thunder**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Stax Bodene & The Dummies**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Critics/Sanity Clause**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Allen Eager-Jon Eardley Quintet with Sandy Patton (for a week)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Zen Attack**
London Fulham Greyhound: **24 Hours/British Intelligence**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Worried Parachutes/The Perfect Gift**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Midas/One Track Mind**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Leicester-Square Empire Ballroom: **Kelly Marie/Splashdown/Marsha Raven/Roy Hamilton**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Old Brompton Rd. Troubadour: **Pascal Petit**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Bill Watrous Big Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Taj Mahal**
London Victoria The Venue: **Orchestre Jazira/Holloway Allstars**
London W.1 (Baker St) Barracuda Club: **Dolly Mixture**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester (Altrincham) Unicorn Hotel: **Eyelids/Summerhouse**
Manchester The Gallery: **Surface Mutants**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Bucks Fizz**
Sandown I.o.W. The Court Jester: **The Choir (until Saturday, except Thursday)**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **The Bootleg Beatles (for a week)**

tuesday 3rd

Bucks Fizz: Chippenham

Ayr Pavilion: **Grand Prix**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Teaser**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bowmore (Islay) Village Hall: **Battlefield Band**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Destructors/The Herberts/Industrial Action**
Brighton Sherry's: **Kelly Marie/Splashdown/Marsha Raven/Roy Hamilton**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Bucks Fizz**
Colchester Affair Club: **White Diamond**
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: **The Slider**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
Liverpool Warehouse: **A Select Committee/Craig Charles/Twisted Nervz**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Exciters**
London Brixton Fair Deal Foyer: **The Fan Club**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Tour De Force**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Civilization**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Marie Celesete/Major Minor**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **D'Arc**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Vane/RSVP**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Worried Parachutes**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Robin Jones Quartet**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Chilli & The Dills/The Shames**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Breakfast Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Influence/Toulouse**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Jackie Lynton Band/The Escorts**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Dana Gillespie**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
London W.9 Zig Zag Club: **Re-Flex**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Joe Jackson Band**
Manchester (Chorlton) The Lamplight: **The Relatives**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Negatives In Colour/Steve Lear**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Swinging Laurels**

wednesday 4th

2 Squeezers: Deptford

Aberdeen The Venue: **Grand Prix**
Ardrishaig Village Hall: **Battlefield Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Odeon: **Joe Jackson Band**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Saracen**
Dudley The Crown: **The Maimed/Overdose/Chaos**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Heyday**
London Brixton Fair Deal Foyer: **Dangerous Visions**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Tribesman/Urban Shakedown**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **K.K. Khan**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Cornet Googie Palace: **Civilization**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Dead Zones**
Kondon Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The White Brothers**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Mr. Sprat's 21st Century Popular Motets/The Heavenly Bodies/The Geiger Counters/Rowan, Charles & The Hornettes (Guest DJs: Chris Difford & Glen Tillbrook)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Lost Patrol**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Creamies/S.U.S.**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Martin Simpson**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Strangedays**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Spider**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Dresden/The Agent Orange**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **Aztec Camera/Carmel/Pale Fountains**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Dana Gillespie**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **A Popular History Of Signs/Red Herring**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester (Duckenfield) Drifters: **Chaos UK/Mayhem/Court Martial**
Margate Ship Inn: **White Diamond**
New Romney The Seahorse: **The Torpedoes**
Sheffield Romeo & Juliet's: **The Swinging Laurels**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stockton Fiesta Club: **Modern Romance**

REGGAE RUNNINGS

☐ LENNIE HIBBERT
☐ FREDDIE McGREGOR
☐ BARRINGTON LEVY
☐ CARL GAYLE

TAPE, PILLAGE AND PLUNDER

FROM THE PICK of the race here comes a musical selection from the Studio One stable and first up has to be 'Montego Rock'/'Dub Rock' from veteran vibes player **Lennie Hibbert.**

A unique combination of the Studio One Sound Dimension meets the Modern Jazz Quartet inna Brentford Road stylee over the notorious 'Give Me Jah Jah' rhythm. A musical thriller.

As every other studio in Jamaica pirates Studio One music, it's no surprise that **Coxsone Dodd** constantly plunders the tape vaults to recycle the classics and **Freddie McGregor's** re-working of 'Guiding Star' is a prime example. His Studio One output has always been essential and 'How Can I Leave' is a worthy addition to the collection.

Riding high on the Silvertones' 'Smile' rhythm is **Willie Williams'** remix of 'Jah Righteous Plan', previously available as a 10" single on Music Lab, and compared with the mono-tone delivery of 'Keep On Moving' . . . yet another cover of his 'Armagideon Time' . . . is marginally superior.

D.J. **Jim Brown** comes forward with his second Studio One single 'Clippin' and following in Michigan and Smiley's footsteps climbs onboard the 'I'm Just A Guy' rhythm and dedicates it *"to each and everyone whether Chineeman, Syrian or even the Yellowman"* . . .

Finally, **Super an Sleepy** relate their coming from Spanish Town only to buck up on a road block in 'Enemy'. A rough little 7" with upfront keyboards, it co-credits Devon Russell and bears that unmistakeable Studio One stamp.

KINGSTON CULTURE

UP FROM YARD is the third issue of Carl Gayle's unique and essential *Jahugliman.* The only magazine of its kind in Jah Mek Her, the current issue weighs heavily on the theological and ideological front.

Reprints of speeches from Haile Selassie I, extracts from a Book of Prophesy *The Late Great Planet Earth* (. . . "the second book I ever read where I really 'interested' in reading": Bob Marley) and a feature on 'The Sore Of Apartheid' mix with polemical parables like; 'The Fall Of Rome Begins At Home', 'Bush Dwellers' and 'Tradition'.

For those who are wondering wha'appen to the music, fear not as it's cited within a dreader cultural context. For proof that Carl Gayle remains the numero uno reggae scribe read no further than 'RED — Sounds of Freedom'.

"Bob sang to educate but for those who don't learn it get late . . ."

Surprisingly there is no special feature on Bob Marley, especially as this is the first issue since his death, though Carl's 'Redemption Songs' celebrates Marley the lyricist and does reprint what must have been one of the Gong's last interviews in 1980.

● Jahugliman is published by Carl Gayle, 19c Annette Crescent, Kingston 10 and is available from Dub Vendor c/o 18 St Johns Ave, London S.W.15 and costs £2 plus 20p P&P UK or 35p P&P overseas.

CONTROLLER

Illustration: Fred Voisin

BEST OF THE REST

OUT NOW on Jah Thomas' Nura label is *Tristan Palmer's* vital 'Joker Smoker' . . . *"Smoking is a habit, some man can't maintain it. Oh Oh Yeah. They come on your corner them a beg you sensimillia. Yeah Yeah Yeah. You give them sensimillia them a beg you a Rizla. Yeah Yeah Yeah. You give them a Rizla them a borrow me lighter . . . 'Cause them a joker smoker . . ."*. Quality sound system music.

On the vocal front it's two other Jonjo Lawes productions that are destined to carry the musical swing. 'Hammer', released on Jah Guidance is *Barrington Levy* at his moody best over a wicked slice of dub rock from the Radix Band while *Jonjo* launches his Arrival label with the Wailing Souls' cut of John Holt's current JA smash 'Sweetie Come Brush Me'. Is there anyone out there who can resist that rub-a-dub ridim and those wraparound harmonies?

Outside the mainstream, *Jimmy Cliff* affirms his roots-radical stance with a double sided single 'Treat The Youths Right' / 'Originator' and it's the latter with its backcloth of Rasta drums and "Bantusan" choir set against J.C.'s high pitched voice that wins over this listener.

It's the D.J.s though who continue to dominate the singles scene and their ability to reflect and transmit current news remains undiminished. The rhythmic ravings of *Squiddle Rankin's* 'Poliomylietis' on the G.G. label and *Jah Walton's* 'Polio Tek Over' concentrate on the current tragic epidemic and phone-in programmes on JA radio have revealed that in the wake of the outbreak of 'Pink Eye' disease.

Many believe that Michigan and Smiley are right and the current polio outbreak is a judgement for corruption and vanities . . . *"Mind Jah lick you with his 'eases . . . the most dangerous diseases."*

DENZIL and Julie present a RAH RAH Dance Party at the Peoples Club, 5a Praed St., Paddington, W.2 on Saturday, 10pm to 6am. Sound by the one who used to rock you ina Columbo: Denzil with him own Sound Exodus Hi-Fi. Good behaviour a must.

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Tues 3
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Thurs 5
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Jazz Funk Reggae
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GET OUT OF JAIL FREE
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Doors Open
8.00 pm
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on at
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+ What's Noys

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+ The Laughing Clowns

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O.K. JIVE + My Silent War

Saturday 7th August £3.00
TALISMAN

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MODERN ENGLISH + The Room

Wednesday 11th August £2.50
DEAD OR ALIVE + Support

Thursday 12th August £3.50
PRINCE LINCOLN THOMPSON & THE ROYAL RASSES

Friday 13th August £3.00
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JOE JACKSON

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Tickets 3.50 available now from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, String 'n' Things Amersham, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, FL Moore Dunstable, Luton & Bletchley, DJ Holland Leighton Buzzard, Hi-Vu Buckingham, Happy Days Banbury, Music Market Oxford Or 3.50 At Door On Night. Life Membership 25p. RESERVATIONS: Phone Aylesbury 84568 Or 88948. T.V. Age.

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No Support - Joe Jackson On Stage 8.15pm (with interval)
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SANITY CLAUSE
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+ Support

Sunday 1st August £1.50
DRONES
+ Stress

Monday 2nd August £1.50
BRUNEL
+ Support

Tuesday 3rd August £1.50
THE FLATS
+ Stranger Comforts

Wednesday 4th August £1.00
SLAM
+ The Great Divide

AFGHAN REBELS

Solution (17)
Last Night The Message (says Wendy) was Breaking Down The Barriers of The Atom.
Solution (31): see gig guide.

LIVE ADS RING ALEX 01 261 6153

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FRIDAY NIGHT AT LE BEAT ROUTE
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+ Seething Wells

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MOTOR BOYS MOTOR

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THE BEATROOTS

Sunday 1st August £1.25
DANCE ON A TELEPHONE

Monday 2nd August £1.25
THE VOLCANOES

Tuesday 3rd August £1.25
WORRIED PARACHUTES

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Animal Nightlife
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Three Courgettes
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Allez Allez
Hermine
Animal Magic
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HANK WANGFORD BAND
Saturday 31st July
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
Sunday 1st August
LITTLE SISTER
Monday 2nd August
TAJ MAHAL
Tuesday 3rd August
THE BREAKFAST BAND
Wednesday 4th August
BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
Monday 9th August
PRELUDE
August 10th, 11th & 12th
FAIRPORT CONVENTION
August 16th & 18th
DAVE KELLY BLUES BAND

THE MITRE

BLACKWALL TUNNEL

Thursday 29th July 8.30pm
Jazz Funk
OUTBREAK

Friday 30th July 8.00pm
Disco
MEAN MACHINE

Saturday 31st July 8.00pm
Country Western
THE CHUCK FOWLER BAND
+ Julie Byne Band

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FAC 51
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Friday August 13th
DELTA 5
SECRET SEVEN

Wednesday August 18th
RIP RIG & PANIC

Wednesday August 25th
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LPs EXTRA!

MAKING IT

ANNETTE PEACOCK

Sky-Skating (Ironic Records)

TEN YEARS ago Annette Peacock's 'I'm The One' set standards of emotional intensity that have rarely been seriously challenged. It's strange that it's taken her until now to return confidently to the sort of organic accretion that made that album so distinctive. True, her two Aura releases in '78 and '79 were nobody's turkeys, but they placed her in the old familiar trap of singer-with-backup-band, selling her consummate musicianship short.

For the first album on her own Ironic label she's worked more-or-less at home and done it all herself. Magnificently. Her solo procedures are often breathtakingly perilous, but she's taken the anger out of danger. Instead the lyrical exhilaration of her libidinous fantasies is cocooned in rippling, impressionistic, voluptuous piano draperies.

She's made effectively minimal use of studio trickery (multi-tracking voices) and amplified instruments so that the 12 titles flow effortlessly together, a feline, feminine suite. Checking individual tracks is pointless — every one is a gem — though I must make special mention of Annette's daughter Apache, whose breathy teen-dream vocal to 'Sky-Skating' (also available as a single) only lacks a Scottish accent to permanently curl John Peel's toes.

The divine Ms. P. *Pic: Jill Furmanovsky*

Perhaps I should warn you that Annette's own voice is also so open that it's almost provocatively intimate. With its pervasive jazz inflection this is a sort of celestial nightclub music, sounding hauntingly familiar, like a sound-track to those late-night movies we run inside our heads: wistful scenarios of promise, passion, even perhaps fidelity.

Felix Jay

('Sky-Skating' is available for £4.50 from PO Box 58, Wokingham, Berks, RG11 7HN).

HACKING IT

UK PLAYERS

No Way Out (A&M Records)

EVERYTHING ABOUT this LP, from its sound to its style to its presentation, just cries out for a little removable sticker on the cover reading something like, "Please ignore the fact that everything on here has the stamp of second-rate hacks and just tune into the

LIVE ADS
RING ALEX
01-261 6153

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1
Phone 468287

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FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD
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BASIL'S BALLS UP BAND

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:~

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THU. JUL. 29. THE GROUP + BRAVE FACE

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FRI. 30. "A formidable cross between early Talking Heads and THE FALL at their most bitter and nerve wrenching..." N.M.E.

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SAT 31st. Ealing's finest and perhaps London's only true underground – "Wild turbulent jungle music fit for a miasmic, feverish party." 'SOUND.' "Ring Road soul pop" N.ME.

SUN. IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS + E.T.A + SPOT THE DOG.

MON. THE CRITICS + SANITY CLAUSE

TUE. MARIE CÉLESTE + MAJOR MINOR

White BROTHERS
WED. 4 AUG. High speed rapping in Joe Orton leathers collides head on with heaven 17's pop sensibility. Undeniably riveting.

STRAIGHT 8
THU. AUG 5. + AFGHAN REBELS

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FOR RESTAURANT INFO:- 240 3961

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THE FRIENDLY VENUE

A LETTER FROM UNCLE STEVE

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See you soon.

Uncle Steve Mad
Attempted manager

Thursday 29th July
Admission £2.00 UB40s £1.50
BENEFIT WORKERS MARCH AGAINST RACISM
DESIGNS FOR LIVING
+ TALK OVER
+ SOUNDS

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

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THE DIRTY STRANGERS
+ Liaison
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MICKEY JUPP
+ Steve Hooker's Shakers
Sunday 1st August £1.00
HIERONYMUS BOSCH
+ Perry & The Gook
Monday 2nd August £1.25
24 HOURS
+ British Intelligence
Tuesday 3rd August £1.25
VANE + RSVP
Wednesday 4th August £1.25
THE CREAMIES
+ S.U.S.

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PLUS GUESTS

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+ Chaos

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sheer hipness and now-ness of it all. All our love the UK Players."

The UK Players are just what the world needs right now, another bland identikit Brit-funk outfit. We've had Level 42, Central Line, Light Of The World and even the once promising Linx going the way of all flesh and failing to kick the safe formularised sound of coke-choked Californian session men with a homebred, heartfelt punch. The problem isn't that most of the music tries to be mellow or graceful, but that it painfully lacks character and decisiveness, and that's the worst thing of all.

Trend-hopping is a pretty pathetic pastime at the best of times, and the UK Players are so far behind their bums trail along the floor as they cross the threshold. They have all the usual ingredients — the fatback bass, the ice-in-a-cocktail-glass keyboards, the tsh-tsh-tsh hi-hat and so on and so on. A commercial saving grace comes from a singer with one of those late night Radio 2 Sayer castrato voices, making its excruciating mark in songs constructed in a stiflingly dull and predictable way.

And the songs! Aah, the songs; well, after they've murdered 'Dancin' In The Street', the Players plummet to new depths of crassness, playing the whincing blow-dried virgin on 'First Time Love' or the whincing blow-dried stud on 'Misbehavin''. The latter goes *"Guess who's the talk of the town?/I've been putting my lovin' around/When my body gets that urge or cravin' — I'm misbehavin'."* Groovy! Naughty! Sly! Outrageous!

Yahoo and baloney — The UK Players sound like a bunch of coddled old nellies and this LP is a lame attempt to convince otherwise.

Gavin Martin

PUBBING IT

MOTOR BOYS MOTOR

Motor Boys Motor (Albion)

WHEN AN American band like The Fleshtones dig up the '60s on their 'Roman Gods' LP — in places nothing but a hack pastiche of The Yardbirds — then that's ok by the reviewing minority, it may even be hip. However, when homegrown products like Motor Boys Motor cover the same area — and a lot more too, reviving the ragged bluesy riffs of Howlin' Wolf and the Chess label, not to mention a rich legacy of Diddley rhythms — then they get labelled as ultra-unfashionable pub rock.

However, the 'Motor Boys Motor' album never falls into any hollow jolly-up category: it's too eccentric and jagged for that. Which is probably one of the reasons why the record has been adversely compared to Beefheart. But that's to miss the point, because, while the Boys do take from the Captain, they share none of his developmental improvisational tendencies; they're much closer to The Feelgoods — to seeing what they can do within more strict formal limits. In fact, when the band branch out, they come a cropper: longer tracks on the album like 'Freeze Up The Truth' (7.05) are the least successful, whereas shorter ones like 'Yes Indeedy' (3.07) stand out.

This is more, though, than a problem of length; it's more to do with questions of production. Live the band have a wild, demonic, if deadpan, quality, which they've tried to capture, with some uncertainty, on those longer cuts ('Clean Shirt And A Shave' is a further example). But paradoxically the Boys sound more live when they're more compressed and studio-wise ('Little Boy And Fat Man' is another notable 3-minute outing).

Producer John Brand may have done a pretty decent job, but I'd like to hear the band on trial with someone at the controls who can combine style with raw edge — say, Nick Lowe? In the meantime, don't let this major quibble put you off the exhilarating feeling of being driven down by the Boys: they may be against the current, but they aren't going down a cul-de-sac.

Paul Tickell

MBM, l-r: Grunt, Burp, Slurp and Hic.

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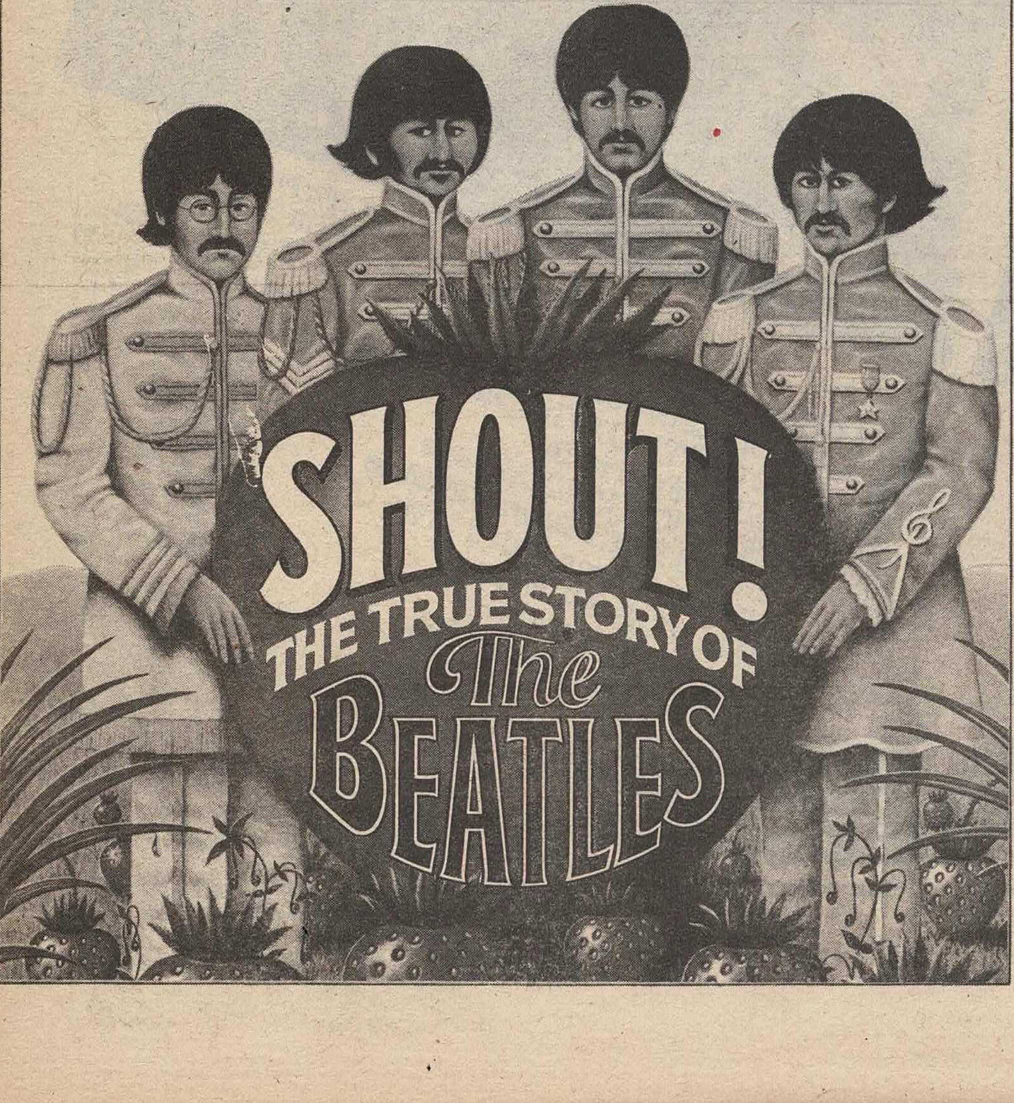

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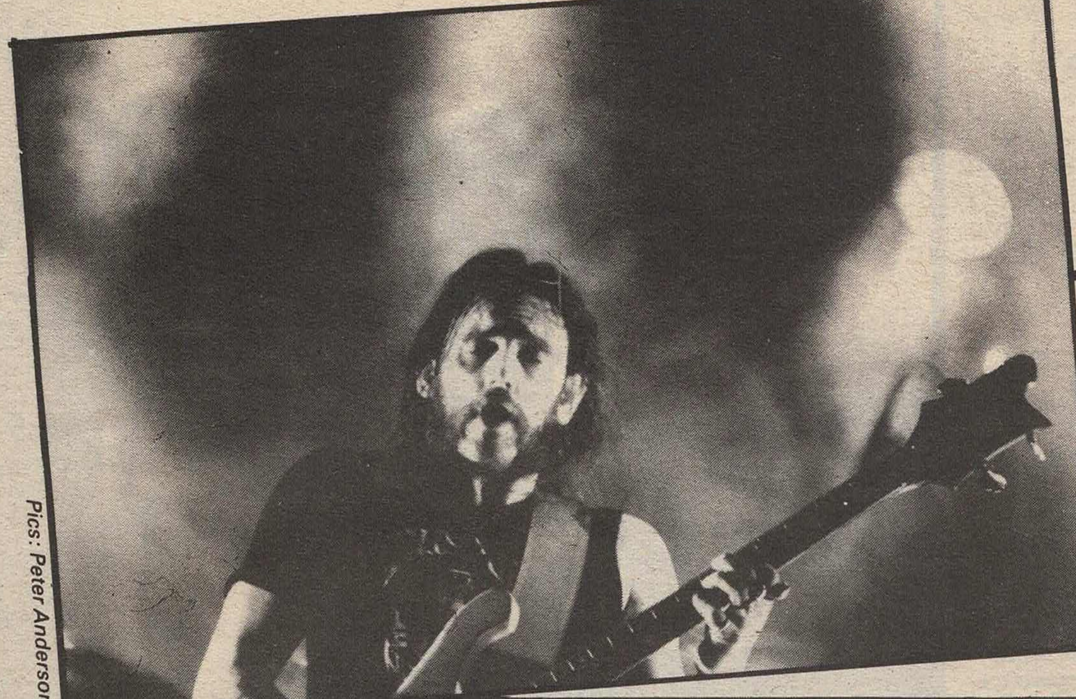

Pics: Peter Anderson

RABBIT, RABBIT, CHASE AN OLD, NASTY HABIT. . .

MOTORHEAD
Not The Hacienda

Episode 1: 'Angels In The City'

— in which Buck Mormon, our pet suburban pop journalist, mysteriously absents himself and X, the drug-crazed rock hack, lands the job and meets . . . The Angels! Now read on . . .

. . . No messing. Motorhead had been crashing for some time now, Lemmy and Philthy Phil powering along with Brian 'Legs' Robertson struggling to keep pace in red running shorts. You get the picture.

Hackney Speedway Stadium was buzzing quietly; the budget-sized crowd doing passable imitations of a seething horde, the Angels prowling amiably and Lemmy singing about homosexual cowboys . . . 'Sounds like any Sunday afternoon and tastes like instant tea (sorry, literalists, 'can't explain this one) — but where's the speed?

Even Saxon, Yorkshire's silliest, had plectrummed more ferociously, Biff screaming in lurex and legwarmers *". . . and the band played on"*, as the guitarist squealed to a climax.

Buck would've said "Tortoises!" — "To a man," thought X and wandered off across the greyhound track for a cup of instant.

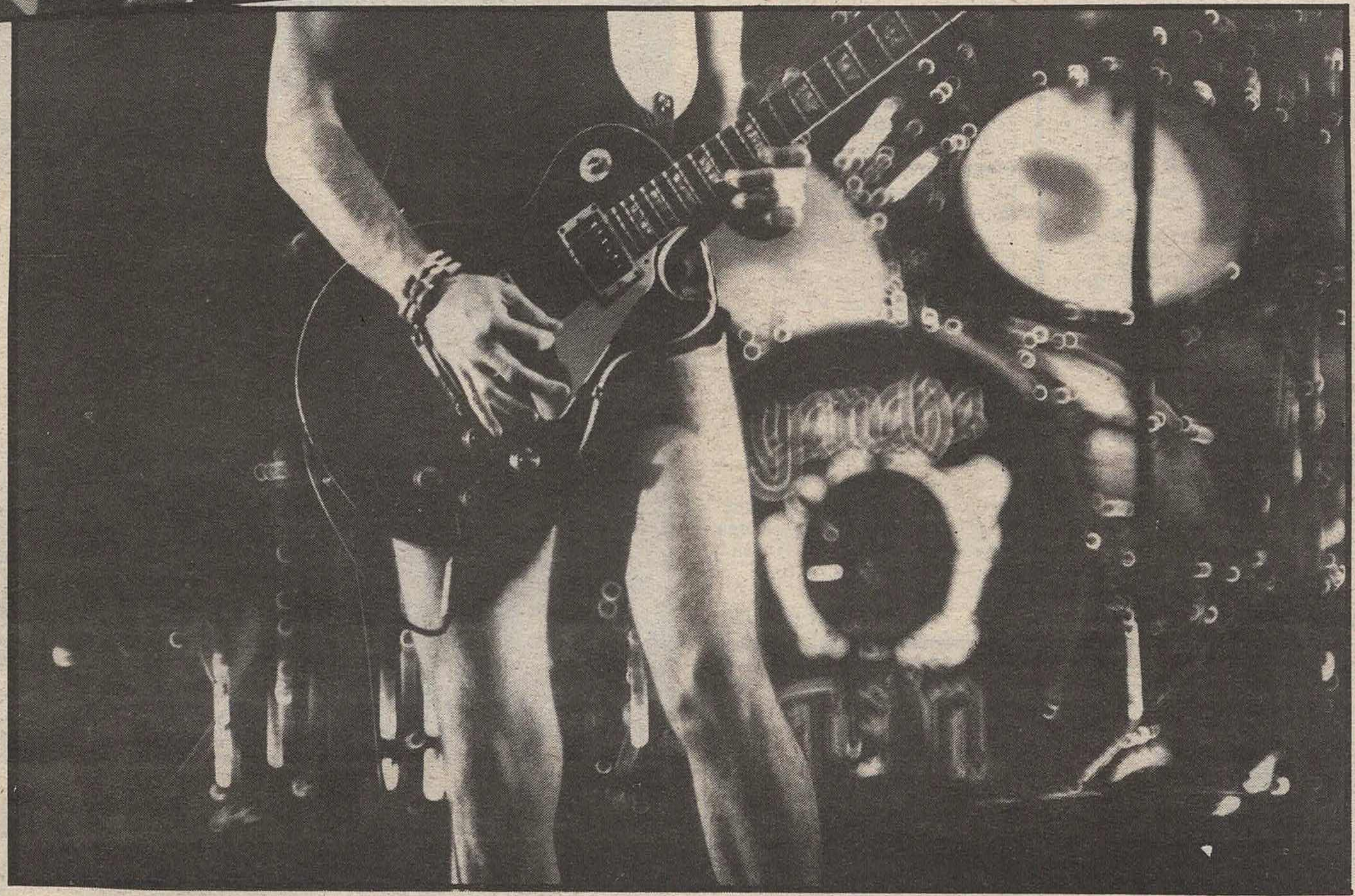
What of Motorhead, MOTORHEAD!, faster than the dogs, louder than Yazoo? Motorhead buzzed quietly. X buzzed quietly too, muttering one-liners, cursing sub-editors, staring stagewards and daydreaming of Fast Eddie. Where was the speed?

Suddenly, a figure loomed. "'Ere, want any speed mate?" Lights flashed, smoke bombs exploded and Lemmy flipped into 'Overkill'. X ran from the snack bar and hurtled forwards to take up the customary gig goer's position, facing the band.

The nuggets shook their fists, the Angels grinned — the motorheads sped. Now the bass drum machine-gunned, Robertson noised up and the colours flying from the lighting rig shone more brightly. X lit up and glowed.

(The author claims that any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental and also wishes to point out that drugs are a BAD THING . . . make that, WASTE OF TIME . . .)

X Moore


Motorhead split on stage as Lemmy goes for C while Brian Robertson counts up to F sharp. Brian's trousers later came in 16-1 winner in the Elvis Sta-Prestley Handicap Hurdles but were disqualified for eating the rabbit, sorry, hare.

***Question:* who's ugly, hunch-backed, French-like, hums, and is generally against all bells (clue: *The National Anthem*)**
***Answer:* Kazoomodo (sound of massed buzzing as readers tramp into the review for The Answer)**

Pic: Kevin Cummins

QUESTION:— HOW MANY WALES CAN YOU GET INTO THE GALA?

***ANSWER:—* JUST THE ONE WITH *VERY* FALSE EARS AND A FREE TICKET**

MADNESS
THE ROCK ALLSTARS

(Prince Of Wales Gala)

Dominion, London

BY THE END of the evening the first annual Gala performance in aid of the Prince of Wales Children's Trust had developed into one of those horrendous free-for-alls with such obscure 'legends' as Medicine Head's Peter Hope Evans and Bronco's Jess Roden banging anything that came to hand and joining Pete Townshend's powerdrives, Robert Plant's caterwauling, Midge Ure's wincing and Mick Karn's mincing on a song that went 'Take Me Higher'. Predictably it consisted of little more than the title being endlessly repeated and by that stage it seemed like the only charity being serviced was the one that allows old lags to be dug up, wheeled out and made to feel they're important. But it didn't have to be like that . . .

Two hours earlier a red curtain rose slowly to reveal Chas, Suggs and Tommo gathered round a microphone playing the National Anthem on kazoos. In the Royal Box I think *he* was slightly thrown: there was no bows or 'good evening your highness'. Just a squeaky off-key, barely-in-tune tribute and, after that? Quite simply the greatest performance that Madness could have put on, in any circumstances. While the sound was still balanced (as near to perfect as you're likely to get) they did their work, stole the show with the greatest display of British Pop in Regal surrounds since The Beatles back in 1964.

The songs were played with far more verve and enthusiasm than you'd realistically expect from a group on the vast plateau of popularity that Madness are presently situated. Nagging doubts about their ability as an in-person group were washed away as the songs came to life just as well, often with a good deal more vim, than on video.

As far as I could see there was no question that they should have played the event, Charles always seems all right to me and much rather support be given to his broad-based charity than some of the dodgy organisations regularly patronised by sweat shop rock acts. The challenge to produce their best in these circumstances is just what the group need and Madness at their best — organised derangement and excitement, resourceful and practical application of energy — is just what the event needs.

It came thumping clearly through from Woody's drums, it slithered and weaved up from the keyboards and was honked up and blurted back from the sax and the trumpet. Madness aren't only producing a judicious, fully ripened dance music; there's a great determination and strength that shines through their work. It's no disgrace if their mixture of playfulness and skill represents the spirit of British youth.

Suggs said nothing all night except "This is called 'Ironic'" when he introduced 'House Of Fun', and "this is about animals in cages," when he introduced 'Tomorrow's Dream'. Then he played the villain, played the clown, played with Chas and they played out a few partnerships . . . if Sam and Dave grew up watching *Minder* and *Laurel and Hardy* for instance. The songs got better: 'Embarrassment' was punchy anger, 'Grey Day' was certainly *not* gumbie-headed slothfulness — there's an edge and rage in there, when Chas joins for the *"And so begins another weary day"* line it's sung like someone fighting against the weariness.

Time and again the focus comes back to Chas. His performance is the catalyst for the group's music. The mayhem runs through him like a live wire — he absorbs the songs and transmits their message in the most practical ways.

At first he just warmed up by playing some (very good) trumpet on 'Embarrassment'; on 'Shut Up' he galloped across the stage to the Western guitar break, he bellowed his *"1,2,3"s* with such ridiculous force hundreds of people cracked up. On 'House Of Fun' he joined Lee Thompson on the podium at the back of the stage and they were the music

☐ ***FLIP OVERPAGE***

SICK SILENCE OF AN EMPTY BUZZZ BOMB

BUZZZ

Hammersmith Palais

IT'S SAD to see a group flattening themselves out to meet what are the obvious, crass marketing considerations, but such was the case when my old friends Buzzz played a support to the equally disappointing Defunkt. When the hype which was built around the group failed to have affect — their one and only single failing to chart — they split up, but shortly afterwards they got back together. Compromises being made, I fear, for the worst.

Where they were once fresh and energetic — doing a double take at every not-so-obvious turn — the new Buzzz were an embarrassment, the music pedestrian and any semblance of a show stripped away to be replaced by a string of cheap and predictable gestures.

The interaction that once existed between the two girls (Dot and Jennie) and frontman Dee Sharp seemed to have all but disappeared, 'Hocus Pocus' being the only time it reached any sort of vibrancy. For the first half of the set Jennie was alone and did little more than pout and gyrate like a sideshow extra. By the time she was joined by Dot it was obvious the group's music and arrangements were far too meek/disorganised/vacuous to allow any of the old (imagined?) magic to come through.

Dee's endless exhortations to 'Buzzz rock' sounded pretty desperate and hackneyed. They were indicative of the group who from the start had been *so* anxious not to put a foot wrong. Sometimes that can be the worst opening step of all.

Gavin Martin

☐ MADNESS CONTINUED

box at the beginning of *Trumpton* charged up way past overload.

There was an embarrassing pause after 'Madness' when a tom-tom broke (the first of a catalogue of inevitable technical mishaps too boring to list here which plagued the rest of the evening. Happily they mostly went to the people that deserved them). People began to scratch and fidget, the daughter of the ambassador from Sierra Leone, sitting behind me, complained that this wouldn't have happened at a Foo Rain Ore concert *(Oh, you mean a Foreigner concert — Ed)* and then came a thunderous introduction to 'One Step Beyond' which knocked hundreds back out of their seats, with the song played better than I believed possible.

Madness were the only group to play a full-length set, it would have been far better had it all stopped there but they were followed by Unity, a drab funky reggae outfit, the surprisingly obvious winners of A National Competition organised by the Prince's trust. The POW presented the awards and he was good, he should have stayed on longer.

Instead we got Joan Armatrading doing her short ineffectual thing, Phil Collins played 'In The Air Tonight', stagehands manouevred amps, grand pianos and monitors across the stage and something always seemed to go wrong. As Ian Anderson noted "it had to happen to someone" and by the time his Jethro Tull came on *everything* seemed to have gone wrong. I was pleased, Anderson proved to be much better as a comedian filling in the technical hitch gap than as a musician warming up for The — ha ha — Allstars.

They started by murdering Midge's 'Murdering The Walker Brothers' and then powerdrove their way through memoirs of a duplicitous old rock'n'roll drunkard with a few songs from Pete Townshend's solo album. It's a shame that somebody can get all the opportunities offered by fame and fortune and make a mess of his personal life. It's a disgrace he carves a second career out of crying on the audience's shoulder.

After Townshend, Robert Plant and his partner Blunt came on and where there was once great Madness there was now terrible madness. I think that brings us back to the beginning.

Gavin Martin

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Jenny Belle Star *Pic: David Corio*

GLAM REBEL

THE ADICTS

Moonlight, West Hampstead

IF YOU don't know about The Adicts you either don't go out much or you must've blinked some time last month. In literally a few weeks it seems The Adicts have climbed from being just one of thousands, to leaders of some sort of colourful post-Oi punk movement.

Preceding their set with the 'Theme From A Clockwork Orange', this is carried on through their onstage dress, T-shirt and badge designs, to their record covers. Now I can't abide or agree with this far too common glorification of the misunderstood (and grossly misrepresented) violence in *A Clockwork Orange* — made even worse as the film remains largely unseen by today's youth, who only see the symbols and hear the myth. I can only appease myself that the group have gradually camped it up and out of its original dangerous form through the three times I've seen them. Actually tonight onstage, vocalist Monkey's facial make-up and

---

STEVE TORCH AND ROY WHITE

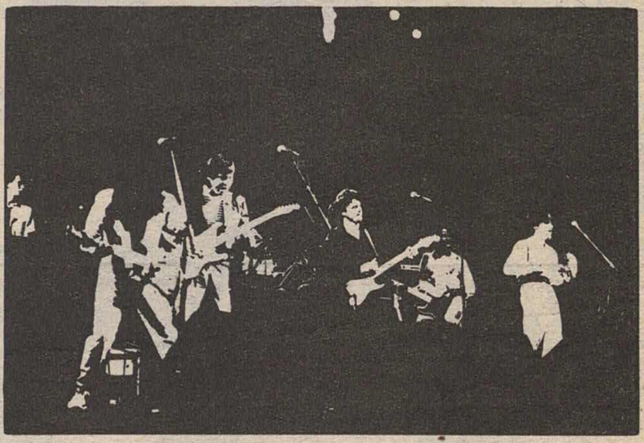
The Venue, Victoria

A WOO-SOME two-some trying to carve themselves out a patch on the big bellowing, busting my balls and breaking my heart market, a tradition that can be traced to The Walker Brothers and The Righteous Brothers. But with Torch and White there is something missing, and it isn't just blood-ties (phoney or otherwise).

All the songs point fingers, talk about the night, surrendering yourself, being done or doing wrong and they are all hackneyed lumps of bravado. Where they could burn bright Torch and White choke with a blight — all mock operatics and Bowie phase crooning put in the micro-wave.

Their songs were terribly lame constructions leaving their gauche vocal overkill shamefully naked. Yeah there was something missing — like loads of drums, an orchestra, heaps and heaps of guitars and blazing horns — all pressed together and built into an embraceable mountain of sound. Will it get any better? I don't think so, Phil Spector's got enough money hasn't he?

Gavin Martin



STEVE MILLER BAND

Hammersmith Odeon

SOME PEOPLE call him the Space Cowboy. Some call him the Gangster Of Love. And others tend to think of him as a rather mundane churner-outer of average rock with a knack of knocking off a surprise hit, like 'Abracadabra', every couple of years. So which is he?

I think we can discount the Space Cowboy bit. He doesn't much resemble a Gangster Of Love either: more like the man who comes to mend your leaky drain. But what Steve Miller *does* do is to front a bunch of workmanlike US musicians of pleasant, if never startling, abilities. And he makes LP after LP of consistently pleasant, if never startling, music. And sometimes, although not for ten years now, he brings the whole show to Britain.

Miller commands a steady sort of following, though the ranks are presumably bloated by 'Abracadabra'-era fans. And he's exactly the type who can be relied on not to let those people down, being a respected veteran of many years' professional graft. When the Steve Miller Band play, they look neither bored nor excited; they play some fast and they play some slow, some new, some old. And it's

A SORRY, STARLESS SOIREE

THE BELLE STARS
RIP RIG & PANIC
(Summer Soiree)

Lyceum, Strand

'Summer Soiree' (pause) the title seems so evocative — so terribly 'boheme'. To think, to converse, to ponder, to grasp a little of the evening's delights. A 'soiree' to capture the very air of the streets and clubs. A 'summer' that is aware, that is alive with the myriad tendrils of this 'ethno-musical' plant. A balmy atmosphere that was as imaginary as The Belle Stars were tedious. The Belle Stars as a constellation just rose on the wrong evening.

The lights dropped, the all-clear sirens wailed, and the girls crept on to stage. Jenny by torchlight? Nothing so subtle for these chart teasers. With Jenny's mouth ready to do the talking, the Stars were content with glossing over the skas and shuffling around reggae. The set remained the same — dubbing up any bass line available, echoing da drums until the echo echoed.

The whole affair was a giant musical(?) backdrop for Jenny's pouts and poses — her jumps and jokes. The set was ashamedly archaic — every track must have caught its previous airing at the last 2-Tone convention. We 'Rocksteady' but the beat's so uniform it's stiff. The cry-tuff dub beats caught you sliding but never skanking. Funk? . . . What's FUNK?

The predominantly male audience was swept away on a tide of adulation, shorts and sly winks. With the biggest battle so impeccably won, it was a case of how long the Stars could hold out before needing a 'Clap' or an 'Iko'. And hold out they did.

'Burning' and 'Take Another Look' both helped shore up the sinking enterprise with a semblance of guts and reality. The sax bellowed on but the style was cramped badly by the un-inspirational tightness of the rhythm section. Groan Jenny . . . groan.

But the single-buying public don't groan — they just wait until you wiggle once more, or jump or clap . . . 'The Clapping Song'. A tightly fitting cover that still gives Dansette '60s memories . . . and in 'Summer' that's what dreams are made of — tight fits (and Belle Stars!). 'Iko Iko' came drifting back for a 'Magnificent 7' encore and a truly 'Bootiful' 'Funky Chicken' staggered on to stage . . . but how many hits can you cover with skimpy ability and skimpy tops? This summer! Those 'covers'! The Belle Stars! None of it has been too HOT!

RIP RIG & PANIC did all that and more . . . all for the 'Summer Soiree'. Love, Beauty, Art, Slapstick, Foul Play . . . everything. I could write much more, but there's no space for a stroll this time. They're just my climate for summer . . .!

David Dorrell

THE KRAY BROTHERS

Liverpool Left Bank

BREAKOUT magazine has been around Liverpool for nearly a year, and they've also been promoting some excellent gigs: mainly local bands but with the odd worthy guest attraction. Every Wednesday they put on a gig at the small and cosy Left Bank Bistro, only a few doors away from the much-missed Eric's.

Those fortunate enough to turn up this week were greeted by the marvellous Kray Brothers, from Manchester —(returned by public demand no less) — four youngish fellas, one snare drum, three voices, black baggy suits and the best haircuts Liverpool's seen in yonks.

They're like an unhealthy Darts on speed, and the harmonies are razor-sharp. We were treated to a set of '50s rockabilly and doo-wop standards. I'm too young and *moderne* (or misguided) to know all the titles, but a tongue-in-cheek and perfectly-executed version of 'Up On The Roof' and 'Little By Little' were the highlights of a shining energetic set. A bunch of old songs and no guitar might sound a bit tame to some, but with these loonies it's anything but.

The Kray Brothers (a killer of a name?) — Danny, Bobby, Vincent and Johnny — have only been together a short time, done eight gigs, and already they're about as tight as they can get without losing any of that abrasive edge which makes them so powerful. All in all, the most entertaining group I've seen in ages. Go and see this rowdy bunch before the telly people (or a record company) try to turn them into a cute harmless novelty act. It'd be a crime to miss the Krays.

Kev Mc

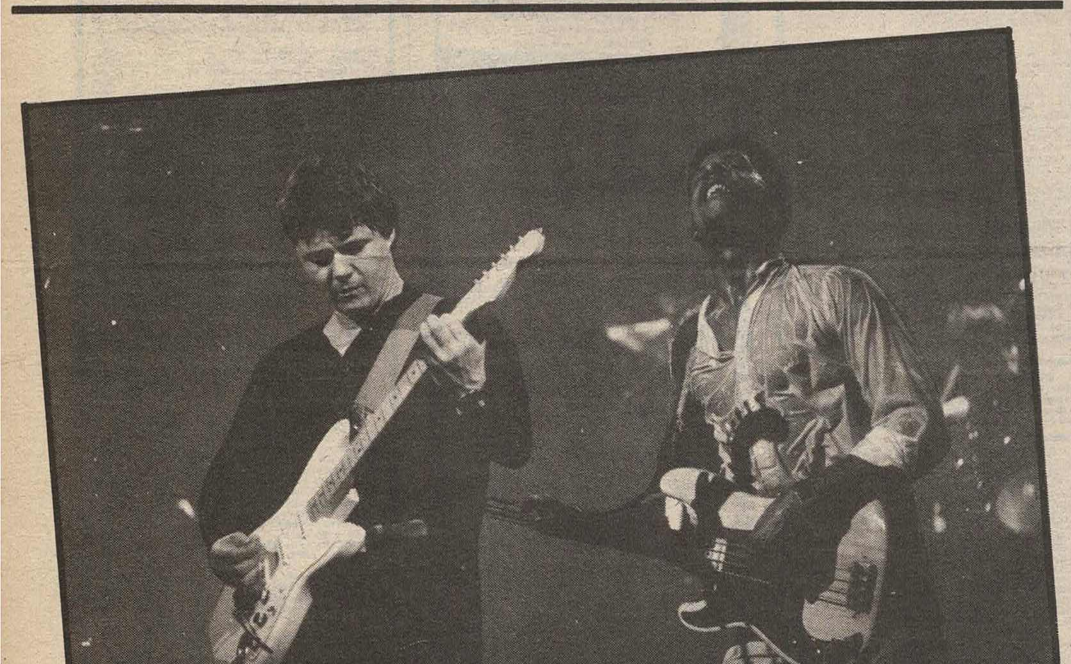
POST-OI RE-WIND

expressions reminded me of none other than Adam Ant in *his* Moonlighting days.

With good sound and the crowd behind them, they live up to the reputation they've made playing some storming stuff like 'Dynasty', 'Songs Of Praise' and 'Tango'. A drawn-out version of their new single 'Viva La Revolution' had the already wild and dizzy audience parting with their last reserves of energy for that final twirl across the floor — but there were still three more before the end of their 15-number set. No mere 30-minute men these!

The bedlamic proceedings continued with the anthem 'How Sad', with its rousing crowd-chant of *"uh-oh, uh oh-oh"* (it loses in the translation) followed by the twin high points, '4321' and 'Joker In The Pack'. Of course! Jokers in the pack, haggard blackguard jesters, dancing widdershins 'pon the freshly dug grave of Oi, reckless scaramouches of rebel-glam heavy scintillation. All this and more.

Tony D



Steve Miller, Gerald Johnson

all balanced and dependable. In his own particular field of blues'n'country-based rock, Miller represents (to quote Holger Czukay) something like The Peak Of Normal.

The set takes in, naturally enough, his best-liked stuff: 'The Joker', 'Fly Like An Eagle', 'Living In The USA', plus a fair plugging of more recent product. They make room for a section of Chicago-style boogie, and there's some fine playing by drummer Gary Mallaber and bassist Gerald Jackson, as well as by Miller himself.

When it comes to blues, he does lay down some tasty licks, as our grandparents used to say. He doesn't change that much as years go by — half the world wouldn't want him to, and the other half wouldn't care.

Paul Du Noyer

BASS MOVES INTO NEW SPACE

URBAN SHAKEDOWN

Venue, Victoria

AS AN EXPERIMENT which very nearly worked, I was quite taken by Urban Shakedown mk one: theirs was a spartan but snaky sound of bass (Dennis Morris) and drums (M) with additional percussion. Now, for mk two, out goes the percussion and in comes Dave O'List — who played guitar with The Nice, and keyboards with Roxy Music in their early phases.

O' List is big on supersonic effects and gimmicks and plays in a fairly rhythmic style, as much inspired by psychedelia as dub. At times he gets that bit too much emphatic and obvious. The lead instrumentalist, though, is really M on drums: like at times Bruce Smith of Rip Rig, he's colonised the shifting lilting spaces between reggae and funk. Against this busy-ness the bass, sort of conservative simpler Wobble, operates as the rhythmic mainstay.

In some ways Morris's voice simulates the minimalism of his bass, but he's developed since he sang with Basement 5: he's more tuneful and on occasion almost yodels. He compensates for the lack of vocal light and shade with — the band invite this word at every turn — rhythm: it's more chanting than singing, and M joins in to inspire a dramatic quickfire call-and-response.

Although Urban Shakedown are sometimes limited and repetitive, they do everything with a sophistication which hints at more to come (in the studio especially?). They do have the advantage, with their uptempo quirky reggae and its input of funk and Afro-beat, of coming over like nobody else. They're also rather flash, standing in front of a large painted backdrop, an enlarged pop art version of an L S Lowry cityscape, changing colour apocalyptically under the lights. Even though The Venue was empty, the music got urgent and catchy to match the scenery, more so during 'Hector' and its odd introductory change of time.

Whatever their critics say, this is a band I find diverting live. And with the right producer to capitalise on their tight format with its rhythmic spaces (a cross between Martin Rushent and Adrian Sherwood needed at the controls?), they're going to be even better on record.

Paul Tickell

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ECHO BASE

Barracuda

A LONDON DEBUT, although you would never have thought so from the proliferation of Brummie accents around the Barracuda, with the Birmingham-based band bringing down a couple of coachloads of hometown support for their first venture into capital clubland.

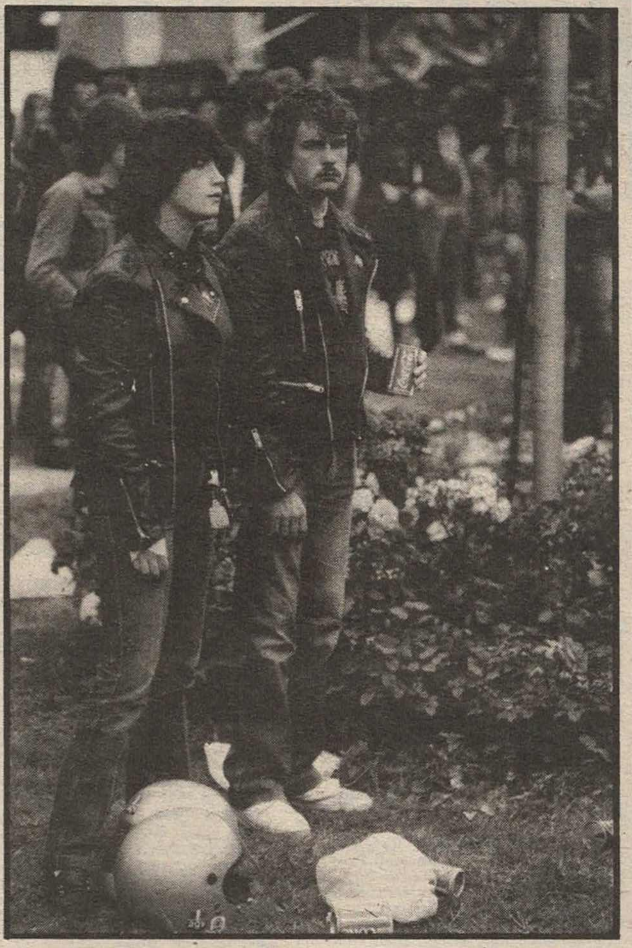
The demo tape that the ensemble had posted — a dose of fluid, floating British reggae rhythms not entirely dissimilar to their Moseley neighbours UB40 — was deceptive. On the stage, Echo Base are a motley, musically diverse collection of individuals; a couple of punks, a smattering of dreads, some jazzy percussionists and a strong, soulful female singer in Anne Scott. One was left to wonder where the obligatory rapper was.

But whereas the combination can look devastating on paper, the barrage of conflicting flavours tends to confuse and contradict in a live setting. The fact that all members of the band — and I should perhaps point out that there are eleven of them — play right throughout the set, also results in an underlying lack of texture.

Apart from a cover of John Coltrane's 'Equinox', all the songs are their own and some are promising enough, if a little on the safe side lyrically; 'No More Tears' and 'Free Your Mind' are rather cliched calls for truth and rights while '666' is the anti-police song, drawing the parallel between supernatural horrors — 666 being the number of the beast, as any Iron Maiden fan would tell you — and the more earthy British bobby.

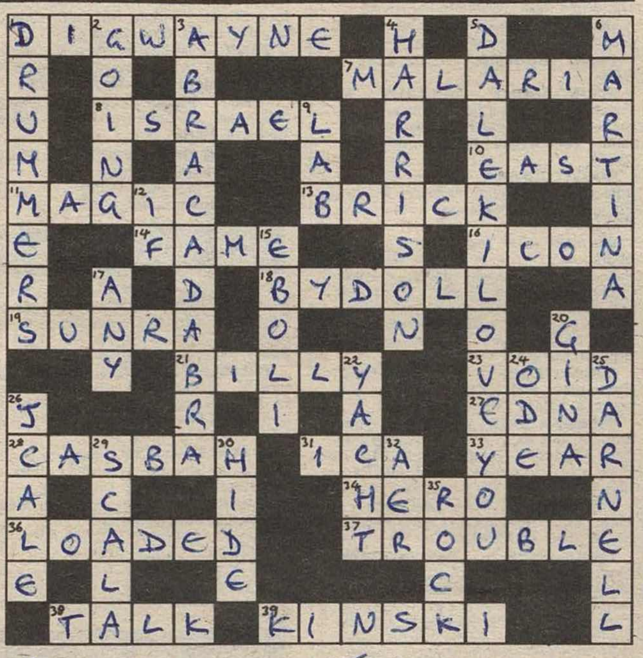
What Echo Base need to find is a centre, a stronger single direction for their talents.

Adrian Thrills



Typical! Three hours of Hackney headbanging, and the only time lensman Peter Anderson *removes the dustcap everyone stops to look (tcch, tcch ...)*

NME XPRESSWORD



1 D	I	2 G	W	3 A	Y	N	E	■	4 H	■	5 D	■	■	6 M
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U	■	8 I	S	R	A	E	9 L	■	R	■	L	■	■	R
M	■	N	■	A	■	■	A	■	R	■	10 E	A	S	T
11 M	A	G	12 I	C	■	■	13 B	R	I	C	K	■	■	I
E	■	■	14 F	A	M	15 E	■	■	S	■	16 I	C	O	N
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28 C	A	29 S	B	A	30 H	■	31 I	C	32 A	■	33 Y	E	A	R
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36 L	O	A	D	E	D	■	■	37 T	R	O	U	B	L	E
E	■	L	■	■	E	■	■	■	■	C	■	■	■	L
■	38 T	A	L	K	■	39 K	I	N	S	K	I	■	■	L

ACROSS

~~1~~ Alternative Subway Sect Frontman, with better leg shake than the original (3,5)
~~7~~ Catchy German band (7)
~~8~~ Siouxsie single, now a touch touchy (6)
~~10~~ James Dean in relation to Eden (4)
~~11~~ Yellow Orchestra join the circle (5)
~~13~~ Is Roger Waters just another one in The Wall? (5)
~~14~~ Song of the book of the series of the film, none of which have anything to do with Bowie. Yet (4)
~~16~~ Sacred image from 8 Across (4)
~~18~~ Doll etc (2,4)
~~19~~ Another (not just another) orchestra (3,2)
~~21~~ The Idol (5)
~~23~~Romeo ——, U.S. band (4)
~~27~~ Ms Everage from Fostersland (4)
~~28~~ In which The Clash get excited and rock it (6)
~~31~~ Nash House, or where T. Gristle staged their most provoking show (1,1,1)
~~33~~ A lousy one for the roses (4)
~~34~~ Just what is Weller? (4)
~~36~~ The Velvets get rich, but watch the gun (6)
~~37~~ Car/Female (7)
~~38~~ Half of a band that know the party is over, two-thirds of a Furs LP (4)
~~39~~ Herzog is *Fitzcarraldo* is —— (6)

DOWN

~~1~~ Recent Burundi export (8)
~~2~~ "Working in a coalmine, —— down town . . ." (Lee Dorsey) (5)
~~3~~ Steve Miller (fly like a dodo) magicks his way to numero uno (11)
~~4~~ Jerry Heads (8)
~~5~~ Dr Who gets amorous in Disneyland (5,1,4,3)
~~6~~ Why me out of Talking Heads? (7)
~~9~~ Language club (3)
~~12~~ Anderson film, Kojak song (2)
~~15~~ Where Christ stopped, though Mari Wilson may claim differently (5)
~~17~~ What other day for the Police (3)
~~20~~ Ms X (4)
~~22~~ Singular of boating band that sank (5)
~~24~~ Holger recently(ish) wrote one (3)
~~25~~ August! What a tropical month! What a tropical guy! (7)
~~26~~ Okie champ loses one to become a Velvet (1,4)
~~29~~ Posh opera, tacky cinema. But where could you see six werewolf films in one night in Milan? (5)
~~30~~ You've got to what you love away? (4)
~~32~~ O Smith, there's some oxygen of sorts missing (4)
~~35~~ Brighton/Lovers'/Combat (4)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS:— 1 'The Love That Whirls', 9 Nash The Slash, 12 Jaz, 14 '(I Got) You', 15 'With A Little Luck', 19 Lori, 20 'Yet (see 8D), 21 Elkie, 22 History Of (The World), 23 'I Got (You)', 24 'One (Inch)', 25 'What A (Waste)', 26 Rory (Gallagher), 27 Free, 28 'The (Gift), 29 Monkees, 30 Allen (Klein), 31 Styx, 33 'La (Folie)', 35 'Still', 37 Eno, 38 Richie, 42 '(History Of) The World', 44 '(One) Inch', 45 'Kick In The (Eye), 46 '(What A) Waste'.

DOWN:— 1 Tina Weymouth, 2 'East To The West', 3 Outcasts, 4 '(Kick In The) Eye', 5 A.K.A., 6 Wah, 7 'Lazy', 8 'You Ain't Seen Nothin' (Yet)', 10 'Sgt. (Rock)', 11 Steve Forbert, 13 'Junkyard', 16 'I'm Not A Fool', 17 Tony Banks, 18 (Allen) Klein, 27 '(La) Folie', 32 'Yeh', 34 Ace, 36 Lydia, 38 '(Sgt) Rock', 39 Chic, 40 'Eton', 41 '(The) Gift', 43 'Woe'.

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sheet music

FROM PAGE 26

language, becoming the object of its own gaze and reasoning — "ceaselessly and until saturated, overflowing and . . . sense has been exhausted".

She realises a diffuse (re)vision of time where Memphis and Mexico, Brando and Natalie Wood, the rainbow juke joint oasis and monochrome Siodmak alley, Stax and Sun, E. A. Poe and R. L. Jones all find their place. She ambles through history, its memory framed as a sprawling, gutted, bombed-out cityscape, old haunts and familiar sights reduced to basest structure, costume and custom scraped to the bone.

As Phillipe Sollers can be heard to remark, such "unveiling is not reduction but passion".

'Traces Of The Western Slopes' is an overburdened, majesterial, hallucinatory playlet, oozing around in a song so scarred and stratified by the instinctual violence RLJ's voice does to its structure, it finally topples to a halt; deathly, spent, its hinterland of tropes and trails overstretched. (And the moment is marvellous: I mourn the passing of a song!)

"from the blue and pale room I'd follow
"through the faces and the traces of
"treasure I keep hearing inside me"

Behind blinds, a lyric slatted by whimsy, musicated, a shadow-play of silhouettes caught in vocal pirouette. It serves as a warning: to keep our distance along a certain limit in this maze, and its silvery dream of life-after-death.

Her songs aren't slick linguistic tricks, things that turn out to be something other than they said they were. Although . . .

"you got a radio that hurts
"and the girls like to touch it
"just to find out if it works."

It's more mischief than mystery:

"he's got all these guys with him
"from that town where they all look like Frankie Valli
"they speak fluently blonde
"from her legs to her cigarette . . ."

RLJ knows well the pirate's lonely, wreckless, nomadic drift — the outmoded outlaw, their disappointing odyssey, the *"cold globe around the sea"*. Songs that have left illusion behind for allusion.

I'm reminded of a Joan Didion essay on John Wayne, alternately scathing and sentimental: "I did not grow up to be the kind of woman who is the heroine in a Western," she barks, still cherishing something of the dream "deep in that part of my heart where the artificial rain forever falls".

"So you drug her down every drag
"of this forbidden fit of love . . ."

RICKIE LEE JONES sympathises at a distance, all the time keeping a close watch on that 'distancing' effect, a tense vigil somewhere between protective and succumbing: that is the interval's cadence, how she makes herself disappear. To begin a story of love scorned, the torch burns fatally, *"I'm a lonely girl, I want somebody with me in the world . . ."* She serves up some onomatopoeia, her voice filling in for a mewing, muted trumpet, *"But when I wake up, I'm a lucky guy,"* having written, in between, a love song as complex and distinctive — as 'new' — as you could desire, but with no visible syntactic trickery.

(Incidentally, the *real* horns that kickstart the 'Pirates' track itself you just HAVE TO HEAR; no, Danny, even more so than the horns on the McCartney single, really!)

She sings in a slang of her own, marking out the beat like it's the course of a walk or conversation, a criminally sensuous swing in the gait — pausing, speeding up, colliding and subsiding, vanishing and harping about. It isn't the scree of syncopation we associate with a Holiday or Buckley; nonsense is measured out to bridge tracts of unimpeachably structured singing, leaving a puncture in the song's subject, a *brisure* (French for break *and* articulation).

To begin to assess such voices — without snaring them — as they joyfully serrate the song's narrative sense, I think we will have to lose our inherited criticism, and propose a *choreography* of voice.

I hardly need mention the odious and simple-minded comparisons her music sometimes prompts; she actually has next to nothing in common with lumbering navvies like Springsteen and Waits, and probably even less with the jejeune Ms Joni Mitchell. The songs of Rickie Lee Jones ring truthfully with blasphemy, laughter and death. Songs too humid to sleep in! An elegantly syncretic music, poised rather than declarative.

And I would say it is not a question of 'different tastes' — anyone who claims to know (about) the lost irridescence of the song, that is, to dance in its wounds, its dream-work, and who cannot fall head-over heart-first into at least a few moments or areas of RLJ . . . well.

No instruction, no plea to be taken . . .
Only the divine gift of imparting words:
"Who's the thin thread of light
"that keeps you strangled in the scenery
"that follows my voice —
"can you see me?
"then follow my voice
"see me . . ?"

AFTER ALL, there are whole constellations made of *"the signs you hid deep in your heart"*. There's no use denying all those fragments, arranged in a ring around the siren lore of elliptical attachment: your private mosaic, reflecting pallid lusts or an improbable naivety. Please, *"say a little prayer for me"*! Oh, to have gotten there first and used that as the song's alias — a *"little prayer"*, a little death, indeed.

But *"let them not weep, let them know that I'm glad to go. Death is no dream for in death I'm caressing you . . ."*

Who has been protecting my identity recently, then? *"My need is such I pretend too much "*: The Platters' starkly layered rendition of, oh yes, 'The Great Pretender' — a less-than-archetypal, more-than-human creature, condemned, against nature, *"to dream all alone"* until a point is reached where *"too real is this feeling of make-believe"* (devoured by the text?!) *"adrift in a world of my own . . ."* to finally conclude with a deceptively simple contradiction — Lacan could weep! — that chills to the splitting-heartache of Lack itself: *"I seem to be . . . what I'm not, you see."*

Then, all those trembling songs that paraphrase *"the way I feel"* and *"the way you look"* tonight, that summon and swiftly sum up eternal quandries: *". . . I don't want you / I guess I love you / You got me inbetween / The devil and the deep blue sea."* All through the crepuscular vigil — *"Haven't slept a wink / I walk the floor and watch the door / And inbetween I drink"* — held in check by the promise that

"Love will wash you clean in the night's disgrace."

And I remember the clandestine brilliance of Darnell during the *resistance* of the Savannah Band, his poetry treated to the partnership of Cory Daye, still one of our world's most cruelly un-Popular singers . . . *"In the baby-face of twilight / I dock myself at bay / Regarding ships from places far far far away / And at night a little private moon / Brightens my vestibule."* (How much more there is to quote from those albums; you don't possess them? Sir, really!) *"Tired smiles / Censored romance / Premature sighs / Now it all makes sense . . . Nocturnal interludes / Like so many tsetse flies."*

But romance has many profiles, and it may surprise those who think they are getting to know me to learn of my recently acquired taste for The Birthday Party, whom Kristeva unwittingly circumscribes in her essay 'How Does One Speak To Literature': "The formal network that such a model *is* can only be the exterior facet of a mass whose hidden side made up of asymbolic 'remnants' comes to light within the negativity of desire."

Or to put it another way, I find 'Six Inch Gold Blade' one of this year's most urgent, convincing declarations of love, hilarious and heavenly-serious, with one of *the* opening lines: *"I stuck a six inch gold blade in the head of a girl / She: lying through her teeth, him: on his back."* I fall happily into the vertigo of their obviously 'drugged' bubblegum noir. *I recognise* a sickness in their (excellent) poetry.

I find the clearest stance of political desire in Johnny Cash's 'I Walk The Line': *"I keep a close watch on this heart of mine / I keep my eyes wide open all the time,"* and the most striking example of selflessness — the singer's sacrifice of denomination — in Roy Orbison, especially the metallic, inhuman crackle in his voice as it stalks through 'Only The Lonely' a lyric Nietzsche himself could have penned: *"Maybe tomorrow, a new Romance / No more sorrow, but that's the chance / You've gotta ta-ke"* or the desolate opening croon of 'Blue Bayou': *"I feel so bad, I've got a worried mind . . ."*

And I reserve my highest awe for Brook Benton, sifting through 'This Bitter Earth':

"And if my life is like the dust
"That hides the glow of a rose,
"Then what good am I?
"Heaven only knows . . ."

as well as for a song from an unknown woman. If anyone can tell me where I can find 'I'd Rather Die Young' by the remarkable country and western voice of Rose Maddox (heard quite by surprise one lazy radio afternoon), I will be its most ardent popularising agent — a startling, still sadness. The only other equally convincing intimation of torchy isolation heard this year was Mari Wilson's live rendition of 'Cry Me A River'; now that girl's voice can *go* places (that Club Left image-baskers will only ever suspect exist).

"You and the night and the music
"Fill me with flaming desire . . ."

I AM LOOKING, entranced, at a publicity shot of Billie Holiday. It is a pretty standard profile study, very much of its time, but in the bottom left hand corner the camera's obscure light shines obliquely on a large ornate earring, giving it the appearance of a Halloween pumpkin or a Voodoo prop, a death mask.

. . . The *voile.* Uncalculating, the 'cheap' song's beauty is comparable to any other musical incantation on earth, beauty that is nothing more or less than the "beginning of terror we're still just able to bear". Some will listen to these songs and doubtless proclaim their 'softness'. But the song has always come softly from the harshest region, from the hardest nights, serenely anguished.

The song finds its provisional conclusion in a scrap of sublime verse, actually *discarded* by Ira Gershwin:

"Who cares how history rates me,
"Long as your kiss intoxicates me?"

Credit is due to me following, wimout whom my piece would not have been the same: Fred Dellar, my Mum & Dad's record collection, and Julia Kristena's *Desire In Language* (Basil Blackwell, hardback £8.95.)

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Illustration by Mike Litherland

CLOSET SKELETON

How apt the Dexys title 'Liars'. In the days he knew the "hippies of Liverpool" (check Gavin Martin's Dexys interview) dear old Kev was known as Pinnochio for reasons as apparent as the nose on his face. He spoke then with a pseudo-cockney accent, and described himself as a hairdresser although he didn't actually do anything much. In short he was as pretentious then as he is now.

In the interview he described us as "dirty, dropping acid and listening to Hendrix all day". Well two out of three isn't bad, Pinnoch! Anyway, we were a lot cleaner than him.

Nobody ever took him seriously. And though he seems to suffer from selective amnesia, lucky for him he remembered one of us wearing a woolly hat nine years ago!

Jiminy Cricket and George Henry Lee, Anfield, Liverpool.

You expect consistency from Kevin Rowland — the sulking man's Wurzel Gummidge? — CB

NOH BODIES

The WOMAD weekend was good, but Miss Goldman's hippy instincts and endless ramblings really got me down. Simple Minds were great! Kerr flows and moves like nothing else and sounds as interesting as any international musician. Peter Gabriel, however, was tedious, shallow, sloppy and not at all spiritual. I've seen him do 'Biko' before, he used the same old fake emotion and stage acting all over again and his audience still had orgasms every time he moved. I know he put up two years of his time and money. I know he put his money where his mouth is, but that's no reason for blindly praising a bad performance.

In addition the organisation was bad, endless delays meant you missed more than you saw and the five stages were really too many. People will ultimately stick to what they know and miss out on other goodies. Finally, I really get fed up with the tedious hippy dippy crap that festivals attract and Miss Goldman's endless memories of dope-ridden daze in Morocco really did me no good.

Let X. Moore do the next festival review.

Zero, The Cave, Clifton, Bristol

Viv Goldman went on a lot about culture, communication, mixture and education, but failed to see that Echo and all the other British bands performing at WOMAD were just as important a part of the process.

Kingsley, Margate, Kent

I certainly did not praise Mr. Gabriel's show, only his intention in promoting WOMAD. B) I thought the organisation was good, considering the magnitude of the project. C) Maybe *you* will always stick to what you know, but that's *your* problem. D) All the British rock groups at WOMAD get regular *NME* coverage, unlike the once-in-a-lifetime visitors that I was unfortunately only able to touch on — VG

At last someone has said it again: "Talk about 'styles of music' is strictly academic: there is just music and that is it. There's so much to do and so much to learn" (Charles Shaar Murray on 'Music And Rhythm').

That's exactly what we felt back in the '60s. We went forward and we went back — some through jazz and the blues to Africa. The possibilities were endless and the diversity of musical interests was reflected in the music press.

But then the barriers came down and factions became the rule. You couldn't like this if you liked that and the music press did little to discourage the trend. But now is the time.

A lot happened in the '60s, but nothing as diverse as WOMAD, nor anything as inspirational or amazing.

Once again the possibilities are endless but they have to be nurtured. I want to know more about the WOMAD artists, where to find their music, who influences who, etc. There must be room in *NME* for information which picks up where WOMAD left off and which will help WOMAD become an annual celebration. I want to be there again next year.

WOMAD '82 could be to the '80s what Monterey was to the '60s.

Paul Villiero, Prewsey, Wiltshire

Stuff the '60s! Let WOMAD breathe easily! Why sink it in muddy nostalgia? As it is, we've always shared WOMAD's world view and we're sorry to see that its extraordinary ambition has been defeated by logistics — CB

ANATOMY OF A PORTRAIT

Your photographer Peter Anderson is about as good with a camera as my mother — she always manages to take pictures of wide open spaces with part of the left hand side of her subject visible in one corner. Last week's photos by Anderson included Jerry Harrison and Joe Strummer from the eyes up, one of Strummer's left ear and the back of his head, David Byrne's left eye (the cover shot showed Byrne ducking — presumably he'd familiarised himself with Anderson's work before the session), part of Paul Haig's face (who's he?) and finally a blurred shot of Shriekback. PA! — he certainly lives up to his initials doesn't he?

Nick Onlenz, Orpington, Kent

Let's just say Peter has a different way of seeing things to the rest of us. If he wanted to take straight promo pics he'd work for a record company. And if your mother's that good tell her to bring in her portfolio — CB

RUNNING SORES

It is one evening in July and I am reading the latest Hacienda newsletter which has landed on my doormat this morning. It is better put together this time round and I am busy pleasantly anticipating J Walter Negro & the Loose Jointz when I turn the page to find a long text to read.

Now I'm accustomed to skipping long texts, being content with photos, cartoons and short stories (espec. the Damon Runyon variety). But not having much to do tonight, and being interested by the large number of street phrases in said text such as 'cool' and 'bud', I read through. Seems that a guy name of 'Video Dude' has been attracting attention courtesy the Royal Mail and otherwise, on account of the films he is choosing and that the action he is showing from the film *Clockwork Orange* to accompany New Order on stage is the reason, at that. Video Dude is also relating a showdown with a little fellow, otherwise known as His Conscience in which it seems that VD came out top.

This sets me wondering and I am thinking back to the time I am standing in same Hacienda Club with many influential citizens of Manchester.

I am noticing two large screens either side of the stage with which, together with the decor and general atmosphere I am very impressed, at that. They are showing huge coloured pictures to go with the booming sounds from the two piles of speakers. I am watching these and there are lots of guys with gats, and these guys are using their gats to good effect so that large amounts of blood are produced.

Then I am remembering that I am meant to be enjoying myself and New Order come on stage, only the pictures are still showing. This time a large alligator is eating nurses beside a swimming pool, crotch first. New Order start playing, and I am enjoying the music, which is reminding me of Irish music I have heard in bars though I am unable to understand the words on account of them being lost somewhere in the wide open volume of the club.

It is about then that a fuse is blown and I am watching a screen again whilst the fuse is mended. There are many more guys with gats and much more blood. Then there are plenty of soldiers and a hall full of Nazi officers watching a dancer and more soldiers and a repeat of the alligator and even more military pictures, one of 'Columbia' landing by which time the band are playing again and I am thinking that maybe the words have something to do with what is being shown. When the band finish there is little applause and I am wondering what the thousand or more citizens present are thinking. Maybe they are working out whose apartment to break up next.

I wake up next day thankful that my apartment is in no worse state than usual and late for the appointment with my doctor. He administers the rubber wristwatch, as usual. "Thought I told you to take it easy." I mumble an apology. "Your blood pressure might be low for a journalist, but it's still as high as when you got back from Lebanon last week". When I get back, I turn on the radio.

TC

The Video Dude's rather juvenile (from your description) juxtaposition of shock imagery and New Order aside, some of us down here are at a loss to understand you Mancunians' reticence regarding the Hacienda. Here you've got a purpose-built club with an adventurous audio visual policy, cheap drinks, good food and a staff that's *on your side*, yet you still complain! Liaisons Dangereuses claim it to be the best club they've been to, wished they had one like it in Berlin. Seems you won't know what you've got 'til its gone — CB

I would just like to congratulate your journal on the excellent and in-depth Chas and Dave interview of a couple of months ago.

Gert Cha, Gravesend

The *NME* Next Week Box isn't so much a promise of things to come as a lever to get copy out of reticent writers. Sometimes the lever snaps. As it happens Danny Baker eventually delivered his interview in a short sweet singles review in his last column — CB

MORE FOREIGN BODIES

We'd just like to draw your attention to the fact that life does not cease at Chester or anywhere else along the English-Welsh border. Over the years the music press has ignored North Wales and the sounds that emanate from its druidic depths, despite its praiseworthy coverage of Manchester, Liverpool and Bristol.

This does not mean that folks up in Bangor have been idle. Groups like Ghostrider and Some Noise have energised the area and Fay Ray have given us the sort of intelligent pop this country is crying out for. Though Fay Ray have just released an LP the media remain ignorant of them. Maybe they're not cool enough for your nightclub ethic.

Look, send someone up here to find out what's going on. You won't find any plush clubs or danceterias in the frozen north, just grotty pubs and an extremely conservative students union. But you will find guts and determination and a sense of fun tangled into the dismay that is the result of unemployment, bad housing, lousy community care and ignorance. We'd love to see you.

Nat P. and Shanghai D, Bangalor, North Wales.

Gee, you guys sure know how to extend an attractive invite! Consider your letter the beginning, possibly not the sum total, of our North Wales coverage — CB.

It was interesting to read The Clash's comments on Australia and might I add that I agree with Mick Jones' description of the Sydney Opera House — "It looks like tortoises mating to me" — but I think it takes more than a few weeks in an alien country to gain an objective judgement.

Sure there does exist bigotry and prejudice — there's a desert too! But for every one of these there's a tropical forest, beautiful snow-capped mountains, sandy beaches, a cosmopolitan suburb, etc. I'm not trying to sound like a travel brochure but I know we don't have the most respected image overseas. At least we're a young enough country to solve our own problems.

Mick Jones advised people not to emigrate here, but if he cared to take a tour of the real new Australia he would have seen a wealth of culture — not just in the form of the ocker getting pissed Saturday nights. There are many credible reasons for people to emigrate here — we need fresh talent — not the least being the underground magazine we clandestinely write at our catholic girls school.

Louise Smith, Victoria, Australia.

P.S. My mother's from Liverpool and she would dearly love to know if you can still go for boat rides on the lake in Sefton Park.

Last time I was there all the boats had been smashed up by vandals — Token Liverpudlian Paul Du Noyer.

You pommie cretins don't seem to be bothering much about us little Auzzie wonders. You give no consideration for your Australian readers at all. For instance the crazy minority who buy your paper here would like you to display some interest in the Australian music charts. We do have music here, you know! You print the pommie charts, you even stoop so low to print the Yankee one and then waste paper printing the Swedish and Canadian ones, but never ours.

Ann Marie Fitz, Lead singer of Ria And The Harmonicas, True Blue Oz.

And you call us poms whingers! Still all you've got to do to get your name in the *NME* is shout at us. Turn to page two for a rundown of Australia's bestsellers — CB.

Waltz your missives over to Swag Bag
c/o GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1V 1PG

AND SO we go rummaging once again through the hallowed *NME T-Zers* bag: the newspaper clippings, the hopeful phonecalls from publicists ("Hi, I've got a lovely little bit here on my group **The Garish Tuxedos** whose drummer once had a friend who went to school with someone who used to know **Sting** before he was famous . . ." etc), just looking for one juicy morsel from the scum-infested music industry to set the column alight. And the best we came up with this week is "The Gay Rock Managers Scare". Yup, *she* isn't the only queen threatened by a security risk. **Simon Napier-Bell,** taking time off from advising **David Sylvain** what colour he should dye his eyelashes in his capacity as manager of **Japan,** blows the lid on the whole scam in his book *You Don't Have To Say You Love Me.* Napier Bell, whose proteges include **Marc Bolan** and **The Yardbirds** admits to having, er, liaisons with some of his artists, and says he finds it surprising "that an industry generating so many millions was prepared to use little more than managers' sexual tastes as its yardstick of talent." David Sylvain was not available for comment . . .

Surprise, surprise. According to *T-Zers* fifth columnist, the playing on **Altered Images** terrible 'Pinky Blue' LP wasn't quite all their own work. In fact, many of the drums were programmed and the group were surrounded in the studio by a team of engineers-cum-advisors, telling them what to play and when. For their next record the group are using **Imagination's** producer **Phil Spector**. *(You sure about this? — Ed.)* Of course, it's not a sign of desperation after having had two flop singles — they're just a bunch of lively, go-ahead kids who love their audience and are a credit to their parents. When we tracked down **Clare** and asked her to elucidate further, she said, "Coo-ee, diddly dums and didgerdoos, ach aye the noo," adding, "is that all right or do you want me to do it again?" . . .

A DENTIST writes . . . hard rock isn't the only thing that rots your teeth, synthesising sex dwarfs could also be heading down the path to dental decay. FACT: A little known clause in **Soft Cell**'s contract with Phonogram demands the grand sum of 40p (that's forty pee) per week as a sweetie allowance. This was recently renewed with their new contract. Trying to ween his boys off the habit, manager **Stevo** was seen distributing large quantities of Pick'n'Mix, Maltesers, wine gums, bubbly gum and those bitter-sweet acid drops that explode in your mouth among elated secretaries at the group's record company. "It seems like our Christmas bonus has come early this year," cooed the girls. *Stop Press* — Phonogram have decided to start paying staff in midget gems rather than cash. "We've reviewed the situation," said a spokesman, "and decided that if it's good enough for one of our best selling acts, then it's going to be a hell of a lot cheaper, sorry, I mean, more reasonable, to pay staff in this exciting new fashion." . . .

"Oooh aye," said **Clare Grogan** following the revaluation of Phonogram's new wage offer, "maybe if it doesn't work out with Phil Spector, we could try **Shadow Morton**. Or we could sign for Phonogram. And hold out for a dozen bags of liquorice allsorts" . . .

"Is there any room for a New York *T-Zer* amongst all this?" asks excitable US lensman **Joe Stevens**. What have you got Joe? "Well **John Cale, Todd Rundgren** and **Ian Hunter** have formed a band called **Deerhunter** to play a benefit for Agent Orange Victims (Vietnam Veterans eflicted by fatal chemical warfare) at Pier 84." That's OK Joe, but if you want your stuff printed you're going to have to learn to spell afflicted properly. "Is it really that hard to get your stuff printed in the *NME?*" moans Stevens . . .

No, not really. Take reader **Hans Christian Christiansen** from Germany — he's written to us asking about The **Martin Kemp** "I want to get rid of my money" competition, which **Errol** held some nine months ago. Hans, y'see, was the winner of the competition and, despite writing a letter to Martin, he still hasn't heard from him. You may remember Hans planned to build a recording studio with the money. He's been able to raise some of the cash, but he needs "at least another £5.00." "I don't know whether old Martin is willing to give away such an amount of money, but I really need it," he says. I guess if we can find room for this stuff, we can find room for a few more New York-style *T-Zers* . . .

"Phew, thank goodness for that. Mind you, you'll have to get somebody to check the spelling," says Joe. That's OK, just go right ahead, I'm sure we'll find somebody round here with a dictionary. "Well, then, **Blondie**'s drummer **Franke Infante** has been sacked from the group just as they were to depart for a three month tour of your town and my flat," continues the ace lensman. Hang on, we'll have to get someone to check the spelling of 'Infante'. Oh, by the way, Joe, there's a message here from **Gavin Martin** asking you to send back that **Alfred Hitchcock** book that you've been very reluctant to hand back since he left it with you a few months ago. "I don't really want to talk about that, thank you very much. Hey, have you got room for this one on the continuing **Lester Bangs** saga? The NY coroner's office have announced that the late-lamented scribe died from Darvan poisoning — Darvan being a mild pain depressant often prescribed by dentists after tooth surgery. Oh, and can I tell you that **PiL** will play their first gig in 18 months at **Mr Ahmet's** Peppermint Lounge on September 7?" Until you give the book back, certainly not . . .

Three ... two ... one ... Blast off! An exclusive look at Britain's attempt to launch the first reggae singer into space. Dennis Brown was the volunteer; the fuel used is a matter for speculation. No, relax — Dennis is still with us, with both feet on the ground. The vocalist's nose, on the other hand, is expected to splashdown somewhere off the coast of Yarmouth a week next Tuesday. Pic: Dick Barnatt.

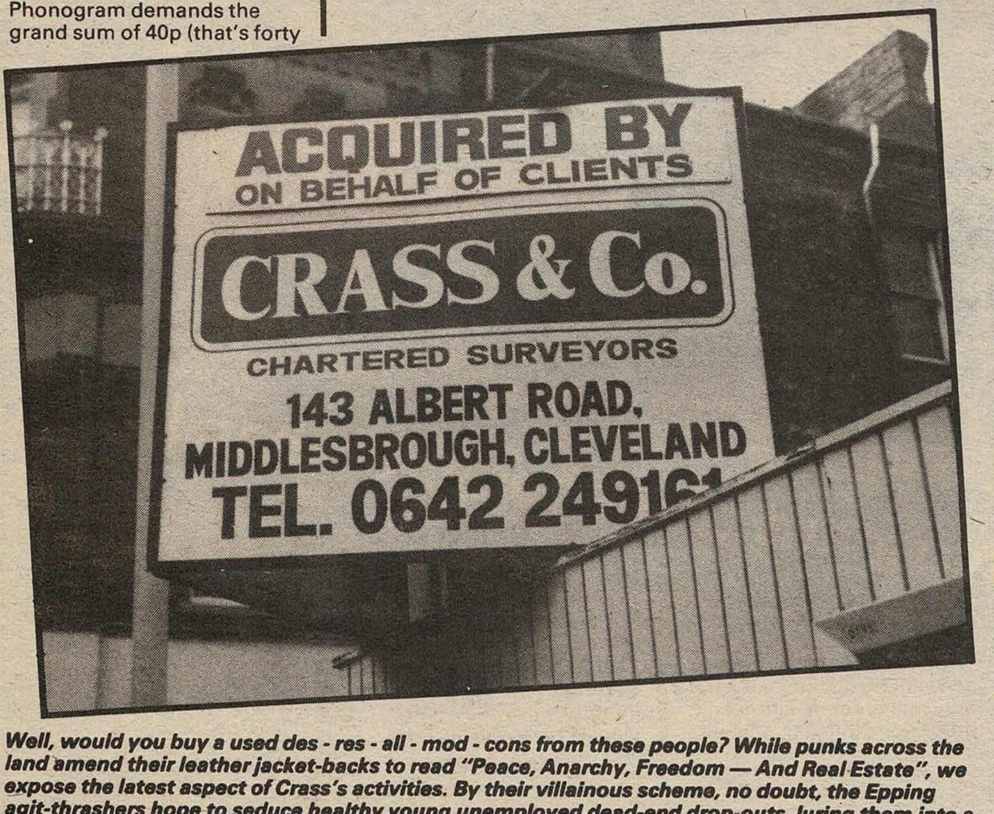
BACK IN London (and in France) **Jacques Derrida,** the totally incomprehensible French deconstructivist novelist - and subject of the new **Scritti Politti** double b-side — is languishing in a Paris jail after being found smuggling cocaine into the customs at Gay Paree ("Ooooh, the stories I could tell" — Thank you, Mr Napier). Rumours that the Scrits are donating all proceeds to Jack's forthcoming trial were dismissed offhand. "If we'd been on Phonogram, we might have sent him a few Mars bars just for the publicity. Otherwise the old sod's hardly worth bothering about," said a source totally unadjacent to the group . . .

Joe Strummer files for divorce shock! Yeah, we didn't know the old bore was married either. Seems back in the days when Joe was struggling as rhythm guitarist with **The 101ers,** he married a lady of foreign persuasion and has since lost the marriage certificate and forgotten the lady's surname. The mystery girl, traced to a bunker in Clapham where she's been hiding for the past three years, told *T-Zers,* "I was thinking of settling up but I've seen his new haircut and heard his recent singles. Really, I guess I'm just too embarrassed to admit to what was a grave mistake". . .

Win a few dodgy LPs which would otherwise be going towards making up an old hack's drink budget! **Ray Lowry** well-known artist and eccentric **Marx**ist, needs a new title for his long running 'Not Only Rock And Roll' cartoon series. So we're asking you, dear reader, to think up a new title for Lowry's sacred space, and prove beyond a reasonable doubt you actually understand what he's on about these days. You know the address and the sort of witty informative title that we're looking for, and, er, this competition is open to everyone except IPC capitalists and people called **Monty** . . .

Reactionary dancefloor party group the SDP may be going for the youth market with the on-vinyl version of a tape by Liberal leader **David Steel** (and I kid you not) called 'I Feel Liberal — All Right'. Ahh, that's better than making them up . . .

Dear little 16-year-old **Annabella** confesses that her ambition is to dance with **Michael Jackson** in a book called *Popstars Secrets* just published by Virgin Records. (So if they're secrets how come they've made a book out of them?) The **Bow Wow Wow** chanteuse further reveals that she wore nothing but gold paint and a faint imitation of that **Joe Strummer** tribute haircut for the American cover of the group's new album. "I was afraid I wasn't committed enough to the band, so they talked me into posing nude. The pictures turned out better than I thought. They aren't pornographic. How much more committed can I get? I'm in too deep to get out now." Was she referring to the gold paint or what? "Sorry I can't help you on this one," adds Mr Napier Bell. And that's all for this week, folks!



Well, would you buy a used des - res - all - mod - cons from these people? While punks across the land amend their leather jacket-backs to read "Peace, Anarchy, Freedom — And Real Estate", we expose the latest aspect of Crass's activities. By their villainous scheme, no doubt, the Epping agit-thrashers hope to seduce healthy young unemployed dead-end drop-outs, luring them into a twilight - world - style Life Of Hell in estate agency and chartered surveying. Of course, personally, we're all for anarchy up here, don't you know; but when it threatens to bring down the price of one's property, well, a line has to be drawn, doesn't it? Pic: Phil Small.

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